









WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH ESQ.

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AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE.

Saint James's:

OR

THE COURT OF QUEEN ANNE.

BY THE EDITOR.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

A GLANCE AT THE COURT AND CABINET OF QUEEN ANNE, IN 1707.

THE commencement of the year seventeen hundred and seven, saw Queen Anne, to all outward appearance, in the most enviable position of any sovereign in Europe. Secure of the affections of her subjects, to whom the wisdom and beneficence of her five years' sway had endeared her, and who had begun to bestow upon her the affectionate appellation of the "good Queen;" dreaded by her enemies, who had everywhere felt and acknowledged the prowess of her arms; cheered by the constant cry of victory; surrounded by able and devoted counsellors; served by one of the greatest commanders that England had then ever known; encircled by a brilliant court, distinguished alike for its grace, its polish, and its wit; fortunate in flourishing at an age when every branch of literature and science was cultivated with the most eminent success—when philosophy was propounded by a Locke, natural history prosecuted by a Ray, science advanced by a Newton, style brought to its perfection by Addison and Steele, poetry refined and sublimated by Pope, till its very essence was obtained by the process, and comedy raised to the acme of excellence by Congreve and Farquhar;—thus fortunately circumstanced, with all around prosperous and promising, the union with Scotland recently effected, the pride of France humbled, the balance of power in Europe established, and the protestant succession firmly secured, nothing appeared wanting to Anne's grandeur and happiness.

And yet under this mask of glory she concealed an anxious heart. The power seemed valueless, which rarely, if ever, availed her to carry into effect a favourite measure. The constitutional

indolence of her royal consort, Prince George of Denmark, to whom she was tenderly attached, and his incompetency to the due fulfilment of the high offices he had been appointed to, and which not unfrequently drew upon him the sarcastic censure of the party in opposition, were sources of grievance. The loss of all her family, and especially of the Duke of Gloucester, at the age of eleven, preyed upon her spirits, and in seasons of depression, to which she was subject, made her regard the bereavement as a judgment for her desertion of her father, the deposed and exiled James the Second. The situation of her brother, the Chevalier de Saint George, as he styled himself, also troubled her; and sometimes awakened scruples within her breast, as to whether she was not usurping a throne which, of right, belonged to him. Added to this, her cabinet was secretly disunited, while party warfare raged with so much violence, that she herself was but little respected in its attacks and reprisals.

Not the least of her annoyances was the state of thralldom in which she was kept by the Duchess of Marlborough. Her friendship for this illustrious lady was of early date, and had been confirmed by the zeal and warmth displayed by the latter during the differences between Anne, while Princess of Denmark, and her sister, Queen Mary. So strong did the princess's attachment to her favourite become, and so anxious was she to lay aside form and ceremony with her, and put her on an equality with herself, that in her correspondence and private intercourse, she chose to assume the name of Mrs. Morley, while Lady Marlborough adopted that of Mrs. Freeman.

Of an imperious and ambitious nature, endowed with high mental qualifications, and a sound and clear judgment when not distorted or obscured by passion, the Duchess of Marlborough, as she became immediately after Anne's elevation to the throne in 1702, determined to leave no means untried to aggrandize and enrich her husband and her family. Her views were seconded by her royal mistress, from whom she obtained, besides large pensions, the places of groom of the stole, mistress of the robes, and keeper of the great and home parks and of the privy purse, while she extended her family influence by uniting her eldest daughter, the Lady Henrietta Churchill, to Lord Ryalton, eldest son of the Earl of Godolphin, lord high treasurer; her second daughter, Lady Anne, to the Earl of Sunderland; her third, Lady Elizabeth, to the Earl of Bridgewater; and her fourth and youngest, Lady Mary, to the Marquis of Monthermer, afterwards by her interest created Duke of Montague. Hence the Marlborough and Godolphin party were called, by their opponents, "the Family."

Anne's great bounty to the duchess, and constant concession to her opinions, made the latter suppose she had only to ask and have; only to bear down in argument to convince, or at least

gain her point. And for awhile she was successful. The queen's good nature yielded to her demands, while her timidity shrank before her threats. But these submissions were purchased by the duchess at the price of her royal mistress's regard; and more than one quarrel having occurred between them, it became evident to all, except the favourite herself, that her sway was on the decline. Blinded, however, by confidence in the mastery she had obtained over the queen, she conceived her position to be as firm as that of the sovereign herself, and defied her enemies to displace her.

A coalition having occurred two years before between Marlborough and Godolphin, and the Whigs, the ministry was now almost wholly supported by that party, into whose confidence, notwithstanding her former disagreement with them, the queen had surrendered herself on the meeting of the second parliament, in 1705, in consequence of the affront she had received from the Tories, when the motion whether the Princess Sophia should be invited to England, was made; upon which occasion she wrote to the Duchess of Marlborough—"I believe we shall not disagree, as we have formerly done; for I am sensible of the services those people (the Whigs) have done me that you have a good opinion of, and will countenance them, and am thoroughly convinced of the malice and insolence of them (the Tories) that you have always been speaking against." The leaders of the Whig cabinet distinguished by the title of "the Junta," were the Lords Somers, Halifax, Wharton, Orford, and Sunderland,—all five statesmen of great and varied abilities and approved zeal in behalf of the protestant succession, while Halifax's zealous patronage and promotion of men of letters and science, as exhibited towards Addison, Prior, Locke, Steele, Congreve, and Newton, is too well known to need recapitulation here. To most of the Junta, however, the queen entertained a strong dislike, and notwithstanding the repeated requests of the Duchess of Marlborough for the appointment of her son-in-law, the Earl of Sunderland, to the office of secretary of state, it was only on the personal solicitation of the duke himself, on his return from his last glorious campaign, that the Earl received his appointment, in place of Sir Charles Hedges, who was dismissed. The Tory opposition was headed by the Lords Rochester, Jersey, Nottingham, Haversham, Sir Edward Seymour, Sir Nathan Wright, and the above-mentioned Sir Charles Hedges.

Lord Godolphin, whose interests, as well from family connexion as from community of sentiment, were co-existent with those of the Duke of Marlborough, was a person, if not of dazzling talent, of such industry and capacity for business, as more than compensated for any want of brilliancy, and admirably adapted him to his office of high-treasurer. Methodical in management, and exact in payment, he raised the credit of the country to a higher point than it had ever before attained, and

was consequently enabled to procure supplies whenever they were required. A man of the strictest honour, he never failed in his engagement; and though forbidding in manner, and difficult of access, was generally esteemed.

There were two other members of the cabinet who were closely united in friendship, and of whom the highest expectations were formed; these were Mr. Saint-John and Mr. Harley. Both were Tories, and belonged to the high church party, and had taken office in 1704, when Harley consented to succeed the Earl of Nottingham, as secretary of state, on condition that his friend Saint-John should be made secretary at war. This was readily acceded to; for Saint-John's wit and eloquence, combined with his brilliant abilities and graceful manners, had long recommended him to notice, and must have ensured him promotion earlier if his unbridled profligacy had not stood in his way. Since his appointment, however, he had applied to business with as much ardour as he had heretofore devoted himself to pleasure, and so wonderful were the powers he displayed, so clear and comprehensive was his judgment, so inexhaustible were his resources, that the highest post in the administration seemed within his reach. Among wits and men of letters, he ruled supreme, and was an arbiter of taste and fashion, as well as a political leader.

A very different man was Robert Harley. He had none of the meteoric splendour, none of the fervid eloquence, the classical learning, the searching philosophy of Saint-John, but he had a quick and keen understanding, great subtlety, and ever-stirring, though deep-seated ambition. He enjoyed a high reputation with all parties for skill in financial matters, for lucid, if not profound judgment, and for excellent habits of business; but he was held to be somewhat uncertain, and was in reality a trimmer. To his indefatigable exertions was mainly owing the accomplishment of the Union with Scotland, the advantages of which measure have been subsequently felt to be so important. Harley affected great moderation in his views, by which means he succeeded in veiling his fickleness; and it was a favourite maxim with him, that "the name of party ought to be abolished." Professing great independency and liberality, however, he merely held himself aloof with the view of securing a certain influence with both parties. His agreeable and polished manners, tried abilities and experience, had caused him to be chosen speaker of the House of Commons during the two last parliaments of William the Third, and he was continued in the office on the accession of Anne, until his appointment as secretary of state, in 1704.

From many causes, Harley had rendered himself obnoxious to Godolphin; amongst others, it was supposed that he had supplanted the lord-treasurer in the favour of a certain Mrs. Oglethorpe, through whom important secrets, relative to the clandestine intrigues of the court of Saint-Germains, had been

obtained. By the Duchess of Marlborough he was always treated with contempt, and such was the haughtiness and distance with which she comported herself towards him, that it was surmised he must have dared to breathe dishonourable proposals to her; and as it was known that he would allow few scruples to stand in the way of his advancement, the path of which would have been cleared if he could have obtained the favour of the omnipotent duchess, the story obtained some credit. From whatever cause, however, whether from baffled hopes or wounded vanity, he conceived a strong antipathy to the duchess, and determined to destroy her influence with the queen, and at the same time to overthrow her husband and Godolphin, and replace the Whig cabinet with a Tory ministry, of which he himself should be the head.

With these bold resolutions, and while revolving the means of secretly reaching the ears of royalty, which was essential to the accomplishment of his project, but which appeared almost impossible owing to the vigilance and caution of the duchess, an instrument was unexpectedly offered him. One day, while waiting upon the queen at Saint James's, in his official capacity, he perceived among her attendants his cousin, Abigail Hill. This young lady, the eldest daughter of a bankrupt Turkey merchant, and who stood related to the Duchess of Marlborough in the same degree as to himself, had very recently been preferred to her present situation by her grace's interest; and though Harley had hitherto, in consequence of the misfortunes of her family, wholly neglected her, he now instantly saw the use she might be to him, and congratulating her upon her appointment, professed the utmost desire to serve her. New to a court, and unsuspecting of his designs, Abigail believed him, and forgave his previous coolness. The artful secretary took every means of ingratiating himself with her, and contrived to sow the seeds of enmity between her and the Duchess. At the same time, he pointed out to her the course she ought to pursue to win the queen's favour; and his advice, which was most judiciously given, and with a full knowledge of Anne's foibles, being carefully followed, the anticipated consequences resulted. Abigail Hill speedily became her royal mistress's favourite and confidante.

Many accidental circumstances contributed to assist her progress in favour. Exasperated against the duchess, who had left her upon some trifling misunderstanding between them with bitter reproaches, the queen burst into tears before Abigail, who exerted herself so assiduously and so successfully to soothe her, that from that moment her subsequent hold upon the royal regard may be dated. Apprehensive of the jealousy and anger of her old favourite, Anne was careful to conceal her growing partiality for the new one, and thus the duchess was kept in ignorance of the mischief that had occurred until it was too late to remedy it; while Abigail, on her part, though she had already

become the receptacle of the queen's innermost thoughts, and thoroughly understood the importance of the position she had acquired, had the good sense to restrain any outward exhibition of her influence, knowing that the slightest indiscretion might be prejudicial to her rising fortunes.

Through the channel he had thus opened, Harley now ventured to propose to the queen his willingness to liberate her from the bondage of the duchess, if she was willing to commit the task to him. But Anne hesitated. She dreaded the shock which the separation would necessarily occasion. And about this time, the glorious battle of Ramilies being won, an important change was wrought by it in the Duchess's favour.

Incomparably the most distinguished ornament of Anne's court, or of any court in Europe, whether as a general or a statesman, though chiefly of course in the former capacity, was the Duke of Marlborough. His great military genius, approved in four glorious campaigns, and signalized by the victories of Schellenberg, Blenheim, and Ramilies, had raised him to a pinnacle of fame unattained by any living commander, and had won for him, in addition to more substantial honours at home, the congratulations of most of the potentates of Europe. The dignity of prince had been conferred upon him by the Emperor Joseph, and he had been repeatedly thanked for his services by both houses of parliament. Grants were made to him, and though large, but feebly exhibited the gratitude of the nation of which he was the idol. No general had ever advanced the military glory of England to such an extent as Marlborough, and his popularity was unbounded. His achievements were the theme of every tongue; his praises were upon every lip, and however he might be secretly opposed, in public he was universally applauded. And well did he merit the highest praise bestowed upon him; well did he merit the highest reward he obtained. His were all the noblest qualities of a general; and his courage and skill were not greater than his magnanimity and lenity. Perfect master of strategics, in enterprise and action he was alike unequalled. In the heat of battle he was calm and composed as in the tent, and a slight advantage gained was by him rapidly improved into a victory, while the victory itself was carried out to its full extent; not in needless slaughter, for no man shewed greater consideration and mercy, than this renowned general, but in preventing the rallying together of the enemy. England might well be proud of Marlborough, for he was among the greatest of her sons.

Nor were Marlborough's abilities confined merely to the camp. He shone with almost equal splendour as a diplomatist, and his acute perception of character, sagacity, and extensive political knowledge, combined with his fascination of address and manner, admirably qualified him for negotiation with foreign courts. His personal graces were equal to his mental qualifica-

tions. He looked the hero he was in reality. Finer features or a nobler form have been rarely seen than he boasted ; nor a deportment more full of grace and dignity. His absence with the army in Flanders prevented him from taking an active part, except by correspondence, in affairs at home, but he was ably represented by his wife and Godolphin.

Marlborough returned to London towards the end of November, 1706, after completing his fourth campaign in the Low Countries, distinguished, among other important achievements, by the victory of Ramilies, above mentioned, which was followed by the submission of the chief cities of Flanders and Brabant, and the acknowledgment of Charles the Third as king. Immediately on his arrival, the duke proceeded in a chair to Saint James's, but in spite of his attempt at privacy he was discovered, and in an incredibly short space of time surrounded by eager thousands, who rent the air with their acclamations. Nor was his reception by the sovereign and her illustrious consort less flattering. Prince George embraced him ; and the queen, after thanking him, with much emotion, said, she should never feel easy till she had proved her gratitude for his unparalleled services. Magnificent entertainments were subsequently given him by the lord mayor and the heads of the city, and as the colours and standards won at Blenheim were placed within Westminster Hall, so the trophies obtained at Ramilies were now borne by a large cavalcade of horse and foot, amid the roar of artillery and the shouts of myriads of spectators, to Guildhall, and there hung up. The duke's popularity was at its zenith. To oppose him would have been as dangerous as to attempt the dethronement of the queen herself. The voice of faction was drowned amid the thunder of general applause ; and for the moment, the efforts of his enemies were paralysed.

Such was the state of affairs at the beginning of the year 1707 ;—such Anne's position. Externally, all seemed smiling and prosperous, and the queen the happiest, as she was the best, if not the greatest, sovereign in Europe. That she suffered from private grief has been shewn, as well as that she felt annoyance at the state of bondage in which she was kept ; and it has also been shewn, that she was no stranger to the cabals and dissensions in her cabinet. To one bosom alone did she confide her secret sorrows,—to one ear alone did she breathe her wishes or designs. And the person so favoured, it is almost needless to repeat, was Abigail Hill.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE FRENCH ADVENTURER, AND THE QUEEN'S FAVOURITE.

THE royal birthday was usually kept with extraordinary splendour during the reign of Anne, but on no previous occasion

was it accompanied with so much magnificence and rejoicing as on the 5th of February, 1707. Preparations were made for a general illumination, and the bent of popular feeling was proved by the fact, that wherever the queen's name appeared, it was sure to be followed by that of the hero of Blenheim and Ramilies, while transparencies were placed in the most conspicuous situations, representing the chief events of the recent campaign. Bonfires were lighted at an early hour, and the French king, the pope, the Pretender, and the devil, were paraded in effigy through the streets, and subsequently burnt. The weather was in unison with the general festivity, being unusually fine for the season. The sky was bright and sunny, and the air had all the delicious balminess and freshness of spring. Martial music resounded within the courts of the palace, and the trampling of the guard was heard, accompanied by the clank of their accoutrements as they took their station in Saint James's Street, where a vast crowd was already collected.

About an hour before noon, the patience of those who had taken up their positions betimes promised to be rewarded, and the company began to appear at first somewhat scantily, but speedily in great numbers. The science of the whip was not so well understood in those days as in our own times, or perhaps the gorgeous and convenient, though somewhat cumbersome vehicles then in vogue were not so manageable; but, from whatever cause, certain it is, that many quarrels took place among the drivers, and frequent and loud were the oaths and ejaculations they poured forth. The footpath was invaded by the chairmen, who forcibly pushed the crowd aside, and seemed utterly regardless of the ribs or toes of those who did not instantly make way for them. Some confusion necessarily ensued; but though the crowd were put to considerable inconvenience, jostled here, and squeezed there, the utmost mirth and good-humour prevailed.

Before long, the tide of visitors had greatly increased, and coaches, chariots, and sedans, were descending in four unbroken lines towards the palace. The curtains of the chairs being for the most part drawn down, the attention of the spectators was chiefly directed to the coaches, in which sat resplendent beauties, bedecked with jewels and lace, beaux in their costliest and most splendid attire, grave judges and reverend divines in their respective habiliments, military and naval commanders in their full accoutrements, foreign ambassadors, and every variety of character that a court can exhibit. The equipages were most of them new, and exceedingly sumptuous, as were the liveries of the servants clustering behind them.

The dresses of the occupants of the coaches were varied in colour, as well as rich in material, and added to the gaiety and glitter of the scene. Silks and velvets of as many hues as the rainbow might be discovered, while there was every kind of peruke, from the courtly and modish Ramilies just introduced, to

the somewhat antiquated but graceful and flowing French campaign. Neither was there any lack of feathered hats, point-lace cravats and ruffles, diamond snuff-boxes and buckles, clouded canes, and all the *et cetera* of beauish decoration.

Hard by the corner of Pall Mall stood a little group, consisting of a tall, thin, plainly-dressed man, apparently belonging to the middle class of society, and a rosy-faced, short-necked individual, whose cassock and band proclaimed his reverend calling, and who had a comely woman of some forty years old under one arm, and a pretty shy-looking damsel of less than half that age under the other.

"Here comes Sir Nathan Wright, late lord keeper of the great seal," said the tall, thin man, addressing his reverend companion, to whom he appeared to act as cicerone.

"Is that Sir Nathan, Mr. Greg?" asked the divine, gazing at a sharp-featured, well-wigged person in the coach.

"The same, Mr. Hyde," replied the other; "and as I live, he is followed by his successor, Lord Cowper, whom I needn't tell you is one of the ablest lawyers that ever wore a gown. His lordship is pretty certain, ere long, to take his seat upon the woolsack."

"Save us! who's he in the gilt charrot?" cried the young damsel just mentioned. "What a curious fine gentleman he is, and what pure fine clothes he wears!"

"That's the Earl of Sunderland, Miss Angelica," replied Greg; "secretary of state, and son-in-law to his grace of Marlborough. The countess is by his side. That angry-looking nobleman, who is thrusting his head out of window and rating his coachman for driving so slowly, is Lord Orford, another of the ministers, and one of the ablest of them, but no great favourite with her majesty, for the reproof he administered the Prince of Denmark, on the score of his highness's mismanagement of the navy. Behind him comes the Duke of Devonshire, and after the duke, his grace of Newcastle. Next follows my master, Mr. Harley, who, if he doesn't become lord treasurer one day, wont meet with his desert. Take note of him, I pray you, Miss Angelica, for he's worth looking at."

"Oh yes, I see him," replied Angelica; "but I can't see much to admire about him."

"Many of your sex have entertained a different opinion," replied Greg, with a smile. "But how do you like the young gentleman with him?"

"Purely," replied Angelica; "purely. He's another guess sort of body."

"Who may the young man be, friend Greg?" inquired Parson Hyde.

"His name is Masham," replied Greg; "he is one of the Prince of Denmark's equerries, and considered one of the handsomest men at court."

"I'm sure he's the purest handsome man I've seen," cried Angelica, her eyes sparkling as she spoke. "O lud! if he isn't getting out of the coach. I hope he isn't coming to speak to me. Mother, lend me your fan to hide my face."

"Peace, you silly thing!" cried her mother, with a reproving look.

As she spoke, the carriage stopped, and young Masham stepping forth, closed the door after him. Greg's eulogium was not unmerited. He possessed a figure of perfect symmetry, and a countenance remarkable for delicacy and beauty. His eyes were of liquid blue, and it would seem of great power over the female heart; for as he fixed them upon Angelica, as he was detained beside her for a moment by the press, she felt hers flutter within her breast. His attire was not remarkable for richness, but it was tasteful, and consisted of a green velvet coat, laced with gold, and a white satin waistcoat, made so low as to descend half way down the thigh, as was the mode. In lieu of a peruke, he wore his own dark brown hair gathered from the forehead, and tied with a riband knot behind.

The young equerry was of a good Essex family, his father being Sir Francis Masham, of High-Laver, Bart., and his mother a daughter of Sir William Scot, of Rouen, in Normandy, who enjoyed the title of Marquis de la Mezansene in France, but as he was an eighth son, he had little expectation either of title or property. He was not more than twenty-three, or four at most, but had been for some time about court, having been page to the queen while Princess of Denmark, and was now equerry and gentleman of the bed-chamber to Prince George.

"By your leave, my pretty girl," he said, addressing Angelica in tones which thrilled her with delight, "I would pass."

"This way, Mr. Masham, this way," said Greg, retiring, and endeavouring to clear a passage.

"Ah! Greg," cried Masham, "what are you doing here?"

"Merely come with some country cousins to see the quality go to court, sir," replied Greg.

"Faith, you'll find no brighter eyes, nor cheeks more blooming, than those you've with you," said Masham, chucking Angelica under the chin. "Those lips are cherries indeed, but I must not be seduced by them to linger here. I've a word to say to the Comte de Briançon before I enter the palace." So saying, and with a laughing glance at Angelica, he pushed through the crowd, and entered the house at the corner of Pall Mall.

"The Comte de Briançon, whose hotel he has just entered, is the envoy-extraordinary from the Duke of Savoy," observed Greg, who was not a little elated at the notice taken of him and his pretty country cousin by the handsome equerry. "I am well acquainted with his confidential secretary, Monsieur Claude Baude, who is to his master what I am to Mr. Harley. He's a charming man, Mr. Masham—eh, Miss Angelica?"

"Curiously charming," simpered the damsel.

"All the ladies think so," pursued Greg; "they're all in love with him."

"I should be surprised if they weren't," sighed Angelica.

"But see," pursued Greg, "here comes another handsome man, Mr. Saint-John, secretary at war. He's a terrible rake."

"A rake, is he!" cried Angelica. "Oh! gemini! then I won't look at him, for mother says a rake is worse than a roaring lion, and sure to eat one up. Tell me when he's gone, Mr. Greg, for I don't desire to lose any more of the sight than I can help."

"The roaring lion has departed," replied Greg, laughing; "and here you have the Duke of Beaufort and his beautiful duchess. Has not her grace a noble presence? The bold, proud-looking dame who follows, is the Lady Di Cecil. The three ladies laughing so loudly in yonder large coach, are Lady Carlisle, Lady Effingham, and Mrs. Cross. Next comes my Lord Ross, to whom, they *do* say, Lady Sunderland is kinder than she should be—but that, I dare say, is mere scandal. Whom have we here? Faith, my Lady Fitzharding, at whose house more foolish spend-thrifts are ruined at ombre and basset than at the groom-porter's."

"Oh, blind and perverse generation!" exclaimed Hyde, lifting up his eyes.

"Ah! you may well denounce them, reverend sir," replied Greg; "and here comes further food for a homily in the shape of his grace of Grafton. Look with what an air he lolls back in his coach. His good looks have made desperate havoc among the ladies, and no one but Mrs. Onslow has been found to resist him. Next comes fat Mrs. Knight, of whom I could, if I chose, tell you a diverting history. To her succeeds my Lord Nottingham, who appears as grave as if he had not recovered his dismissal from office, though he has tried to console himself with the Signora Margaretta. In the next coach sits the proudest dame at court—her Grace of Marlborough, whose daughter she is, not excepted,—it is the Duchess of Montague. Isn't she a magnificent creature? The lady who whisks past next, covered with diamonds, is Mrs. Long, Sir William Raby's sister. That handsome equipage belongs to Sir Richard Temple—you may see him, and a fine-looking man he is. People talk of him and Mrs. Centlivre,—but I say nothing. Ah! here come a brace of wits. The one nearest this way is the famous Mr. Congreve, and the other the no less famous Mr. Steele. I wonder which of the two owns the chariot—neither, most probably. The fine lady who succeeds them is Mrs. Hammond, whose husband is as much of a roaring lion as Mr. Saint-John, while she is said to console herself for his neglect by the attentions of my Lord Dursley, vice-admiral of the blue, and whom you may see leaning out of the next chariot window kissing his hand to her."

While he was thus running on, Greg felt his arm pulled by Angelica, who asked him in an under-tone if he knew the

strange gentleman who had just taken up his station near them.

"To be sure I do," replied Greg, looking in the direction indicated, and raising his hat as he caught the eye of the individual alluded to; "it is the Marquis de Guiscard."

"Lord, how he stares!" whispered Angelica; "I declare he quite puts a body out of countenance."

The marquis was tall and well-formed, though somewhat meagre, with dark, piercing eyes, black bushy brows, and a pale olive complexion, which looked perfectly blue where the beard had been shaved from it. His features were prominent, and would have been handsome, but for a certain sinister expression, the disagreeable effect of which was heightened by his insolent and rakish air. His attire was the court-dress of an officer of high rank—namely, a scarlet coat, richly embroidered with gold, and having large cuffs; white satin waistcoat, likewise worked with gold, a point-lace cravat and ruffles, and a diamond-hilted sword. A full flowing French peruke, a feathered hat, and a clouded cane, completed his costume.

Antoine de Guiscard, Abbé de la Bourlie, or, as he chose to style himself, Marquis de Guiscard, a scion of an ancient and noble French family, was born in the year 1658, and was consequently not far from fifty, at the period under consideration. Destined for the church, and possessed of considerable learning, he must, from his abilities and connexions, have obtained high preferment in it, if he could have placed due control on his passions. But amongst the depraved of a licentious court, he was the most depraved; and finding a priestly life too tame for him, he accompanied his brother, the Chevalier de Guiscard, to the scene of war in Flanders. On his return from this campaign, he resumed his wild courses, and assisted the chevalier to carry off a married woman, of whom the latter had become enamoured. This affair was scarcely hushed up, when he got into a fresh dilemma, having wounded a gentleman, a near relation of Madame de Maintenon, and killed two of his servants, while shooting; and he put the climax to his folly and violence, by subjecting a serjeant in his own regiment, whom he had suspected of theft, to the military rack—a species of torture, administered by placing burning matches between the fingers of the victim. Orders being issued for his apprehension, he consulted his safety by flight, and escaped into Switzerland, where he conceived the notion of making himself the head of the malcontents in France, and with this view concerted measures with the leaders of the allies, to produce a general insurrection, both of protestants and catholics, among the Camisars, who were then in a state of agitation. The plausible representations of the marquis procured him the commission of lieutenant-general from the emperor, and thus armed, he proceeded to Turin, where, with the assistance of the Duke of Savoy, he procured four small vessels of war, which were fitted up and manned at Nice, and with which he meditated a

descent on the coast of Languedoc. But tempestuous weather, and, it may be, other causes, interfered with the expedition, and the marquis, after losing one of his ships, and running great risks, returned to the court of Savoy. Here his underhand proceedings having excited the suspicion of the duke, he removed, towards the latter end of the year 1704, to the Hague, and had several conferences with the grand-pensionary, Heinsius, and the Duke of Marlborough, who were so well satisfied with his representations, that the States General agreed to allow him the monthly pay of a hundred ducatoons. Intelligence being soon afterwards received of the Earl of Peterborough's expedition to Catalonia, the marquis hastened to join him at Barcelona, and meeting with the same success which had hitherto attended his projects, he contrived to obtain letters of recommendation from the King of Spain to the Queen of England, with which he embarked for that country. During the voyage, which was remarkably stormy, the vessel in which he sailed engaged with a French privateer, and afforded the marquis a good opportunity of displaying his valour and skill, for it was mainly owing to his resolution that they escaped capture. On reaching London he was graciously received by the queen, and the royal countenance procured him the entrée to the houses of the Dukes of Devonshire and Ormond. He also speedily managed to gain the good opinion of some of the ministers, particularly of Mr. Saint-John. When, therefore, a descent upon France was proposed, and troops were raised for the purpose, to be commanded by the Earl of Rivers, Guiscard received the commission of lieutenant-colonel, and had a thousand pounds furnished him, for his equipments. But fortune, which had hitherto smiled upon him, began now to waver. While the confederate fleet lay at Torbay, waiting for a favourable wind, disputes arose between him and the English generals, who refused to allow him the command which he claimed, and his ignorance of military affairs, as well as his imperfect acquaintance with the state of France, becoming apparent to Lord Rivers, he was recalled, and returning to London, remained for some time in privacy. Though his pay as lieutenant-general was discontinued, he had still his regiment, as well as his pension from the States; and taking a good house in Pall Mall, he set up a showy equipage, kept a host of servants, and commenced a career of extravagance and dissipation, which he contrived to support by play and other expedients, while he was constant in his attendance upon court, and at the levées of ministers, in search of employment and preferment. His intimacy with Saint-John still continued, and till late he had, also, been upon good terms with Harley, but they had quarrelled, it was said, about a mistress.

Anxious, like most adventurers, to strengthen his precarious fortunes by an advantageous match, Guiscard had paid court to several heiresses and wealthy widows, but hitherto without success. It was also suspected that he had other and deeper schemes

in hand; and that having made his peace with France, he had contrived to open a clandestine correspondence with the court of Saint-Germains. Though a successful gamester, the marquis indulged in other profligate excesses, which ran away with all his gains at play. Audacious and insolent in general, he could yet be cringing and supple enough, if it suited his purpose. From some of his creatures employed about the palace, he had ascertained how well Abigail Hill stood with the queen, and at once discerning her future ascendancy, he turned all his attention to winning her regard. But his efforts were fruitless. Whether she divined his scheme, or had been warned against him by Harley, she repulsed his advances, and on the rare occasions of their meeting, scarcely treated him with civility. Guiscard, however, was not a man to be easily defeated. Though his vanity was mortified by his rejection, he resolved to persevere, and to await some favourable opportunity for the further prosecution of his design.

Soon after the marquis had posted himself in the manner described, another slight disturbance occurred in the rear of Greg and his party. It was occasioned by the issuing forth of several lacqueys in gay liveries from the house at the corner of Pall Mall, before alluded to, who pushed aside the crowd with their gold-headed canes, to make way for a superbly-gilt chair, emblazoned with the arms of Savoy. As this chair was borne past the Marquis de Guiscard, the window was let down, and, diffusing an atmosphere of perfume, a handsome, but dissipated-looking man, wearing a magnificent French peruke, put out his head and addressed him.

"It is the Comte de Briançon himself," said Greg to his companions.

"How purely sweet he smells, to be sure," remarked Angelica. "I declare, he's just like a great scent-bottle!"

"Well, my dear Marquis! how speed you? Is the adventure over?" inquired the Comte, laughing, and displaying a brilliant set of teeth.

"She has not yet passed," returned Guiscard. "What have you done with Masham? I thought he was in the chair with you."

"He has stayed behind to read a letter," said the Comte. "You have secured the coachman, you say."

"Five guineas has done his business," answered Guiscard. "But, by Saint Michael! here she comes. Away, count!"

"Adieu, then, and success attend you," cried Briançon. And giving the signal to the chairmen, they moved on towards the palace.

The foregoing brief conversation, though conducted in French, was not lost upon Greg, who perfectly understood the language, and who being also well aware of the marquis's character, at once comprehended the nature of the project on which he was en-

gaged. He looked, therefore, with some curiosity towards the approaching coaches, to see which of them contained the heroine of the expected adventure, and he was not long in making the discovery. As he scanned the line, he observed a stout, rosy-faced fellow, in a full-bottomed, powdered wig, and sky-blue livery with yellow facings, who was seated on the hammer-cloth of a magnificent chariot, slightly raise his whip, and give a nod of intelligence to the marquis.

"There she is, I'll be sworn!" he exclaimed, stepping forward to get a better view of the equipage. "As I live! 'tis Lady Rivers. He cannot mean to give her a billet-doux in this public place. But who has she with her?—Miss Abigail Hill. Oh! I now see his mark. Egad! she looks uncommonly well."

Abigail Hill could not be called positively beautiful, and yet the expression of her countenance was so agreeable, that she deserved the epithet quite as much as many persons whose features were more classically moulded. Fine eyes of a clear blue, a radiantly white skin, auburn hair, round dimpling cheeks, and teeth as white as pearls, constituted her attractions. Looking at her narrowly, it was seen that there was a good deal of firmness about the brow and mouth, and a steady expression in the eye, that argued determination, the proper bent of which seemed guaranteed by the rest of her face. Her quickness of manner, and vivacity of look, proclaimed the possession of a ready wit, nor were these outward indications delusive. Her figure was extremely good, light, slight, tall, and graceful. It was displayed in court dress of white satin, trimmed with lace, and made low, with short loose sleeves. Her age might be about four-and-twenty.

By this time, the chariot in which she rode had approached within a short distance of the Marquis de Guiscard, when the coachman, who had watched his opportunity, contrived to run against the vehicle moving in a line with him. He was instantly assailed with the most vehement abuse for his carelessness by the neighbouring Jehu, to whom he responded in appropriate terms, charging him with being the cause of the collision. This, as he anticipated, roused the other's ire so much, that he threatened to knock him off the box. Whereupon the offender replied by an oath of defiance, accompanied by a cut with his whip. The aggrieved coachman instantly rose on his box and lashed furiously at his adversary, who, while defending himself, had much ado to restrain his horses, who began to plunge desperately.

Greatly amused by the conflict, the spectators cheered lustily, while the ladies within the carriage becoming alarmed by the noise, Abigail Hill put her head out of the window to see what was the cause of the stoppage. At this moment, the Marquis de Guiscard rushed forward, and opening the door offered to assist her out, but on seeing him, she instinctively drew back.

Guiscard then addressed himself to Lady Rivers, but with no better success.

"Obliged to you for your offer of assistance, *marquis*," replied her ladyship, "but we will stay where we are. Do tell the coachman to drive on, or I will discharge him."

"Pardon, *miladi*," cried Guiscard. "The fellow refuses to attend to me. His island blood is up. Come, Miss Hill, I must be peremptory, and insist on your getting out. I am fearful some accident may occur."

"You are very attentive, *marquis*," said Abigail; "but Lady Rivers's servants are at hand, and will take care of us. Ditchley," she added, to a footman, who had now approached the door—"your arm."

The man would have advanced, but the *marquis* motioned him angrily off. The fight, meanwhile, between the two coachmen, raged with increased fury.

"Ditchley!" screamed Lady Rivers, who now began to be seriously alarmed.

"Comin', your *la'asip*," replied the footman, trying to push past the *marquis*.

"Back, fellow!" cried Guiscard. "I warn you not to interfere."

But seeing the man resolute, and exasperated at the failure of his plan, he raised his cane, and with a well-dealt blow on the scone, stretched the unlucky Ditchley on the ground.

Both ladies now screamed, not knowing how far the violence of the *marquis* might extend. At this, the three other footmen who were clinging behind the chariot, flew to their assistance, but another protector anticipated them. Just as Ditchley fell, Masham, who a few moments previously had issued from the Comte de Briançon's hotel, seeing what was going forward, made his way through the crowd, and rushing up to the carriage, caught the *marquis* by the collar, and thrust him forcibly aside.

"Ha, what in the devil's name brings you here, sir!" cried Guiscard, in tones almost inarticulate with rage.

"I am come to protect those ladies from affront," replied Masham, sternly, and laying his hand upon his sword.

"Sdeath, sir,—how do you know they have been affronted?—And who constituted you their defender?" demanded Guiscard, furiously.

"I will render you full account for my interference hereafter, *marquis*," replied Masham. "But if you have any pretension to the character of a gentleman, you will not carry on this dispute further in the presence of ladies."

"Be it so!" replied Guiscard, between his teeth. "But be assured you shall not escape chastisement."

"Do not involve yourself in a quarrel on my account, I pray you, Mr. Masham," said Abigail, who, meanwhile, had descended from the coach, the door having been opened by one of the footmen.



George Cruikshank

Young Masham protecting Abigail Hill from the Marquis de Guiscard.

"I am very happy to have been of the slightest use to you, Miss Hill," replied Masham, bowing; "and as to the quarrel, I beg you will give yourself no concern about it."

"I have seen all that passed," said a soldier, advancing, with his musket over his shoulder, "and if it is your pleasure, sir, or that of the ladies, I will take these two quarrelsome coachmen to the guard-house."

"That would scarcely mend the matter, my good fellow," replied Masham; "but the disturbance is at an end,"

"Unquestionably it is, so far as I am concerned," said the marquis, seeing the disadvantage in which he had placed himself, and suddenly assuming an apologetic tone, "I have been altogether in the wrong. I meant only to offer you assistance, Miss Hill, and have to implore your pardon for suffering my passion to carry me to such absurd lengths. It was yon fellow's rudeness that caused my anger. However, I am sorry for him, and hope a guinea will serve to mend his broken pate. Mr. Masham, you have cause to thank me for the service I have rendered you—unintentionally it is true—but a service not the less important on that account. Ladies, I salute you." And with a bow of supercilious politeness, he marched off towards the palace, amid the murmurs of the bystanders.

Seeing the turn matters had taken, and the discomfiture of his employer, the coachman now thought proper to listen to reason, and to beg pardon for his share of the misadventure, while his adversary drove off. Thus reassured, Abigail resumed her seat in the coach, warmly thanking the young equerry, who assisted her into it, for his gallantry.

"Only promise me one thing, Mr. Masham," she said—"that you wont accept the marquis's challenge, if he sends one. If anything should happen to you, I shall never forgive myself."

"Have no fear," he replied, laughingly. "I shall run no risk."

"But promise me not to fight," cried Abigail. "Nay, if you hesitate, I must procure a mediator in the queen. You dare not disobey her."

"Certainly not," returned Masham; "but it is scarcely worth while to trouble her majesty on so unimportant a matter."

"The matter is not so unimportant to me," replied Abigail. And then checking herself, and blushing, she leaned back in the carriage, and was rolled on towards the gateway of the palace.

"You expressed great concern for Mr. Masham, my dear," observed Lady Rivers. "If he has any vanity, (and what handsome young fellow has not?) he will fancy he has made a conquest."

"Nay, I only expressed a natural concern for him, I'm sure," replied Abigail. "I should be terribly distressed, if he were to fight this odious Marquis de Guiscard."

"And still more terribly distressed, if he should chance to get

run through the body by the odious Marquis, who, they say, is the most expert swordsman about town," rejoined Lady Rivers.

"Don't suppose anything so dreadful," cried Abigail, turning pale. "I'll certainly mention the matter to the queen. That will be the surest way to prevent mischief."

"But take care not to betray the state of your heart to her majesty at the same time, my dear," said Lady Rivers, somewhat maliciously.

Abigail blushed again, but attempted no reply; and at this juncture the carriage stopped, the door was opened, and they were ushered into the palace.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

A TETE-A-TETE AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

NEVER had a drawing-room at Saint James's been more numerous or brilliantly attended than on the present occasion. It was remarked, however, that the queen looked somewhat jaded and out of spirits, while a slight inflammation about the eyes increased her general appearance of indisposition. Noticing these symptoms with concern, the Duke of Marlborough alluded to them to the Prince of Denmark, who replied hastily and heedlessly, as was his wont, "The queen owes her illness to herself. If she did not sit up so late at night, her eyes would not be so red, nor her spirits so indifferent."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the duke; "I thought her majesty retired to rest early."

"So she does, generally," replied the Prince, in some confusion at the indiscretion he now perceived he had committed; "but sometimes she will sit up talking for an hour or two—talking to me, your grace—merely to me—asking my opinion on matters before the cabinet—much better go to bed—late hours don't agree with either of us—ha! ha!" And he thrust his snuff-box into the duke's hand to put an end to the discourse.

Marlborough acknowledged the attention with a bow, but he muttered to himself—"She sits up o' nights, ha! Some one besides the duchess is in her confidence. This must be looked to."

Later on in the day, when the drawing-room was at an end, he was alone with his illustrious lady at Marlborough House.

The duchess was radiant. Her fine eyes sparkled with pleasure, and her cheeks were flushed with triumph. Her step, as she crossed the chamber towards a sofa at the further end of it, was prouder than usual, and her mien statelier. A magnificent woman still was Sarah of Marlborough, and little of decline was visible about her. There was something queenly in her look and deportment. Her figure was tall and commanding, and her features cast in that superb mould which seems reserved only for the great. All emotions could those features well por-

tray, but the expression which they habitually wore was that of pride. And yet they were soft and feminine, and not destitute of a certain character of voluptuousness, chiefly discernible in the rich fulness of the lips, and the melting languor of the eyes, which, when not lighted into fire, had inexpressible tenderness. Her forehead was exceedingly fine, and her dark hair gathered like a tiara over her brow, and descending in ringlets behind, had all its original glossiness, silkiness, and profusion. Her proportions were full, and the rounded neck, arm, and shoulder were all of marble whiteness. Her attire corresponded in magnificence with her person, and blazed with diamonds and precious stones. Among other ornaments, she wore a ring of great value, which had been presented to her by Charles the Third of Spain, when he visited England four years ago. The Duchess of Marlborough was a woman to inspire a grand passion, and to maintain it. Neither absence nor irritation could shake the devoted attachment entertained for her by the duke, and now, after their long union, he was as much her lover (perhaps more so) as when he wooed her as Sarah Jennings.

And well was she matched by her noble lord. Not more distinguished for his mental qualifications than for his personal graces and accomplishments, was the Duke of Marlborough. He was a perfect courtier, in the best sense of the word, which means that he was a most refined gentleman; while superadded to the courtier was the soldier, making a matchless combination. Nothing more polished, more graceful, more easy, or which set others more at ease, can be imagined than the Duke of Marlborough's manner, while at the same time it was dignified and imposing. His figure was lofty and nobly proportioned; and what with his renown, his stateliness of presence, and his handsome form and features, it was impossible to look at him without admiration. True the duke was no longer young—true he had undergone excessive fatigue of all kinds, both mentally and bodily, had been harassed in every way, and for years had known few and brief intervals of repose; but, despite all this, he preserved his good looks in a most astonishing manner, and though no longer the fair youth who had captivated the Duchess of Cleveland in Charles the Second's day, he was still a model of manly beauty. He was habited in his general's uniform, and richly decorated with orders, and amongst others wore the George, in a sardonyx set with diamonds of immense value. His spirits were by no means so high as those of the duchess. On the contrary, he looked thoughtful, and followed her slowly and musingly to the sofa.

“What ails your grace?” cried the duchess, seating herself. “Methinks if anything could make you cheerful, it should be the acclamations with which you were greeted by the crowd, as you left the palace. Their deafening cries of, ‘God save the queen and the Duke of Marlborough!’ can almost be heard here, and I fancy must have reached even the ears of Anne herself. The

sweetest music to me, is the applausive shouting of the people, and the most gladsome and stirring sight their beaming faces and waving hats. But both seem to have lost their charm for you to day. Custom has staled them, as it has staled me."

"Popular applause may indeed fail to move me," replied the duke, affectionately—"perhaps does so; but the day is far distant, sweetheart, when I shall be insensible to your love. I am somewhat overcome by the tumult, and wish I had returned from the palace privately."

"Better as it is," said the Duchess; "you cannot shew yourself too much. Has anything happened at the drawing-room to annoy you? I thought you looked somewhat grave there."

"Well, then, I must own I have been disturbed by a few words let fall by the prince, respecting the queen. I told him I was sorry to see her look ill, and he said it was her own fault, for she would sit up late at night."

"Did he tell you with whom?" demanded the duchess.

"No," answered the duke. "Like a poor chess-player, he tried to repair his inadvertence, and therefore exposed himself further. But I could not learn who was the queen's companion, beside himself."

"Then I will tell you," replied the duchess; "it is our cousin, Abigail Hill."

"What, the dresser and bed-chamber woman?" cried the duke; "if that be all, it is of little moment."

"It is not of such little moment as your grace imagines," replied the duchess; "and if I had known what I now know of Abigail, when I placed her near the queen, I would never have put it in her power to do me an injury. Who would have thought so artless a creature, to all appearance, could play her cards so well. But the cunning jade has discerned the queen's weak points, and seeing how much she is the slave of those who feign to love her, and will condescend to fawn upon her and flatter her for her wit and understanding—*her* wit and understanding, forsooth!—she has resorted to all these mean arts to win her confidence."

"If she *has* won it, you cannot blame her," replied the duke; "and I cannot help thinking, if you yourself, madam, were to study the queen's temper and peculiarities more, it would be better."

"I am surprised to hear your grace talk thus," replied the duchess, bridling up. "Would you have me sacrifice my opinions to one to whom I have been accustomed to dictate? Would you have me approve measures when I disapprove them? Would you have me cringe, protest, and lie, or copy the manners of this servile creature? Would you have me listen to every childish complaint, every whim, every caprice,—or affect sympathy when I feel none. Would you have me solicit when I can command,—kneel, when I can sit,—obey, when I can exact obedience?"

"Nay—but, madam," said the duke, "the duties to your queen make what might appear servility and flattery to another, rightful homage and respect to her."

"I shall never be wanting in loyalty and devotion to the queen," replied the duchess; "and whatever opinions I offer, shall be consistent with her honour. I can never reproach myself with advising aught derogatory to her station or to the welfare of the country, and with that conviction I shall continue to act as I have begun. I may lose her regard, but I will never lose my own respect."

"I know you to be a high-minded woman, madam," replied the duke, "and that all your actions are directed by the best and noblest principles; but I still conceive that, without any sacrifice of moral dignity or self-respect, you might more effectually retain her majesty's regard."

"Your grace mistakes the queen altogether," replied the duchess, impatiently; "and were I to yield to her humour, or subscribe to her opinion, things would be in a far worse position than they are now. Anne is one of those persons, who, if allowed to have her own way, or act upon her own impulses, would be sure to go wrong. Without energy or decision, she is so short-sighted that she can only discern what is immediately before her, and even then is pretty sure to err in judgment. To serve her well, she must be led—to make her reign prosperous and glorious, she must be ruled."

"My own experience leads me to the same conclusion as yourself, madam," said the duke; "but this principle must not be carried too far. Weak natures like that of Anne must not be pressed too hardly, or they will rebel against the hand that governs them. I have observed some indications of this sort of late about the queen. She seems displeased with you."

"And what matter if she be displeased with me," replied the duchess, somewhat contemptuously; "she may be piqued for the moment, but I am too necessary to her, and, indeed, too much her mistress, for any lasting breach to occur between us."

"Be not over-confident, madam," returned the duke. "Security is often fatal. Security lost the battle of Blenheim to Tallard; and to Villeroi's security I owe the victory of Ramillies. To trust too much is to give your enemy an advantage, and defeat may occur when there is least appearance of danger. It is true that the queen has hitherto submitted to your governance in all things, but her advisers may turn your very power against you. I am so much of a Jesuit, in one sense, that if the object I had in view were praiseworthy, and I was satisfied on that score, I should not look too scrupulously at the means by which the great end was to be accomplished. Some concessions must be made to the queen—some change in your deportment towards her, or I am apprehensive you will lose her favour."

"If I must lose it, I must," replied the duchess. "But I will never retain it by imitating these truckling slaves—these minions

who would crouch to the earth for a smile. It shall never be said of Sarah of Marlborough, that she adopted the abject policy of Abigail Hill,—and she only feels surprised that her lord should give her such council.”

“I recommend no abject policy,” replied the duke, a little nettled by her tone. “But firmness is one thing, imperiousness another. It is not in human nature, still less in the nature of one of such exalted rank, to submit to the control you impose upon Anne.”

“Be content to rule in the camp, my lord,” said the duchess, “and leave the queen to me. I have hitherto proved successful.”

“But you are on the eve of a defeat,” cried the duke. “I warn you of that, madam.”

“Your grace is as impatient as her majesty,” said the duchess, tauntingly.

“And with as much reason,” cried the duke, rising and pacing the apartment.

“I have been a faithful and loving wife to you, my lord, and a faithful and loving friend and servant to the queen,” replied the duchess, “and I cannot alter my conduct to please either of you.”

“You rule us both with an iron rod,” cried Marlborough; “and my own feelings of irritation make me perfectly comprehend those of the queen.”

“As I do not desire to quarrel with your grace, I will leave you till you are cooler,” said the duchess, rising, and moving towards the door.

“Nay, you shall not go,” cried the duke, catching her hand. “I have been hasty—wrong. By Heaven! I do not wonder you govern Anne so absolutely, for I have no will but yours.”

“Nor I any law but yours, my lord,” answered the duchess, smiling. “You know that, and therefore yield to me, —*sometimes*. And so does her majesty.”

“If she loves you as truly as I do, Sarah,” returned Marlborough, tenderly, “you have nothing to fear. My passion borders on idolatry, and I could be anything in your hands, if the reward for it was to be your love. The letters I have sent you, written amid the hurry and exhaustion of rapid marches—amid the vexations of opposing interests,—on the agitating eve of battle, or in the intoxication of victory, would prove to you that you were ever foremost in my thoughts, but they could not speak the full extent of my feelings. Oh, Sarah! fortunate as my career has been, and much as I ought yet to do to serve my queen and country, I would far rather retire with you to some quiet retreat, where we might pass the remainder of our life undisturbed by faction, or the cares of public life.”

“Your grace would not be happy in such an existence,—nor should I,” replied the duchess. “We were made for greatness. The quiet retreat you propose would become a prison, where you

would be tormented by a thousand stirring thoughts of conquests yet unachieved, and laurels yet unwon; while I should lament the ascendancy I had lost, and the power I had thrown aside. No, no, my lord—much is to be done—much to be won before we retire. It will be time to quit our posts when our acquisitions are greater. When I have made you the wealthiest noble, as you are the first in Europe, I shall be satisfied; but not till then.”

“You are a woman in a thousand,” cried the duke, in admiration.

“I am worthy to be the wife of the Duke of Marlborough,” she answered proudly; “and my lord may safely repose his honour and interests with me. I will watch well over both.”

“I doubt it not, madam,” cried the duke in a voice of emotion, and pressing her hand to his lips—“I doubt it not. But I would you had never placed Abigail near the queen.”

“My motive for doing so was this,” replied the duchess. “I was fatigued to death with my attendance upon her majesty, and to speak truth, after your grace’s elevation to a principality of the empire, I thought the office derogatory. Abigail was therefore introduced as the fittest and safest person to fill my place. That I could not have made a worse selection I now find. The wench has begun to comport herself with a degree of insolence towards me, that argues the reliance she places on the queen’s protection. Add to which, I have discovered that an understanding subsists between her and Harley, who you know is her kinsman.”

“With Harley!” cried the Duke. “Godolphin and I have for some time doubted Harley, and have been anxious for his removal from the ministry. But the queen has clung to him with a tenacity till now unaccountable. He has found means, I’ll be sworn, to reach her through Abigail.”

“Right,” said the duchess. “Your grace had once a high opinion of this secretary, but I always warned you against him as a smooth-tongued hypocrite, who had merely his own advancement in view. Now I hope you are convinced.”

“Most unpleasantly so,” rejoined the duke. “But how do you suppose Harley communicates with Abigail?”

“I intercepted a note from her to him this morning at the drawing-room,” said the duchess, “and which before it reached him was first delivered by the messenger to me.”

“A love letter?” asked Marlborough.

“No, a few words hastily traced in pencil, desiring him to be at the garden gate of the palace at eleven to-morrow night,” said the duchess.

“That sounds like an appointment!” cried the duke.

“Ay, but it is not with herself,” said the duchess. “He is to come there to see the queen. Of that I am well assured. But I will surprise them. Having the key of the back staircase, I can easily be present at the conference.”

"You had better think this over," said Marlborough. "The queen may resent the intrusion."

"I have already told your grace you know her not. She is far more in awe of me than I am of her, and with reason. If she were not ashamed of Harley, she would not receive him thus clandestinely. It will be sufficient for me to discover the intercourse to put an end to it."

"I hope so," replied the duke. "But while Abigail enjoys her favour, there will always be danger. Can we not provide her a husband?"

"Marry her to Harley," laughed the duchess. "A notable project, truly!"

At this juncture, a servant entered the room and announced the Earl of Sunderland.

"Glad to see you, son-in-law," said the duke, extending his hand to him. "We were talking of marrying our cousin, Abigail Hill."

"What, to the Marquis de Guiscard! who attempted to carry her off in the face of all the world this morning," cried Sunderland, "and was only prevented by the interference of young Masham, the prince's equerry."

"Ah! how was that?" inquired the duchess.

And the earl proceeded to detail the occurrence related in a previous chapter.

"Guiscard is a dangerous man," said the duke; "and if he cannot rid himself of a rival by fair means, will not hesitate to have recourse to foul. I heard a strange character of him at the Hague; but he is brave, and useful for certain purposes. I'll warrant me it is suspicion of Abigail's favour with the queen that makes him pay court to her. Otherwise, she could have no attraction to an adventurer like him."

"Lord Ross, who mentioned the circumstance to Lady Sunderland," said the earl, "and who had it from Lady Rivers, declared that Abigail was quite taken by Masham."

"Ah, indeed!" said the duchess. "Something may be made of this hint. Are you acquainted with Mr. Masham, my lord?"

"Quite sufficiently for any purpose your grace may require," replied Sunderland.

"Make it your business to find him out, then, and bring him here to dinner," rejoined the duchess.

"You forget the ball, this evening, at the palace," interposed the duke.

"No I do not," replied the duchess. "And I will thank your grace to send a card of invitation, without delay, to the Marquis de Guiscard. I will explain my motives presently. I depend upon you, Sunderland."

"Your behests shall be obeyed, madam, if possible," replied the earl, who was accustomed, like all the duchess's family, to render blind obedience to her. "I think I heard Masham was gone with Harley and some others to the Cocoa Tree. I'll seek him there at once."

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

THE BALL AT THE PALACE, AND WHAT HAPPENED AT IT.

THE ball at the palace in the evening was as brilliantly attended as the drawing-room had been, though of course less numerously. In a small apartment, adjoining the grand saloon, where dancing was going forward, and hung with green silk, woven with gold, whence it obtained the name of the "green chamber," and by the subdued light of shaded candles, might be discovered, seated on a fauteuil, a finely-formed but somewhat full-proportioned lady, attired in a robe of purple velvet, of the particular dye devoted to royalty. Around her smooth throat, which lost little by the contrast, was twined a string of the largest and most beautiful pearls, while across her fair rounded shoulders glittered the collar of the George. Her dress was worn low in front, as was the mode—and the style perfectly suited the wearer, who was remarkable for the beauty of her bust. The upper part of the stomacher was edged with stiffened point lace, as were the short loose sleeves of the gown. Here again the mode was favourable to the wearer, whose arms were of Junonian roundness and whiteness. Her hair, dark brown in colour, and of a fine texture, was divided in the centre, but raised in high and ample curls above the head, and being looped behind by a string of pearls as magnificent as those encircling her throat, descended in thick waving ringlets down her back. Her complexion was fresh and rosy—its bloom belonging to health and nature only—her features regular, with a small, delicate mouth, and agreeably-moulded chin. Her eyes were good, but disfigured by a slight contraction of the lids, while a heaviness about the brow gave a somewhat cloudy expression to her countenance. The Duchess of Marlborough says, in the character she has bequeathed of Anne, whom we have been attempting to depict in the foregoing description—"There was something of majesty in her look, but mixed with a sullen and constant frown, that plainly betrayed a gloominess of soul, and a cloudiness of disposition within." But this was written after the painter of the portrait had, by her own imprudence, called a "constant frown" to the countenance.

Anne's manners were dignified, graceful, and easy, and her embonpoint rather added to the majesty of her deportment than detracted from it. In stature, she was of the middle size. In a much less exalted sphere of life, Anne would have been admired for her accomplishments and personal attractions, which were by no means inconsiderable. In earlier days, she had danced remarkably well, and accompanied herself in singing on the guitar—an instrument then much in vogue, and which she played with consummate skill. The tones of her voice were singularly clear

and harmonious, and, like her illustrious successor in modern times, she was distinguished by the admirable delivery of her speeches to parliament.

Anne's private virtues have already been dwelt upon. She was a model of conjugal affection, amiable, devout, charitable, and an excellent economist; insomuch so that her treasury was always well provided. A lover of polite letters, and a true friend to the church, her bounty in surrendering the tithes and first fruits in augmentation of poor vicarages, must ever cause her name to be held in grateful remembrance by the clergy. At the period in question she was in her forty-third year.

Not far from the queen, at a small card-table, sat her consort, Prince George of Denmark, playing at picquet with Mr. Harley. A slight description must suffice for the prince. He was stout, with large, handsome, good-humoured features, and seemed to be fonder of play, and the pleasures of the table, than the cares and perplexities of sovereignty. Apart from his constitutional apathy and indolence, the prince had many good qualities. He was humane, just, affable, and had the welfare of the country sincerely at heart. He rarely offered advice to the queen, or interfered between her and her ministers, but when he did so, his opinion was well considered. His was a character rather to inspire esteem than respect, and Anne loved him more for the qualities of his heart than for those of his head. He was dressed in black velvet, with a star upon his breast, and wore the blue riband, and the garter.

The Duchess of Ormond, Lady Portmore, and Lady Rivers, were in attendance on the queen, and somewhat nearer to her than the rest, stood Abigail Hill, with whom she was conversing. A concert of singers from the Italian Opera, with which Anne had been much diverted, was just over, and she was still talking of the pleasure she had received from it, when the Duchess of Marlborough entered.

"Ah! you are come at last," said Anne. "I feared I was not to see your grace to-night."

"Your majesty knows I have little taste for music," returned the duchess, "and I therefore postponed my arrival till after the concert, which I knew would take place at ten."

"Better late than not at all, certainly," rejoined Anne; "but I have missed you."

"Your majesty is infinitely obliging," said the duchess, sarcastically—"and I fear sacrifices your sincerity at the shrine of complaisance; for I can scarcely believe I can have been missed when I find you in company so much more congenial to your taste than mine has become."

"If you mean Abigail," replied the queen, slightly colouring, "she has indeed proved herself pleasant company, for she loves music as much as myself, and we have been talking over the charming songs we have just heard."

"I presume, madam, that you have heard of Abigail's adventure on her way to the drawing-room this morning," said the duchess.

"I have," replied the queen, "and have taken care that the quarrel between the Marquis de Guiscard and Mr. Masham shall proceed no further."

"Your majesty is very good," said the duchess; "but it would have been as well, methinks, if the young lady had made me, her kinswoman, acquainted with the matter."

"In imparting the matter to her majesty, I thought I had done all that was needful," rejoined Abigail; "and I should not have interfered in the matter if I had not feared that harm might befall—"

"Mr. Masham," supplied the duchess, maliciously. "You were very considerate, it must be owned. But you need not have given yourself uneasiness. The Marquis de Guiscard has been with me to express his regret at what has occurred, and I must confess his explanation of the matter appears satisfactory. He says that some misapprehension of his intention, on your part, made you treat him in such manner as led to the violence which he regrets, and for which he is most anxious to apologize."

"I have no misapprehension of his intentions," said Abigail—"none whatever."

"If you mean to insinuate that he is in love with you," returned the duchess, "I must admit that you are in the right, for he owned as much to me, and entreated me to plead his cause with you. For my own part, I think the offer a good one, and, as your relation, should be pleased to see the union take place. If you yourself are willing, cousin, her majesty, I am persuaded, will not refuse her consent."

"I certainly should not refuse my consent if I thought Abigail's happiness at all concerned in the matter," replied the queen; "but in the present instance such does not appear to be the case. Nay, I almost fancy I should please her best by withholding it."

"Your majesty is in the right," replied Abigail; "and even if you were to lay your injunctions upon me to wed the Marquis de Guiscard, I do not think I could obey you."

"Your devotion shall not be so severely taxed," said the queen, smiling.

"Yet the marquis should not be rejected too hastily," said the duchess. "You behaved somewhat rudely to him this morning, Abigail—his gallantry deserved a better return."

"It is easy for the contriver of a scheme to play it out," said Abigail. "What if I tell your grace that Lady Rivers's coachman has since confessed to being bribed by the marquis to act as he did."

"The fellow must lie!" cried the duchess, angrily. "But the truth shall be instantly ascertained, for the marquis is without."

Have I your majesty's permission that he should enter the presence?"

"Why—yes," replied the queen, reluctantly, "if your grace desires it."

"I do desire it," returned the duchess. And stepping into the ball-room, she returned the next moment with Guiscard. Notwithstanding his effrontery, the marquis looked abashed at the presence in which he stood; he glanced uneasily towards the queen, and from her to Abigail, beneath whose steadfast, contemptuous look, he quailed.

"My cousin Abigail says that you bribed Lady Rivers's coachman to occasion this disturbance, marquis," said the duchess. "Is it so?"

"I will frankly confess that it is," replied Guiscard, with an air of candour; "and the impulse that prompted me to the act, I will with equal frankness admit, was my passion for the lovely Abigail. I hoped by this means to make a favourable impression upon her. But I have been sufficiently punished for my temerity by my failure."

There was a moment's pause, during which a glance passed between the queen and the Duchess of Marlborough.

"You did wrong, marquis," said the former, at length; "but the admission of the motive is something."

"I have nothing to plead in extenuation of my conduct, but the excess of my passion, madam," rejoined the marquis, penitentially. "I entreat Miss Hill's forgiveness."

"I would willingly accord it," she answered, "if I felt assured there would be no repetition of the annoyance I have experienced."

"Abigail, I would fain play the mediator," interposed the duchess.

"Your grace will waste time," rejoined Abigail. "I am surprised that a person of the marquis's spirit should persevere, where he sees there is no chance of success. A well-executed retreat, as the Duke of Marlborough would tell him, is equal to a victory. Let him retire while he can do so with a good grace."

"You have had your answer, marquis," said the queen, smiling.

"I have, madam," replied Guiscard, bowing to hide his mortification. "But a monarch of my own country, and one who had the reputation of understanding your sex thoroughly, having left it on record that woman is changeable, and that he is a fool who takes her at her word; and my own experience serving to prove the truth of the assertion, I shall not be discouraged, though at present rebuffed."

"I must at least interdict you from pressing your suit further," said the queen.

"Agreed, madam," returned Guiscard; "but what if I have the fair Abigail's consent?"

"In that case, I withdraw my interdiction," replied the queen.

"She shall yet be yours," said the duchess, in a whisper, to Guiscard.

"I know on whom I rely," returned the marquis, in the same tone. "I would rather have your grace's word than the lady's own promise."

"And you would choose rightly," said the duchess, smiling.

As the words were uttered, the party was increased by the entrance of the Earl of Sunderland and Masham. The latter looked somewhat flushed and excited.

"Ah, Mr. Masham!" cried the queen, "you are come most opportunely. I wish to make you friends with the Marquis de Guiscard."

"Your majesty is very kind and condescending," replied Masham—"but I am already reconciled to the marquis."

"I am happy to hear it," rejoined Anne; "but I was not aware you had met."

"Oh dear, yes, madam!" returned Masham; "we both dined at Marlborough House, and are the best friends imaginable. Instead of quarrelling, we have laughed heartily at the adventure of the morning. If I had known the marquis's motive, I should not have interfered."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Abigail, with a look of ill-disguised vexation.

"You surely do not think he was justified in what he did, Mr. Masham?" said the queen.

"In love and war, I need not remind your majesty, all stratagems are fair," replied Masham, bowing.

"You are a very unaccountable person, Mr. Masham," said Abigail, in a tone of pique.

"I am not the only unaccountable person in the world, Miss Hill," he replied, significantly.

"There seems to be some misunderstanding here," interposed Harley, who had just finished his game, rising from the card-table—"can I set it right?"

"Where others fail, doubtless Mr. Harley can succeed," said the duchess, sarcastically.

"I will try, madam, at all events," replied the secretary. "You appear put out of the way, my dear," he added, to Abigail.

"Oh, not in the least, cousin," she replied, quickly.

"And you?" he continued, turning to Masham.

"Oh, not in the least," was the answer; "unless, indeed," he added, "for making a fool of myself, and spoiling sport."

"But you really appear to require some explanation," said Harley; "and I am sure Miss Hill will afford it."

"You are giving yourself very needless trouble, sir," said Masham, coolly; "I have had all the explanation I require."

"And I have given all I design to afford," said Abigail, with affected indifference.

"Very adroitly managed, indeed, Mr. Secretary," laughed

the duchess. "You have set matters right very expeditiously, it must be owned."

"Perhaps I might be more successful," interposed Anne, good-naturedly.

"Oh, no, indeed, your majesty!" said Abigail. "I begin to think I was wrong, after all, about the Marquis de Guiscard."

"She relents!" whispered the duchess to the marquis.

"Not so," he replied, in the same tone; "that was merely said to pique Masham."

"Never mind why it was said, if it promotes your object," rejoined the duchess. "Go to her at once. If you succeed in irritating Masham past reconciliation, all will be well."

"There's my hand, marquis, in token of forgiveness," said Abigail to Guiscard.

"You are wrong, cousin," whispered Harley, "and will repent what you are doing."

"No, I shan't," she replied, in the same tone.

Further asides were interrupted by the advance of the marquis, who took Abigail's hand and pressed it respectfully to his lips.

"You were right; she is a mere coquette," said Masham to Sunderland, in a tone almost sufficiently loud to be audible to the others.

"Why—yes. I thought you could easily discover it," replied the earl.

"May I be permitted to claim your hand for the dance, Miss Hill, now that I have possession of it?" said the marquis.

"If her majesty will allow me, yes"—hesitated Abigail.

"You see that I have the young lady's consent, madam," said Guiscard to the queen. "I trust, therefore, you will graciously withdraw your interdiction."

"Abigail must use her own discretion," replied Anne. "I think you are wrong in dancing with him," she added in an under-tone to her.

"I have a motive for it, madam," replied Abigail, in the same voice. "I have succeeded in vexing him," she added aside, to Harley, as she passed.

"You have lost him," he rejoined, angrily.

"Well, no matter, I shall not break my heart about him," she returned. And dropping a profound courtesy to the queen, she tripped into the ball-room with Guiscard.

"On my soul, I begin to think her a coquette, myself," muttered Harley. "She will ruin all my plans. I must speak to Masham."

"I will myself proceed to the ball-room," said the queen, rising, and taking the arm of her royal consort. "Your grace will attend me?"

The duchess bowed, and extending her hand to Masham, said—"Come, sir, you must go with me."

And with a glance of triumph at the dismayed secretary, she followed the queen into the ball-room.

THE POET'S SELF-PRAISE.*

(From the German of Friedrich Rückert.)

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

I AM king of dreams,—that ever silent race,
 Monarch of bright fancy's heav'nly dwelling-place.
 Royal crowns and tapers† glisten at my feet,
 Springing from the earth, their sov'reign lord to greet.
 On my dark hair stands a cloudy diadem,
 Deck'd with rainbow-colours, each a precious gem;
 I am sought by all the flowers of spring, that bear
 Melodies of love a tribute to mine ear.
 All the hidden springs from their recesses break,
 For of mighty myst'ries with me they would speak;
 Solomon's great seal is on my right hand worn—
 Jemsheed's‡ mighty mirror in my left is borne—
 Ev'ry sprite the magic of the seal obeys,
 And my sunny banner all creation sways.
 Lo! I march to vanquish gloom and sullen night,
 Leading on my host of thoughts so free and bright.
 Come and help me; here on earth a heaven I build,
 Poison shall be harmless, Death himself be kill'd.
 Ev'ry tree of life my breath with leaves shall gem,
 I will crush the serpent twined around its stem.
 Haste o'er ev'ry path, ye evening breezes all,
 To my paradise the glad creation call.
 All who dwell without, by tyranny oppress'd,
 Here within my bound'ry seek a place of rest.
 There are persecutions, pains, and endless woes;
 Here are peace, and quiet, slumber and repose.
 Peris, Djins from Djinnistan your skill unfold,
 Build a castle here with pinnacles of gold:
 In that great world-palace many rooms shall be,
 That combined may shine the whole world's majesty;
 Build a room for ev'ry nation, it were well
 Each should have its chamber, there in joy to dwell.
 Build me, too, a roof for ev'ry heav'nly zone,
 Each shall with its splendour have its sep'rate throne;
 For these seven rooms of state there shall be made
 Carpets, with the wonders of the zones display'd:
 Painting on the walls the glow of spring shall weave,
 In the many niches marble forms shall live.
 Music to th' eternal sphere's harmonious sound
 Shall attune all voices in creation found.
 Spirits, in the ground around my palace place
 Ev'ry kind of shrub, and trees of ev'ry race;
 Let the nightingales of ev'ry region meet,
 With the roses of all climes in dalliance sweet.
 Ho! ye gods of Hindostan, who find a home,
 In the flower-cups to your sanctuary come.
 Hither to my garden, ev'ry sylph and fay,
 Woven from the moon-beams, here in pleasure stray.

* To those who are not familiar with Rückert, this curious rhapsody may appear extravagant. Those who are, will recollect that his great talent consists in assuming the poetical forms of eastern countries, aided by a most brilliant fancy, and will perceive that the poem is a kind of summary of the various directions of his studies.—J. O.

† "Kaiserkrone" and "Königskerze," are the German names of the flowers mentioned here. I have chosen to translate those names rather than give the corresponding English appellatives, which would not convey the same notion of royalty.—J. O.

‡ The very ancient King of Persia, who is said to have founded Persepolis, and to have invented all sorts of things.—J. O.

Greek gods fallen from Olympus, here for you
 Stands a refuge where no scoffer can pursue.
 Build the walls around my garden, oh, Amphion !
 Through my lakes conduct the dolphin, oh, Arion !
 Tame the wild beasts in my forests roaming, Orpheus !
 Thou shalt be the guide of all my dream-race, Morpheus !

[The terminations of the last four lines are precisely the same as in the original. There is something odd in the clash of proper names.—J. O.]

ADVENTURE OF A BENIGHTED TRAVELLER.

BY CHARLES OLLIER, AUTHOR OF "FERRERS."

"The night comes on, and the bleak winds
 Do sorely ruffle. For many miles about,
 There's scarce a bush."

SHAKESPEARE.

BENIGHTED on a moor !—"an awkward situation for a nervous man !" Uncertainty on a high road, or on a by-road, is comparatively nothing. A traveller may have lost his way, and be going in an opposite direction to that which he seeks ; but the path is sure to lead to dwelling-houses, inns, villages and towns. To the wayfarer, even a forest is better than a wild, for a forest presents shelter, and sometimes food ; whereas a wide plain baffles him with its perplexing uniformity—exposes him to all the winds that blow—and offers no relief, by change of scene, to the apprehensions that assail him. He is in danger of going astray, because all directions seem equally correct ; and, when night sets in, he too often resigns himself to inaction and despondency, and thus renders his position more intolerable. The mercurial spirits of Mathews, the most vivacious of comedians, sank, and almost despaired, as darkness fell over him on Salisbury Plain.*

In November, 18—, a gentleman was wending his way from Bath, towards a house in the interior of Wiltshire. The route had been, as he thought, satisfactorily explained to him ; and, in the confident spirit of his age, (for he was young,) he felt certain he could not mistake his road. With this conviction, he went on dreaming of the felicities that awaited him at the end of his journey : failure and mishap were out of the question : like Leander, he was bound on a love-expedition ; but his visit was not a stealthy one, as in the instance of the gallant of Abydos. No ; he was to be welcomed, not alone by the lady of his choice, but by her approving family. He trod on air. What to him was the difficulty of an unknown district, or the mystification of darkness, should it overtake him ?

With spirits such as youth just entering on manhood can only know, did Elford Locke undertake his peregrination to the bourne of all his wishes. He left his horse behind him snugly stalled at Bath, for he thought that a pedestrian journey to the house of his mistress would be a piece of homage to her—a kind of pilgrimage to a shrine ; and he knew she was precisely the person to appreciate such an act of devo-

* See an affecting incident recorded in his Memoirs.

tion. Young Locke, accordingly, having walked several miles, entered at length a tree-bordered lane, which he had been told would conduct him to the neighbourhood of Combe Manor-house, the residence of Mrs. Lyttleton, a widow, and mother of Edith, to whom he was engaged. He had wooed and won his mistress during her sojourn at Bath, but had never visited her in her own home. To him, the invitation thither was inexpressibly delightful; and though the month was November, a cloudless and sunny morning gave assurance of a pleasant excursion. The air was mild; the trees had not lost all their leaves; a grave stillness was over the land; and the very earth, having stored the garners with its produce, seemed reposing after its summer-labour, and was at peace on the eve of the wintry sabbath. Nothing, therefore, existed to divert Elford's thoughts from the one subject whereon they loved to dwell: no sound or sight was abroad which could tempt his ruminations to play truant.

For such a visit as that wherein he was now engaged, young Locke would have found charms in any season; but the present, (perhaps because it *was* the present,) he held to be the most appropriate for the occasion. Enough of beauty was left in external nature to induce Edith, after his arrival at her home, to take short noon-rambles with him. And then how cozy would the evenings be in the manor-house: the well-lighted room—the cheerful fire—the volumes of old poets—and the songs at the pianoforte, heard in all their perfection amidst the hush of solitude surrounding Combe Manor-house!

With such anticipations, he pursued his way merrily along the lane, wondering nevertheless when it would terminate, and afford him a view of more open country. That he should have mistaken his road, he never once conjectured; no, not even when darkness overtook him, and when he could not discern the low boughs which ever and anon brushed across his face. Still he plodded onwards in perfect confidence and with a cheerful heart.

"Hallo!" at length he exclaimed to himself; "How's this? Where am I now? The air blows more freshly than before, and the sward is soft under my feet—a very different affair from treading on that horribly stony lane. Halt! I'm going wrong. What if I should have been doing so for the last two hours? An agreeable idea, truly. This comes of thinking too much of—hold! let me not imagine treason against divine Edith. To think too much of *her* is impossible. Still, I might have thought also a little about the road, and not strayed away, one knows not whither, like an absent-minded blockhead. I was a fool, too, not to notice the coming of twilight, and so been awakened to a suspicion that I had got on the wrong track, for I ought to have reached the Manor-house by sunset."

Our wayfarer strained his eyes in an endeavour to ascertain to what kind of place he had wandered, but his scrutiny was utterly fruitless.

"Plague on the darkness!" ejaculated he. "I can't see a yard before me. A pleasant night I'm like to have of it! Well, there will be no noise to disturb me, that's one comfort. Not a sound can I hear, except when a gust of wind comes along, panting as if it had travelled over a great desert, and was tired. I shouldn't wonder if I had got on one of the confounded Wiltshire downs. Now, most people would be a little nervous under such circumstances; and, to say truth, I don't much like it myself, especially when I think that Edith will

accuse me of indifference to her invitation. She will never imagine me to be such an idiot as to lose my road, but will rather suppose I am tamely waiting, like a cautious cockney, for a stage-coach to the nearest town, and the company of fellow-passengers. I can't bear she should have that idea either of my love or of my manhood. But let me be patient for a time: the moon will soon be up, when I shall see where I am. Meanwhile, come forth, thou pocket-flask! 'Poor Tom's a-cold.'

Having refreshed his spirits with a draught of potent sherry, with which he had provided himself on setting out, but of whose companionship he had, till now, been unmindful, he waited patiently the rising of the moon, looking, so unconscious was he of east and west, in the wrong direction for its advent, and wondering at its tardiness. Presently, however, the darkness grew less dense, though Elford did not perceive the source of any light; when, turning round, he discerned the lamp of night swelling above the horizon.

"Are you *there*, Phœbe?" said he. "Another of my mistakes. I was looking for you in the wrong quarter. Mount, mount, old goddess! and if you ever really loved the sleepy shepherd of Latmos, do a service now to me, though I like not sleeping either on mountain-tops or on plains. If you choose to take a fancy to the solitary wanderer beneath you, I'll give your graces a better welcome than Endymion did. So be my friend, dear Cynthia, and you shall have any adoration you prefer, either in prose or verse. But pray shew me a pleasant landscape—something worthy your own beaming gaze."

The moon-light rapidly increased, and, alas! revealed a prospect such as young Locke, despite his irrepressible gaiety of spirits, could not avoid anticipating. A naked, open, apparently limitless country was before him. It seemed to stretch itself for miles, until its outline was fused into one with the horizon. As the sight ranged over it, nothing could be perceived but one long flat. The bare ground, and the wide, over-arching sky were alone visible.

"Gad, I'm in for it now!" exclaimed the traveller. "I have walked for some miles into this pleasant plain, and can't retrace my steps. 'Take this way, or that way, or which way you will,' as the old song says, it's all the same. I wish I could see something, no matter what, for a change. Even a gibbet would be a pleasant variety; but I suppose their worships think a great moral lesson would be thrown away here, where no one is likely to profit by it. Well! it will never do to stand still. I must plod on somewhere, come what, come may. They are talking of me now at the Manor-house; and Edith is pouting, and curling her red, ripe lip with a pretty disdain of my ungallant want of punctuality. I'll be bound she has made twenty different resolutions against me; but then, perhaps she has already overruled every one of them, and is framing as many sweet excuses for my absence. So, hang care! Courage, Elford, courage! Hope for the best, and keep yourself warm, my boy!"

Young Locke applied again to his flask of wine, wherewith he felt so cheered, as incontinently to break out into some snatches of a lusty old song, which, having been written about two hundred years ago, by a Master of Arts in Christ's College, Cambridge, where Elford had been a student, is to this day a great favourite among the scholars of that establishment:

"No frost nor snow, nor wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if they wolde,
I am so wrapt and thoroughly lapt
In jolly good ale and old."

"Ah!" exclaimed our traveller, "what's that whizzing over my head! A bat! He's off again; and, for all the circling style of his flight, seems to keep in the main, towards one point. That fellow shall decide my course. He knows well enough what he is about. He is steering towards some church-steeple, or old barn, for winter quarters; or else recollects some lone farm-house which he has taken the liberty of visiting before, by way of the chimney, just to try if the bacon is well cured. I can't hope for a better guide, though bad is the best. Have after you, my friend! You travel rather too quickly for me; but I'll keep you in sight as long as I can."

While young Locke is pursuing the bat by moonlight, let us leave him for a time, and look in at Combe Manor-house. It is now six o'clock in the evening, and dinner has been dressed and ready to be served for the last hour. On one side the drawing-room fire-place, Edith is sitting drumming her taper feet impatiently on the rug. But being excessively piqued at the non-arrival of the expected visitor, she has become rather sulky, and will scarcely deign to answer any remark made to her by her mother or her sister.

"Had we not better go to dinner, my dear?" asked Mrs. Lyttleton. "I begin to think Mr. Locke will not be here to-night."

"As you please," replied Edith.

"Are you certain, Edith," inquired her sister, "that you mentioned this day to Elford, and not to-morrow?"

"What a foolish question, Margaret!" returned the young lady. "Mr. Locke has, doubtless, some more agreeable engagement than coming to see *me*. It would be too much to expect that he would leave the gaieties of Bath, for what he perhaps thinks to be a dull, old-fashioned country-house. Well! let *him* indulge his taste, and let *us* go to dinner. I won't honour him with another thought. Besides, I am hungry. Pray, order dinner."

"Hush!" ejaculated Margaret; "there is a ringing at the gate-bell. Now, Edith, if this should be Elford at last, I'll tell him every word you have been saying."

Not heeding what her sister had uttered, Edith arose from her chair with a flushed face, and an anxious look, and listened for the approach of footsteps, which at length were heard on the stairs. "Here he comes!" exclaimed she. "I am determined, however, to scold him for keeping us waiting so long. Now, Margaret, mind, if you say a syllable about——"

The young lady's speech was cut short by the entrance of a servant bringing a letter for Mrs. Lyttleton. With a palpitating heart, Edith darted an inquisitive look at her mother, as the latter perused the writing.

"Come to dinner, my dears," said the widow. "This is merely an application for the renewal of a lease."

Edith's annoyance returned tenfold. The temporary suspension of her pique, by encouraging a hope not to be realized, made matters much worse. She relapsed into silence, and mechanically followed her mother and sister to the dining-parlour. Though the repast to which

the three ladies sat down, was more than ordinarily choice, Edith, who a minute or two previously, by way of seeming *non-chalant*, had affected to be hungry, could now find nothing to tempt her appetite. She was thoroughly and intensely vexed: her self-love was hurt; and, for the first time since she had known Elford Locke, she seemed to have reason to doubt her omnipotence over him. Of all set before her, she scarcely touched a morsel. She pouted, and knit her brows, and was out of humour with everything and everybody. Altogether, it was but a dull dinner, presenting a sad contrast to the usual cheerfulness of the family at table. Still, in the midst of her vexation, Edith affected, or tried to affect, an air of perfect indifference.

But as time went on, the poor girl's disappointment deepened into alarm. "That witch, the Night," is powerful in conjuring up dire apprehensions. Black thoughts and dim cogitations, as Charles Lamb says, follow and haunt us under certain circumstances in this season, which a gleam of day would at once put to flight. They fester in our hearts, and whisper their maddening doubts in our ears. Alas, for Edith! Where now are her mock-frowns, her assumed carelessness, her prettily-acted indifference? All swallowed up in fear! She was no longer playing a part. In place of her feminine pretences, she was now really alarmed for Elford's safety. Every fact she had heard, and every story she had read, of highway robbery and by-way murder, crowded into her mind, and tortured her with a power which each minute became more intolerable. She went restlessly from time to time to the window, and looked out, striving to derive some comfort from the strong moonlight. And thus the hours passed till twelve o'clock, when, yielding to the persuasion of her mother and sister, Edith, exclaiming, "God grant he may be safe!" retired to her chamber, there to find, not a relief from her terror, but only a new and, if possible, worse aspect of it in wild and ominous dreams.

But how fared the benighted during this time? After losing his friend the bat, whose rapid wheeling through the air had baffled Elford's sight, he walked onwards, and was more and more bewildered. To add to his perplexity, the sky became overcast by huge masses of dense black clouds, which, like shapeless monsters, frequently interposed their bulk between the earth and the moon. Every now and then Elford was involved in pitch darkness, and could not, therefore, proceed steadily in any one direction.

"This is my first appearance," ruminated he, "as a solitary night-wanderer, and I hope it may be the last. I am not ambitious of the distinction. I wonder if, by way of increasing the attractions of this accommodating region, there are any pit-falls hereabout; if so, I may find a lodging in a sort of ready-made grave. Could I only make a safe descent into one of them, a little rest, no matter how purchased, would be a comfort. I am confoundedly tired, and the keen wind blows through me. Then those clouds that hide the moon, look very much as if a storm were brewing; and of all times and all places for a tempest, this hour and this bare plain are the choicest that could be imagined. Now what would I not give for a bank or a style to sit down on, or even a pig-stye to shelter me. For the first time in my life, my legs begin to mutiny, and almost refuse to budge another step. Midnight has passed: the moon will set before long; and then 'twill be about four hours to day-break. A very captivating situation I'm in! Never mind; I must make the best of it."

So saying, young Locke pushed on, partly with a faint hope of arriving at some habitation; but chiefly to promote warmth by motion. The moon was now encircled by a dull, watery haze; and as she "wheeled her pale course" through the wide fields of air, seemed gazing sadly down on the hardly less wide desert beneath. The solitude and silence of the scene were so oppressive, that as our wanderer looked around, it seemed as if he was the only living thing on earth. He strained his ears to catch the slightest sound; but nothing, save the rushing blasts was audible. One might have thought that mankind had left this ground to the winds, for they seemed to know their liberty, and to rave with double fury in their unobstructed and sole dominion.

"Those gusts appear to enjoy themselves, at any rate," soliloquized Elford. "I wish they would communicate some of their headlong speed to me; or just be good enough to lift me on their broad backs, and deposit their burden beside some comfortable dwelling. Foreign as it is to my nature, I feel as if I was going to have a touch of the blue devils; and no wonder, after this *solus-cum-solo* excursion :

‘ By myself walking,
To myself talking ;
When as I ruminate
On my untoward fate,
In ugly fashions
Dim cogitations
Follow and haunt me,
Striving to daunt me.’

"But they shan't, though. This, nevertheless, is the time to comprehend what the poets have grimly sung. I would, however, willingly dispense with such keenness of apprehension. If I give way to this kind of thing, I shall soon imagine the air to resound with scoffing howls, and to heave with grinning shapes. Would I could think of something pleasant, and not perversely call up these phantoms of the poets. There's Coleridge, confound him! who tells us of—

‘ One that on a lonesome road,
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turn'd round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.’

I never thought of that ghastly passage before, except when reading it. Why should I think of it *now*? I want to call up a merry idea to cheer my numbed limbs, and cheat my hunger, and lo! nothing will my memory yield me but these morbid fancies of other men. Avaunt, ye—

‘ Night-riding Incubi
Troubling the fantasy;
All dire illusions
Causing confusions.’

And welcome thou most potential exorcist from Xeres, in Andalusia. I hope you and I have not yet quite parted company," continued he, drawing his flask of sherry from his pocket, and shaking it at his ear. "No; your pleasant liquid accents tell me there is one more draught—the last! Blessings on your comfortable sounds! Come! Ah! I feel better now, and ready for any adventure. I only wish I could meet

with one; but the plague of it is, that in this overgrown solitude, a man has everything too much to himself. Here's neither friend nor foe. Oh, for a good quarrel! There's my shadow, to be sure—a very silent and obsequious companion; though even that wont stay with me much longer, for the moon is sinking below the horizon—going to bed without doing anything for me.”

Young Locke paced on, keeping up his spirits, and cherishing the little warmth left in his body, by rapid motion. He had not proceeded far before the turf became spongy and wet under his feet. From this disagreeable change, however, he drew a presage, that he had probably traversed the wild, and was approaching its borders. He might thus be in the vicinity of some high road. While ruminating on this chance, he saw on a sudden a light at some little distance from him.

“Bravo!” exclaimed he. “There's a cottage; and, luckily for me, the good folks are up very late. Hold! might it not be a gipsy encampment? Well, I care not. They're rather rough fellows, those gipsies; but they'll give me a berth in their tent for a few shillings; and if they rob me while I'm asleep, why e'en let 'em. Anything for rest and shelter. I'll soon be up with 'em, cottagers or gipsies.”

With this agreeable prospect, Elford increased his speed to a run; but in spite of his exertions, did not get an inch nearer the light. Presently, instead of one flame, he saw two or three, and then as many more, all dancing in the air, and evidently receding. “Gipsies, decidedly,” ruminated he. “The fellows, with their quick ears, have detected the sound of my footsteps, and having good reason to fear pursuit, are moving off. To follow them would be useless; besides, its getting very foggy hereabout; and every step I take, my feet sink deeper and deeper in the mire. Never was so unlucky a fellow! I must turn round and get out of this, and amuse myself as well as I can till daylight. What a pretty story I shall have to tell Edith!”

Young Locke accordingly retraced his steps; and after a time, turning his head to look once more at the lights, was surprised to find that they had again increased in number, and were following him.

“What does all this mean?” thought he. “Pursued! and by a numerous company! I'll stop, and let them come up. Welcome, gentlemen!” he shouted aloud. “I'm not going to run away.” His voice sounded drearily in the great waste; and as he halted, he perceived that his pursuers halted too. “This is strange!” exclaimed Elford. “What a pack of cowardly rascals, to be afraid of one man's voice. Come on, gentlemen!” he vociferated; “I'm quite alone, and long for company.” He waited some time for an answer; but the deep and oppressive silence was unbroken.

At length the truth burst on him. “What a fool I am!” said he. “Why these are will-o'-the-wisps! Another of my blunders, to take a congregation of marshy vapours for a tribe of gipsies. Ghastly-looking things, too, they are, with their pale, flickering, weird gleams.* Their neighbourhood is not pleasant. I'll take another course. Come on, Elford—never say ‘die!’”

* “These *ignes fatui* appear to fly from the person that pursues them, and pursue those who fly from them, because they flutter different ways, according to the current of air. When, therefore, we approach these fires, we drive on a column of air, that impels them forward; on the contrary, if we fly before them, they are attracted by the current of air, and seem to pursue those who escape.”—KENNY, ON AIR, FIRE, &c.

After having walked about a mile further, he saw something looming in the obscurity, which, on nearing it, proved to be a tree. His eyes by this time were so accustomed to darkness, that objects which would be invisible to one going out of a lighted room, were discernible by him; and he soon perceived that he was in a woodland neighbourhood. Other good prognostics were at hand; for shortly a square mass met his sight. "A house, I'll be sworn!" ejaculated he, in delight. "I'm not deceived this time. Gad, here's the gate! Now, shall I rest against this till day-break, or waken the inmates, and so have a chance of admission? Necessity has no law. A storm is coming on. I am desperate. Here goes!" And finding the handle of a bell, he rang a long and loud peal, waiting anxiously for the effect of his summons.

In a short time a lighted candle was seen at one of the windows, which being opened, a man thrust out his head, and demanded who was at the gate.

"I'm a traveller, and have lost my way," replied Elford.

"Be off, then, and find it again," responded the man.

"I have tried to do so for many hours, and can't succeed. Let me in, I beseech you."

"Let you in, indeed!" echoed the man. "You must think me a fool. Be off, I say; or I'll make you."

"Why," returned Elford, "do you take me for a thief?"

"To be sure I do."

"Then, my friend, for once you are mistaken. I am a gentleman."

"'Twont do," observed the man. "If you don't tramp, I'll just see, by way of experiment, which is the hardest—the bullets of my blunderbuss, or your head."

"Fire away, and lose your ammunition," rejoined Locke. "This gate is hung to a good square piece of masonry; and with that between you and me, you can't hit me, you know. Here I stay."

"Well, then, my fine fellow," pursued the other, "I've another method of sickening you of disturbing folks at this hour. The mastiff shall be turned loose."

"I don't mind that either," coolly replied Elford. "I know a trick or two about dogs. Set the fiercest you have at me, and come out with a lantern to see fair play. If I don't make him run yelping to his kennel in two minutes, give me a taste with your blunderbuss. You'll then have a good aim."

"Nonsense!" was the surly response.

"You see I am resolved," continued Elford; "so pray do me the favour to tell your master (if, indeed, you are not that worshipful person himself) that a gentleman solicits the protection of one of his out-houses for a few hours. I am sure that is a modest request."

"Go about your business, I tell you," responded the man, "and don't alarm the family."

"I won't go about my business, for, except to gain shelter in these premises, I have no business just at this moment; and I *will* alarm the family. A drenching rain is coming on. I am so worn out with fatigue, that enough heat is not left in my frame to resist a soaking. You would not, surely, be so unchristian as to deny the shelter of a loft or stable to one under such circumstances."

The light disappeared, and Elford knew not what would ensue. He was determined, nevertheless, not to give up his point. Shortly the

man came forward to the iron gate, bearing a lantern, and armed with his blunderbuss.

"Have you brought the dog?" inquired Elford; "if so, I am quite ready."

"No," replied the other. "I don't want any more noise. The family, I hope, are still asleep; and (as their servant) it is my duty to prevent their being frightened. I am now come just to see what you look like, and whether there's any more of you."

Young Locke advanced close to the bars of the gate to facilitate the man's scrutiny; and the latter having thrown the light full on his face, said quietly, "There's no harm in you; come in." The gate was then noiselessly unlocked, the applicant admitted, and the fastenings made good. "I can't take you into the house," said the servant; "but there's plenty of sweet straw in the stable-loft. Follow me."

The resting-place was soon gained. "You're a good fellow; here's something for your trouble," said Elford, slipping a half-guinea into the servant's hands, who, bidding him good night, descended the ladder. "Well," ruminated Locke, "this is a better termination to my night-adventure than at one time I had reason to expect. Who could think that Elford Locke, a Cambridge collegian, would ever rejoice in a bed over a stable? Droll enough. I have often heard of a lady in the straw; but now I find I was wrong in imagining such a situation to be peculiar to the sex. How it rains! The roof here is weather-tight, I suppose. 'Rats and mice, and such small deer' of course. But *they* wont wake me, I know. What would sweet Edith think if she knew where I was going to sleep to night?"

Elford now lay down on the straw, composed his wearied limbs, and murmuring the name of his mistress, was lulled into deep sleep by the plashing of heavy rain on the tiles over his head. In this state of oblivion he remained seven hours, when his humble friend roused him.

The morning was brilliant after the rain. Merrily did the sun shine in a sky of unclouded blue; and Elford, having appeased his hunger with a biscuit, prepared for a more successful expedition. As he was crossing the lawn under guidance of the servant, in order to make his exit from the premises, one of the parlour windows was suddenly thrown up, and a female voice was heard to exclaim, "Why, as I live, there is Mr. Locke!" Elford turned his head, and saw Mrs. Lyttleton, towards whom rushed two young ladies.

"Elford, Elford!" gasped one of them.

"Edith!" exclaimed our traveller, in amazement.

"Yes," replied she. "Where have you been? How came you here? Where are you going? Why do you leave our house? Come in, Elford—come in."

The explanation that followed may be readily anticipated. Our traveller, after all, had blundered on the right house. Edith was astonished, distressed, delighted, agitated, and laughed through her tears, till there was a fear that her emotion would end in hysterics. Her mother had much ado to calm her. "To think," she exclaimed, "that you should be sleeping in our stable-loft, when a good bed-room awaited you in the house! Your portmanteau has arrived. You will find it under your dressing-table. Stephen, shew Mr. Locke to his room. Breakfast will be ready directly. Dear Elford is safe. Oh, how happy I am!"

THE LONG HOURS.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART I.

"Long hours!" How many are there in this wide hardworking world who find the day too long—ay, and the night too—when its hours are spent in bodily pain or mental anxiety still more distressing. "Long hours!" The young, entering full speed on a career of wealth and its glittering accompaniments, gilded and perfumed life, hardly imagine that hours can ever feel long; and certainly one of the greatest of all earthly blessings is to find that time here glides on smoothly and rapidly. We must all expect jerks and upsets, but to my thinking such are more easy of endurance than the lagging loiterings with which some hobble over the course that is set before them. Too much, as well as too little occupation, renders the hours "long;" and we who walk abroad in sunshine, and disport ourselves amid the varied beauties of nature or art, seldom call to mind how "long" this time that we enjoy so much, must be to the panting factory girl in the heated and oil-smelling room, where there is nothing to occupy the mind, and where the body becomes hardly less mechanical than the mighty machinery which roars around her, or how very "long" are the bright midsummer days to the fevered dressmaker, to the suffocated shopman, to the worn-out miner—though for him indeed there is no "long day," only long hours of labour.

It is a morbid and foolish feeling which leads us to complain of what is the inevitable result of our position in society, or of our duties in our several spheres; but without at all touching upon these, there is something extraordinary in observing how we go on in the same round of doings and sayings, simply because we have always so done, and so said, or because "everybody"—that nondescript director of society—does so. "Everybody" has quite as many sins to answer for as "Nobody"—more, indeed; for "Everybody" is active and mischievous, while "Nobody" is passive and inert.

Occasionally we discover, or something is discovered for us, in our daily doings, of so inconsistent and dreadful a nature, that we are lost in astonishment as to how we could have continued to practise, or suffer to be practised, such injustice or harshness towards our fellow-creatures, and the only apology we can make is, that "Everybody" does so. We have been boldly and bravely engaged in putting down the slave-trade, and a glorious thing it was to achieve; but it is only lately "everybody" has discovered that we have been warmed during the winter nights by coal, disembowelled from its mines by a species of long-hour slavery more foul, more degrading, and more barbarous than that to which the negro of the sugar plantations submitted, for he worked where the light shone—he saw the sun rise and set—he heard the song of the wild bird, and the fresh air blew upon his fevered brow, while our white slaves trailed through the slimy mines like beasts, progressing on their hands and knees through the blackness of the weeping mine, with a chain strapped round their bodies,—crawling thus through narrow passages, knowing no light but that afforded by

the sickly yellow lamp, breathing no air that was not tainted—creatures born in “Merrie England,” beneath the banner of Christ, yet remaining unbaptized, unregenerate, uninstructed, with no guide as to their conduct but the brute instinct of a nature, rendered stagnant and impure by situation, to which we can give no name. “Everybody” was astonished and horrified at this when it became public; and when “everybody’s” eyes are opened there is a fair chance of a complained-of evil being redressed—that is, if the attention is kept fixed upon it until the cure is effected; but unfortunately, when “everybody” sets out on a voyage for the discovery of abuses, so many are encountered, that one frequently rubs out the memory of another. The factory system, the most deplorable ignorance of our manufacturing districts, have all excited attention in their turns, and awakened *sympathies* which are bravely opposed to the *interests* that would luxuriate upon the produce of national misery. Those great and mighty things have been thought of and talked of by “everybody,” until some one began to think that there were many held in a state of mental and bodily thralldom, besides those whom the right arm of the law could relieve. The damp hair and pallid features of our young milliners and dress-makers, might have told us long ago—at least, during the season of long and almost sleepless hours—that they were taxed beyond their strength; and we were often very sorry, very sorry indeed for them. We said they sat up too late, and perhaps rose too early. We observed to “Madame,” with overflowing humanity, that the work-room (we peeped into it through the glass doors) seemed ill-ventilated; and we frequently perhaps inquired after one “young person” or another, whose grace and loveliness had created an interest in her favour. We heard she was gone home, or gone to the country. She was, however, forgotten after one or two more visits to the beautiful “show-rooms;” for other girls, as gentle and as pleasing, and more fresh, had taken the places of our favourites, and so we came away, only insisting that our order, *given on Tuesday afternoon, should be completed by Wednesday evening*. “Madame” shrugged and remonstrated a little—just a very little. She said they were very busy—had never been so busy—were up all night, and had been so for the last six weeks—that “everybody” wanted their dresses in such haste; and if “every body” wanted their dresses in such haste, why should not we have our order executed to the time? We repeated our instructions in a tone which convinced “Madame” that, if she failed, she might lose our custom; and, of course that being the alternative, she had only to curtsy and promise. The consequence of this want of consideration was another sleepless night to the worn-out girls with whom we had sympathized; and yet, if this truth did occur to us, we consoled ourselves with the idea, “that our dress—our single dress could not make much difference.” We could have ordered it two or three days before, but the weather was too hot or too cold to get out, or we were detained by visitors—or—or, at all events, whether we ordered the dress or not could make but little difference; and dressmakers are *so* unpunctual that we were obliged to say we wanted it a day sooner than we really did. How very, very angry we would be, if told that, in saying we required it one day, when really we did not want it till another, *we had been guilty of falsehood!* And how our hearts would have rebelled if accused of cruelty. If any one had told us that we were guilty of cruelty towards

those young girls whom we would have drawn wide our purse-strings to assist, whom we would have given to eat of our bread and drink of our cup, if it had been told us that so doing would serve them, how indignant we should have felt ! though perhaps, at the same moment, the brocade was trembling in their damp and slender fingers, and they could hardly open their wearied and aching eyes ; and, but for the haste our thoughtlessness had insisted on, they would have enjoyed a few hours of the refreshing sleep, which, if *we* lack but for a single night, our temples throb and our pulses quicken, and we complain of the long midnight hours, lacking rest. Our thoughtlessness (to call it by no harsher name) occasioned a practical cruelty to a fellow-creature. We did not intend this ; but we cause a great deal which we do not intend. A little consideration will prove that we are great gainers by looking things steadily in the face, looking beyond the present into the future, which (so rapid is the flight of time) becomes the present while we are talking. The poor dressmakers have, however, found many to advocate their cause, but the grand redresser of evils is the *public*. The *modiste*, of established reputation, will always find young persons, driven by necessity to the sacrifice, to work during the long hours, to the destruction of health, both of body and mind, if ladies do not give sufficient time for the completion of their orders. This is the great point ; and it is marvellous, when come to be seriously thought upon, that one female will endanger the health of another by a simple want of consideration.

It is pretty generally known among the higher classes when drawing-rooms are to be held, and sufficiently easy to make preparations for such events without any "run" upon the houses which are only considered competent to execute the orders. The middle classes have generally what may be termed a "long notice" for fêtes of every description ; and a little forethought would enable the wives and daughters of professional men to make their toilets without the haste which dooms the very fellow-creatures who minister to the most advantageous display of their personal perfections, to disease and death. It is wonderful what an immensity of good may be done both to ourselves and others by *forethought* ! It is the spirit of immortality brought into active exertion in the every-day occurrences of life—in the simplest household arrangements it is invaluable—in our intercourse with society it is the most useful and most efficient auxiliary to justice, kindness, and good order ; and I never hear the impotent excuse of, "I did not think," without a bitter regret that those who have the power should lack the habit of forethought.

Another subject, connected with the broad and comprehensive command of, "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you," comes under our consideration, when we call to mind the late hours to which the shops, particularly in London, are kept open, proving how long the hours must be to those who have no rest. "Every body" seems to have been roused to think of this during the last few months, and it is an evil now likely to be redressed ; because shopmen are not like those who labour in the dark and lonely mines, or like children bound to the factory system, or like young girls who are taught to believe complaining akin to crime. Shopmen have had, at least, the foundation of education well laid, and have been thinking and speaking for themselves. They are a numerous, and, in so just a cause, a

powerful body, and can do, as I have said, a good deal for themselves if they continue to act, as they have hitherto done, with moderation and good temper; but they may meet and discuss, and some of their employers, particularly master-drapers, may do as they have already done in several instances, in my own immediate neighbourhood, abridge the hours of occupation from fifteen to twelve hours—shut up their shops at seven in summer and eight in winter—which, after all, gives a very short time for relaxation of body, or improvement of mind.*

Here, as in the case of our young dressmakers, the remedy of the abuse, the hardship, the cruelty—call it which you will—of those long hours of labour lies with the public. England has adopted a practice during the last thirty years which is at open war with health and intellect—the practice of turning night into day. Doubtless it will mend itself in time, the excess of the evil in all cases producing the reformation; but it is a practice which presses heavily upon our dependents, and throws society in a great degree out of its balance. Servants must not only rise early, but sit up late. If they do, as is frequently the case, with less repose than nature demands after exertion, their constitutions give way, they fall into ill health, lose the power of retaining their situations, plunge into debt and all its agonies, and find refuge in the hospital, the workhouse, or the grave. If, on the contrary, they lie in bed to make up for the night's watching, every good housewife knows that their work must be badly done, and then they lose their places. This is only one of the ill goings in consequence of the mainspring of the great machine becoming encrusted with one folly or another which is called fashion. I know people who are absolutely ashamed to confess they dine early; they say "not at home" to their visitors, or call it lunch, or anything, rather than allow it to be supposed that they would step out of the path of aristocratic custom, no matter how their duties or occupation demands it. Late hours multiply "long hours," and have their influence on trade, though in a different way. The lower portion of the middle class (for each class has many divisions) have got into the habit of making their marketings and shoppings "of an evening," by this means keeping the shops open to hours most injurious to those who have been standing, with only the rest of a few minutes, from seven or eight o'clock in the morning until nine or ten at night. It is impossible to exaggerate the evil that must arise from such incessant occupation. If it was hard active employment the fatigue would be less, but those engaged in linen-drapers' establishments have

* I hope no one will smile at my speaking of the "mind" of a person who is generally regarded as nothing more than an automaton, placed behind the counter for public convenience; but, let it be remembered, that the higher the tone which is given to that person's mind, the more likely shall we be to be well served—the less likely to be imposed upon. A well educated shopman, knowing right from wrong, and having some opportunity of keeping alive that knowledge, will not be so ready to declare a fading colour fast, a damaged silk perfect, a dear article cheap, as he who has no leisure to study the principles of honest dealing, and cultivate a knowledge of that Divine law, whose precepts comprehend the minutiae of truth, as well as the most extensive views of national justice and fair dealing. If shopmen's minds were of a higher order, we should have less "puppyism" to complain of, and see more discreet and respectful conduct behind the counters of mercers and lacemen.

neither rest nor enough of active exertion to engage their exclusive attention. They cannot sit down, nor read, nor do anything, but stand from fifteen to eighteen hours daily, and that in a heated and enervating atmosphere, rendered peculiarly unhealthy since the introduction of gas. It is impossible they can perform their duties to their employers or their customers properly to the end of such a day's labour. After a mercer's or haberdasher's shop is closed, it requires from an hour and a half to two hours to replace the goods which I have often, I am sorry to say, observed ladies *wantonly* turn over and displace without, I really believe, any intention of purchase; so that even if a shop is shut up at nine, it is ten before the shopman can "leave" for his own home. He must be up at seven in the morning to get his breakfast eaten and be at his occupation in time. At seven!—at six, most likely—so that he has only, if home at half-past ten, nine hours and a half for repose, for mental improvement, or, if a married man, regulating and inquiring into the state of his small household. This is supposing the shop to be closed at eight. It is to be feared that, wearied by *over-exertion*, and suffering from a relaxed mind, many young men seek excitement either in a cheap theatre or a tavern; and if they are weak enough to yield to this, it is a matter of sorrow rather than astonishment.

Indeed, I do not know anything more to be deplored than a youth sent from his pure fresh country home to imbibe the impure air (and, I fear, in many cases, impure habits) of an "extensive business establishment" in London. Minds require to be perpetually strengthened to become, in the end, confirmed in what is right. Every living thing requires *relaxation*; some in one way—some in another. It is absolutely necessary for a healthy state of body and mind; and it is a positive duty that arrangements should be made to secure what is healthful and instructive to the young.

Mistresses of families are not aware of the evils to which they expose their servants by permitting them to go shopping "of an evening;" but I am certain no person can have been in the habit of purchasing things of various descriptions by twilight or gaslight without discovering, sooner or later, that their "bargain" was anything but a good one. If "everybody" would take this into consideration, and think how much better they could arrange, by right timing, even in their shopping hours, the quantity of suffering that would be relieved is almost incalculable. It is positively wonderful to contemplate the vast quantity of good that may be achieved, without the sacrifice of a farthing, by forethought—by that consideration for the feelings and wants of others which is a positive Christian obligation. I am certain that respectable persons in business would not lose, after the perseverance of three or four months, in closing their houses at an hour sufficiently early to enable their assistants to rest their bodies and improve their minds. The public, in the end, will go where they can be best served. They do not, in nine cases out of ten, patronise a shop from any regard to its proprietor, but from a desire to have their own wants supplied in the best manner; and all those who think and feel rightly would most assuredly rally round the man who made a stand against a bad custom, for the good of his fellow-creatures, to lessen the "long hours of labour."

CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

CHRISTMAS is come! and the board is spread,
 Garnish'd the house for the revellers' tread;
 Now they are thronging, and if ye come near,
 A murmur of greeting will float to your ear;
 The laughter of childhood rings merrily, too,
 And the mirth of the Many makes smiling the Few!
 Light streams around in the curtain'd halls,
 On picture, and statue, its radiance falls;
 Jewels are gleaming, but seeming less bright
 Than eyes which are stars to the lover's sight;
 Sparkles the wine, as if jewels rare
 Were melted within the crystal there;
 And the song and the story, the jest and the dance,
 Would all but the soul of a cynic entrance.
 Care is dethroned—oh, where hath he fled,
 From the scene where the banquet to-day is spread.

Christmas is come! and the wintry air
 Rudely breaks into a chamber bare;
 Why doth it not fan to a genial glow,
 The embers that flicker and fade so low?
 Little breath for the purpose hath she who bends down,
 Though skill'd in her task perforce she has grown.
 Scarce for warmth is it kindled—kind Charity's hand
 To-day grants a meal to the famishing band!
 While blessing the giver—and yet with a sigh—
 The father and children watch eagerly by.
 Oh, would for to-day they could drive away sorrow,
 And preparing a meal forget the to-morrow!
 Yet another is there, e'en more sad and forlorn,
 More tatter'd and feeble, more weak and more worn;
 For the hungry whose food is from Pity to-day,
 Bid one to their banquet more wretched than they!
 Yea, true is the thing—for *the Poor to the Poor*,
 Teach a lesson of virtue exalted and pure;
 And the help that the Poor on the Poorer bestow,
 Should blot half the wrong that their chronicles shew.
 The gifts of the wealthy are—what they can spare,
 Not less downy their couch, not less dainty their fare;
 But the God who doth reckon our "talents" at last,
 Forgets not the "mite" in the balance to cast!

Dec. 1843.

THE TREASURE-FINDERS.

BY R. B. PITMAN.

PART II.

LEFT to themselves, the two Arnauts gave free scope to their delight at what had occurred; the joy of the younger in particular was unbounded, as he reflected that the obstacles to his union with his beloved Louise were now fully removed, the sole objection Farmer Garnier made to the match being the suitor's want of money. Here, then, was a sum infinitely larger than, with all his ambition, he could

reasonably expect for his daughter; and with youth's fond eagerness, Pierre looked forward to a long future of uninterrupted happiness. So much was he elated by his present position, that he desired immediately to return to Lamballe, to communicate to his betrothed the blissful tidings; but he was checked in this wish by his more prudent uncle, who gravely reminded him that it would be necessary to keep secret even from Louise the manner in which his sudden wealth was acquired, for although it could by no means be said that it was in any way dishonestly come by, yet so strong was the public prejudice against those who possessed themselves of money under similar circumstances, without giving a large portion, if not the whole of it, to the poor, that it was certainly desirable not to publish the fact to the world. The wary Jacques impressed upon his nephew the propriety of stating to their neighbours and friends, on their return home, that they had entered into a lucrative contract for the sale of their watches, and had also made a lucky speculation with some that they took with them; thus making it appear as if they were gaining their riches by degrees, instead of displaying them all at once. Pierre was compelled to acknowledge the justice of this reasoning, and managed to curb his impatience for the present. After ruminating on his disappointment for some time in silence, he asked his uncle if he was not afraid that Dupas might mention the matter, since it was well known his discretion always forsook him at the least approach of intoxication, which with him was a thing of frequent occurrence. Pierre's question struck exactly upon the point of Jacques' fears, and led him to a closer consideration of the possibility of preventing exposure by his means.

As the two kinsmen conversed together upon this subject, which their comrade's necessarily long absence gave them full opportunity of doing, their anxiety lest Dupas should make some thoughtless disclosure momentarily increased. It was not that they feared his naming the event in the village where he was gone to purchase food, for there he had no acquaintances, and besides, he would not have time to indulge in any deep potations; but the thing to be dreaded was, that on his return to his native town, in some unguarded moment of gaiety and carouse, he might let fall expressions as to his improved circumstances that would lead to suspicion; or that, in the pride of his heart, he might too suddenly display his riches: in either of which cases the curiosity of the townsmen would be unpleasantly roused, and this it was of course the principal object of the treasure-finders to avert. Of their own discretion, the Arnauts entertained no doubt: Jacques was too wary to commit himself; and Pierre had too much at stake to run unnecessary risks. In the course of conversation, their cupidity, too, was excited; and from having a short time before been overjoyed at their unexpected luck, they now began to think it hard that a third party, in whom they felt no particular interest, should step in to deprive them of any portion of it, forgetting, in their newly awakened lust of wealth, that the subject of their envious complaint had an equal right with themselves to profit by the fortunate discovery. One only way remained to rid themselves at once of their fears and of the obstacle to the farther gratification of their covetousness. As a measure of precaution, they had all provided themselves with fire-arms, for defence against any attack that might be made upon them during the

journey,—a circumstance which the savage manners and unsettled state of Basse-Bretagne at that period rendered by no means improbable. The suggestion to dispose of Dupas by such a method, rather dropped by hints and piecemeal as it were from Jacques Arnaut, than assumed the form of a decided proposal; but on his young companion obtaining at last a clear insight into his meaning, he expressed such positive and unqualified repugnance to the deed, that his uncle, with an inward execration at the youth's squeamishness, was obliged to yield the point. By degrees, however, he returned to it; and being a person of naturally artful and persuasive powers, he at last succeeded in overcoming in part the young man's scruples, hinting occasionally at his right to expect obedience where he himself had always shewn the affection of a parent.

We pass over a lengthened detail of the various arguments he made use of to effect his treacherous purpose; suffice it, Pierre ultimately permitted him to place a loaded pistol in his hand, and silently listened to the instructions that accompanied it. The elder Arnaut then took another pistol, and just as their arrangements were completed, they heard a light whistle and a quick step along the road. As Dupas, for it was he, entered the shed with his basket of provisions, the two men fired; uttering something between a malediction and a groan, the victim fell at the feet of Jacques bathed in blood. Taking the lantern in his hand, the latter stooped down and examined the wound: he did not possess sufficient surgical skill to ascertain its exact nature, but it was evidently fatal; for after a few moans, each moment becoming fainter, the wretched man lay stiff and motionless. They lost no time in concealing the body. About a quarter of a league from the spot where they were was an extensive forest, and to this they determined to carry it: once deposited there, they thought there was little danger of discovery, for the whole country was so wild and lonely, that few persons were in the habit of travelling that way.

The corpse thus disposed of, the two Arnauts returned to their shed, Pierre with a bewildered air mechanically following his uncle's movements. They then emptied the contents of the basket, which contained some tolerably good cheer, together with a bottle of excellent liqueur. The horrid deed he had just committed did not prevent Jacques from partaking largely of the substantial fare before him, which he flanked with several cups of liqueur; but his nephew was far from sharing his appetite: it was with difficulty he could swallow, though, urged by the example and entreaties of his uncle, he drank repeatedly of the delicious beverage purchased by Dupas. Above an hour thus elapsed, when to the regret and vexation of Jacques Arnaut, Pierre complained of sudden illness, which attacked him by excruciating internal pains; thinking, however, it was probably occasioned by a remorseful feeling at shedding blood for the first time, he tried to raise the youth's spirits by conversing of Louise, insisting at the same time upon his pledging her health in another cup of liqueur. But the remedy seemed only to strengthen the disease—Pierre's illness increased—and, unable to support his tortures, he lay down on the floor in a state of helpless suffering. To augment the elder Arnaut's alarm, he began himself to experience similar symptoms to those of his nephew. The fearful truth burst upon him,—the liqueur was poisoned! A glance

of horror was exchanged between the kinsmen, as an involuntary exclamation from Jacques betrayed his conviction of the terrible fact. The poison was surely in the liqueur, which Pierre, having drank without eating, was soonest attacked by. To get assistance from the village was the most judicious step to pursue; but on endeavouring to walk for that purpose, Jacques found his utmost efforts to do so were unavailing. Nothing, therefore, remained but patiently to await the fate from which there was no escape. Pierre died first; and as his uncle beheld the last struggles of the youth whose infancy he had fostered, and remembered the crime to which his persuasions had enticed him, and from which but for him his conscience would have been free, how did the anguish of his mind add to the torment of his bodily pains! But the same death ran in his own veins, and a short time saw him stretched lifeless by the side of him he lamented.

It happened on the evening in question, that one of the lay brothers of a monastery, situated near the forest where the Arnauts deposited their victim, was returning from a visit to a cottager's wife who was dangerously ill, and in the absence of a better surgeon, thankful for such advice as Father Ambrose could give. To shorten the distance, he determined to make a near cut by one of the forest paths; as he proceeded, a faint sound, as of a human voice in distress, met his ear. It was repeated; and without pausing to reflect upon the singularity of the circumstance, he instantly followed the sound. The bright autumnal moon was by this time risen, and a few minutes' search revealed to him the body of a man weltering in gore. In faint, piteous accents, the unhappy sufferer implored his assistance. Father Ambrose, gently raising him, placed him in a sitting position, with his back against a tree, and poured down his throat part of a cordial with which he had provided himself for the use of his late patient. This slightly revived the unfortunate man; and he stated, in a feeble tone of voice, that he had been shot by ruffians, and by them dragged to where he then was, and ended by renewing his entreaties for succour. Without delay, the lay brother hastened to his convent, and quickly returned with others of his fraternity, bearing lights, and a mule for the wounded man. He was promptly conveyed to the monastery, and such remedies as the simple skill of the monks suggested speedily applied. Hopes were at first entertained that he would recover,—for the cold evening air had stanch'd the blood as he lay insensible in the forest, and had thus prevented him from bleeding to death in the first instance, and he was besides greatly revived by the cordials that had been prescribed for him. But after a time, these flattering appearances vanished; and the monks considered it their duty to tell him to prepare for his end, and also to administer extreme unction. Terrified at the prospect of death, Jean Dupas confessed to the circumstance of finding the treasure, and to his being sent to the village to procure articles for supper; that he was unable to resist the opportunity thus offered to get rid of his comrades, so as to possess himself of their shares of the booty, and for this purpose he bought a deadly poison with which he drugged a bottle of liqueur, that from its excellence was sure to be eagerly drank by them. But a terrible retribution had overtaken him, of which, with many signs of remorse, he acknowledged the justice. The horror-stricken monks had but brief time to shrive

their penitent; he expired shortly after his confession, expressing to the last his regrets and his fear lest his companions should have partaken of the fatal beverage.

The hut described by the deceased was easily found by the lay brothers, who were dispatched at break of day for that purpose. The dead bodies of the Arnauts, swelled and disfigured, from the effects of the poison, were lying side by side; under their travelling wallets, in a corner of the shed, was discovered the casket with its precious contents which had been the cause of this tragical event. A bullet was also found flattened against the wall, probably fired by the trembling hand of Pierre, and evidently wide of the mark. The three bodies were buried in the same grave; and the valuable treasure that so singularly fell into the hands of the monks of St. Antoine, was by them distributed among the poor, and thus proved a blessing to many.

THE SEVEN HEARTS OF THE CONDES, IN THE CHAPEL AT CHANTILLY.

BY MISS SKELTON.

[In 1794, the Jacobins plundered the chapel, and flung the hearts over the wall into the garden. In 1814, they were discovered, uninjured, in the same place where they had fallen, and were restored by the last Prince of Condé to their former situation.]

THEY stand within a sacred fane, a proud yet holy place,
Seven hearts in seven silver urns around one pillar's base;
Oh, gallant hearts, well are ye shrined! thus in the light of day,
Not yours the undistinguish'd doom that waits on common clay.

Not yours the ponderous marble tomb, not yours the lowly grave;
But sunlight lives above your rest, and lordly banners wave;
Soft music comes at morn and eve—sweet voices mingling swell
In praises to that Lord of Hosts ye served in life so well.

The mighty ones of earth pass by in all their pomp and pride—
The father brings his infant heir—the bridegroom leads his bride;
Widows and children, sad and slow, follow the funeral train,
That gives some noble head to death, some dust to dust again.

But ye, unwither'd, undecay'd, untouch'd by wrong or crime,
Rising above the rage of man, above the might of time;
In true, unbroken brotherhood, a bright and glorious band,
Watching these shadows come and go, in changeless lustre stand.

What memories do ye not recall, what thronging visions come,
To grace and sanctify the spot where ye have made your home;
Oh, gallant hearts, well are ye shrined! thus in the light of day
Beyond the undistinguish'd doom which mingles common clay.

DAPHNE OF ANTIOCH.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

It is a curious fact, that, although so many travellers now visit Syria, the site of a place so celebrated in antiquity as Daphne of Antioch is scarcely known. One of the best oriental scholars in this country, the Rev. Mr. Renouard, in commenting lately upon the subject, says, "Beit el ma, 'the water house,' is an ancient aqueduct leading to Duweir 'little convent,' the ancient Daphne." It is obvious, therefore, that a short notice of so remarkable a spot, is not only a desideratum to general knowledge, but will also be of interest to the reader, as the seat of one of the most (if I may be allowed the expression) dramatic occurrences which characterized the early struggles of Christianity with Paganism.

Issuing from out of the western gate of Antioch, the traveller passes the former palace of Ibrahim Pasha on the right hand; and on the left, spacious barracks, constructed out of the walls of the ancient city. The road then becomes a pathway, and is carried over low rocky hills, into a little hill-enclosed space, in a recess of which is the fountain of Zoiba, much sought after by the people of Antioch, when on parties of pleasure. The waters flow from a spout in the usual characteristic mass of masonry, with the pointed arch in front, and fall from thence into a marble basin, with a platform before it, which is overshadowed by a gigantic plane tree.

Beyond this the pathway leads over a hilly country, by a pleasant little village, to a wooded valley with a rivulet at its bottom, called the Nahr el Dje. This is crossed from one side to the other by an ancient aqueduct, the central arches of which are very lofty, and the whole structure is covered with a rough coating of travertino, or lime, deposited by the waters flowing formerly over the aqueduct, and which must have accumulated for centuries.

About a mile and a half from this aqueduct, and at the foot of the hills, there is a deep ravine, embosomed in the midst of a grove, from the bottom of which, a subterranean river issues with a rushing noise. It flows at first from the live rock, as a considerable stream, then boils and foams over fallen masses, which appear once to have still more obstructed its way; and casts its spray upon dark laurel and myrtle shrubs which overhang the rocky cleft. But below this, the cool and sparkling waters are carried murmuring away into deep recesses, where the vegetation is so dense, as to entomb the now sleeping and crystal flood in almost impenetrable silence and obscurity. "The images of gods," says Pliny, "glittering with silver and with gold, do not inspire us with more reverence than the sacred woods and their deep silence." And certainly this was a fitting place for one of the most renowned of these natural temples, which ought not to belong so much to idolatry, as to a more universal natural theology.

This is the house of water (Beit el ma) of the Arabs, and the Daphne of the ancients; and this may be shewn from the two simple facts of the water and the vegetation. Daphne, according to Strabo, was a small hamlet, so called, in a great wood watered by fountains, and it was distant four geographical miles from Antioch. The distance agrees perfectly. Daphne, says Sozomenus, the renowned suburb

of Antioch, was rendered pleasant and full of delights by the abundance of its waters ; and Eutropius says that Pompey was delighted with the pleasantness of the place and the abundance of waters.

The fountain of Daphne has been identified in the Vulgate, and by Hieronymus and Bochart, with the *Ain*, or spring *par excellence*, of Moses, (Numb. xxxiv. 11,) but as this depends upon the connexion of Sephama with Apamea, it is not clear if the sources of the Orontes are not rather alluded to. It was called Castalia according to some, on account of its waters being as sacred to Apollo, as those of the fountain of the Muses in Phocis ; but according to others, the Castalia of Parnassus borrowed its appellation from the oriental spring, and both from the noise which they emitted at their origin.

“Castaliæque sonans liquido pede labitur unda.”

It is probable, that it was the sounds emitted from the cave whence issued the sources of the Marsyas at Celanæ which gave origin to the fable of the contention in musical skill, between Apollo and his unfortunate antagonist ; so the sounds emitted by the Castalian fountain at Daphne were consulted as oracles, as the waters at Delphi were also supposed to communicate inspiration. The Emperor Hadrian, however, read his future fortunes on a leaf dipped in the stream at Daphne, and he was led from this to endeavour to obstruct the sources, from whence came such dangerous knowledge, till they were re-opened by the ancient superstitions, which were revived in the person of Julian. The aquatic oracle was, however, dumb to the apostate and credulous emperor ; and its silence afforded a theme for ridicule, of which the fathers of the church did not fail to avail themselves. “The Castalian fountain is now silent,” said Clement of Alexandria ; and Gregorius Nazianzenus taxed the fountain with not having been able to prophesy its own silence.

Next, with regard to the peculiar vegetation of laurel and myrtle, which still characterizes this beautiful spot. It is undoubtedly—notwithstanding the error of Hieronymus, who attributes the wood of Daphne to Pompey—to the God of nature that it was indebted for this peculiarity ; and there can, therefore, be no doubt, that these shrubs grew indigenously here, long before the foundation of Antigonea, upon the ruins of which Antioch grew up ; and at which time the Greeks first transported their name for the laurel, and with it, the fable of the maiden beloved by Apollo, from the river Peneus, to the fountain near the Orontes. “Thirdly, Antioch the home of the laurel of Apollo,” says Ausonius.

The myrtles of Daphne were little less distinguished for their sanctity than the laurels. If the “dark young myrtle” (*pullâ et que myrto*) of Horace, and, by way of antithesis, “the horrid myrtle” of Virgil, was sacred to all the bowers of Venus, and alternately proclaimed by the poets as Paphian, Idalian, Dionæan, Cytherean, and Cyprian,—so it was, still more essentially, Daphnian. It had always been a sacred plant in the oriental worship. It was peculiarly sacred to the moon, Alila, or Diana, as well as to Dusares or Bacchus, condemned by Tertullian in his apology. Colonel Rawlinson believes, with every degree of vraisemblance, that the sacred character of the plant originated in the East. In the present day, wherever the myrtle bush is found among the Kurdish mountains, where it is very rare, a sort of mystic reverence is attached to the spot, which the people are altogether unable to explain.

There is a spring surrounded by myrtle bushes near the ruins of the fire temple of Gilan, which is still held in great veneration, and which was dedicated to a divinity who was supposed to preside over the pleasures of the chase ; and hence became connected with the traditions regarding the nocturnal hunting expeditions, which were improperly ascribed by Tacitus to Hercules. The deity, to whom Gotazes the Great was employed in offering sacrifices on the invasion of Mithridates, under the auspices of Rome, and who was wont like the wild huntsman of the Hartz, and the antlered demon of Windsor forest, to scour the hills and forests with an invisible band, during the silent hour of night, when the priests sallied forth at morn to collect the victims of the chase, appears more closely allied to the mythological idea of the goddess of the moon and of hunting, and whose worship attained its highest eminence at Ephesus in the country—where it may be supposed to have originated—than with that of Hercules, who never was a patron of the chase.

But while laurel and myrtle grew around Daphne, the grove itself, which, according to Strabo, was eight miles in extent, was chiefly composed of cypress trees, which we also learn from the Byzantine historian grew there in abundance,—so much so, that the eleventh Book of the Codex forbids the destruction of this tree, which was then going on. Although Pompey did not found this grove, which is noticed as an asylum in the Book of Maccabees, still it appears certain that he gave additional fields to be enclosed with the wood.

Having then determined the position of the Daphne of Antioch, by the abundance of waters and the vegetation of laurel and myrtle, it only remains to add that little, except foundations, remain of the splendid structures which once adorned its verdant groves. The great temple of Apollo, built here by Antiochus Epiphanes, was considered one of the most elegant places of devotion in the pagan world. The sculptured statue of the god of light, was, like that of the Olympic Jupiter, sixty feet high, and his bulk estimated as equal to that of a thousand men. The deity was represented in a bending attitude, with a golden cup in his hand, pouring out a libation on the earth, as if he supplicated the venerable mother, to give up to his arms the coy and retiring Daphne. The Olympic games were also celebrated here, in a stadium which had been erected by special privilege, and which had been purchased from Elis for a term of ninety Olympiades ; a large village is also described, as having sprung up in the same neighbourhood.

But a change was destined to come over the scene. The body of the Christian Bishop, Babylas, who had died in prison during the persecution of Decius, was, after resting nearly a century in its grave, transported by order of the Cæsar, Gallus, into the midst of the grove of Daphne. A noble church was erected over the remains, and a portion of the pagan lands was devoted to the maintenance of the clergy, and for the burial of the Christians of Antioch ; and from that time forward, the follies of an effeminate and idolatrous worship, and the practices of an unmeaning devotion, kept gradually giving way before the power of a young religion.

The apostate Emperor Julian arrived when this state of things had nearly attained its zenith. The grove and fountain were abandoned by their votaries, the worship of Apollo was almost totally extinguished, and the temple itself was falling into decay. The emperor had anticipated,

in an overheated imagination, or a real zeal for paganism, hecatombs, processions, libations, and the incense of devout crowds, but he only met with the humble and tranquil pretensions of a religion of meekness and piety. In his sad attempt to be witty at his own expense, he says in his *Misopogon*, that instead of the fat oxen sacrificed by the tribes of a wealthy city to their tutelary deity, he found only a single goose, provided at the expense of a priest, the pale and solitary inhabitant of the decayed temple. But the anger of Julian was aroused; he affected to laugh, but the laugh died on his lips, and his acts testified to his real feelings. The Christians were expelled from the grove of Daphne, their church was demolished, and the remains of their canonized bishop were once more dragged from their resting-place. The zeal and the courage of the Christians rose, however, with the new difficulties in which they were placed. The inhabitants of the then capital of the East, where the disciples of Christ were first called after their Lord and Master, and which, from its superior learning and sanctity, became afterwards the eye of the Eastern church, manifested on this occasion that they viewed their faith as more estimable than their regard for a temporal ruler; and while Julian was engaged in restoring the pagan edifice, the bones of St. Babylas were removed on a lofty car, and followed by a vast multitude, "who chanted with thundering acclamations the Psalms of David, the most expressive of their contempt for idols and idolaters." And the same night witnessed the destruction by fire of all that remained of the great temple of Apollo, and of its colossal idol.

The conflict thus openly commenced between Paganism and Christianity was followed by the shutting up of the doors of the cathedral of Antioch, and the confiscation of its property by imperial edict, while many ministers of the church were tortured, and some were put to death. But, notwithstanding these severities, the character of the day was in favour of mind, and the result was (a thing never before witnessed, nor seen since) a monarch engaged in a war of wordy satire and invective with his subjects. The manners of orientals change less than those of any other people, and the seat of honour was then, as it is now, in the beard. The natives swear, and swore, by the beard of their fathers; and it is, and was, the height of contempt to speak ill of, or to pull their hirsute appendage. The law, the religion, and the personal conduct of the emperor, were made the objects of vain satire; but when they came to deride his beard, he could bear it no longer, and penned his "Enemy of the Beard," which was publicly exposed before the gates of the palace, and then retired from the unequal contest to Tarsus.

It was scarcely three years after this last conflict between a true and an untrue religion, so little characterized by a proper sense of the reverence due to parties, sects, or persuasions, that Jovian had again unfolded the banner of the cross at the head of the legions—that Julian was buried beneath the last great pagan monument in the East, a great quadrangle enclosing two massive altars—and that Christianity had gained what has been termed "an easy," but with less injustice, "a lasting victory."

The wealth, and power, and knowledge of the Christians of Antioch, surpassing infinitely that of the remainder of its inhabitants, rendered it unnecessary to vindicate the superiority of their faith on the field of their disasters. Antioch itself was theirs, and was a nobler temple and mausoleum than Julian had destroyed; and thus the groves of Daphne appear to have been deserted from that time forward. Many large

villages and gardens, with woods of poplar trees, and extensive orchards and plantations, now cover the space occupied by the eight miles belonging to the sacred wood, so that it is impossible to say what amount of ruins still exist within this great unexplored space ; but there is only a modern mill, a cottage or two, and traces of old walls to be seen near to the fountains.

The delights and luxuries of Daphne have been extolled by pagan writers, condemned by edicts of Præfects and consuls, and ridiculed, and probably misrepresented, by an opposing faith. Even Gibbon repeats the statements, for which no satisfactory foundation can be traced. "The vigorous youth pursued, like Apollo, the object of his desires ; and the blushing maid was warned, by the fate of Daphne, to shun the folly of unseasonable coyness." That the spot really invited by its pleasantness to a voluptuousness which was quite inconsistent with that Republican severity, which forbade the use of garments of silk, we can readily believe. *Daphnicis moribus ægere* became a proverb, Cassius dismissed or punished every soldier who was seen there, and Marcus Antoninus equally condemned the habits of the place. The head and front of the offending, and the origin of the subsequent oft-repeated calumnies, may however very possibly be alike traced to the proclamation affixed by the præfect to the walls of Antioch, in which it was said—

"Si quis cinctus, inveniretur apud Daphnem
Discinctus rediret ;"

a phrase which has been either misunderstood, or what is more probable, wilfully misrepresented. It is well known that the Romans tied up (cingebant) their gowns with a girdle, as do all the Easterns to the present day, more especially when they were actively employed, whence the phrase, *Accingere se ad opus*. But when they were inactive, they suffered them to flow loosely ; hence discinctus and dissolutus came to signify an effeminate and negligent person ; and in the present day, it is a disreputable thing for an Eastern to appear without his girdle. That the meaning was harmless may be seen by the ordinary use of the word, as "et discincti ludere," (Hor. ii. Sat. 1,) "Discinctus mulciber afros," (Virg. *Æneid*, viii. 74). "Scythico discinxit amazona," is a more doubtful sentence of Martialis.

Daphne was a luxuriant grove, in a fine climate—"pleasant, agreeable, and jocund ;" its "murmuring waters," temperate sky," and "soft-breathing breezes," to use the words of the writers of the middle ages, led to habits of repose and indolent indulgence ; but there appears no real grounds for asserting more. The long processions of youths and virgins were clothed in white robes, the symbol of their innocence—the chaste and ennobled laurel was never profaned by contact with vice, and the humble myrtle, which testified to maternal respect—

"Cingens materna tempora myrto"—(GEORG. i. 28)—

which adorned the brows of bloodless victors, and was the symbol of authority with the virtuous magistrates of Athens, would have been equally out of place ; and lastly, the whole beauty and ingenuity of the fable of the loves of Apollo and Daphne, of Apollo crowned with laurel as the God of Poetry, yet as charioteer of the sun, avoided by the shade-seeking Daphne, "who perished when his warm embrace drove aside the curls of her hair," is destroyed, by admitting as true those visions of impropriety, with which the satire of the middle ages filled the groves, and polluted the fountains of the Daphne of Antioch.

A SKETCH OF A FAMILY OF ORIGINALS.

BY AN ORIGINAL, THEIR FRIEND.

I CONSIDER Samuel Cartwright as the founder of the family. He had two grandfathers; but I know nothing of them, except that they were Officers in the army of Cromwell. And he might have had a father, but I never heard of him; and, as I mean to say nothing, in this my purposed Sketch, that I do not know, or believe to be true, I shall let him pass.

Samuel Cartwright was born at the beginning of the last century, in a village in the county of Derby. He lived there as a yeoman; by which term I understand an occupier of his own land. Cartwright's patrimony was small; so was his dwelling, which stood upon it, and both were managed without the aid of servants. He was tall and handsome, and, what was very unusual in the yeomen of his time, he was well read in history, ancient and modern, sacred and profane.

The Squire of the village was an old bachelor and a recluse, never associating with any of his brother Squires. Whom, then, could he have to talk to but Samuel Cartwright, his neighbour? Accordingly, Cartwright was not invited, but expected, to pass every evening at the Hall. From a circumstance told me by him, I think the Squire must have possessed some portion of humour. He was mounted to go out with the hounds, when the housekeeper appeared at the door, saying—

“Oh! sir, I forgot to ask you about the pudding!—what pudding would you like to have, Sir?”

“Any. What you will.”

“Then I'll make one of my own head, shall I, Sir?”

“Yes; but don't put too much snuff in it.”

But the pride and delight of Cartwright was his only daughter, who was now grown a young woman; and truly she deserved to be so, for she was the delight of all who knew her. Elizabeth Cartwright was fair, and beautiful, and delicate. She was fond of reading; but, unlike her father, who looked with contempt on fiction, she had a taste for poetry. She had also a taste for drawing. I have seen her drawings, her landscapes cut in paper with her scissors, and her fine needlework; and all were exquisite. Yet, with all this, she shared with her mother the cares and labours of the household.

Robert Dodsley, the publisher, in Pall Mall, who was no mean author himself, was, in some way, related to the family, and chancing to be in the neighbourhood, he thought he would pay them a visit. No ceremony was necessary; he lifted the latch, entered the house, and saw Elizabeth, broom in hand, sweeping the floor. She received the stranger without embarrassment; for she knew she was at her post. Dodsley was so charmed with the beauty, the manners, and the conversation of Elizabeth, that he prolonged his visit; and at its conclusion, a correspondence by letter was agreed upon.

Elizabeth had many suitors, and of various descriptions; but they all sued in vain. The Clergyman of the village was devoted to her; but he could not marry without money; however, she gained much information from him and his books.

But Elizabeth went to Matlock, and there she upset the wisdom of

a philosopher, and lost her own heart. Edgar Adeling, for so I shall call him, was a scholar and an antiquary, though a young man. He had been designed for the Church, but he preferred reading to preaching, and he chose for himself. Nothing could be more widely different than the philosophy of Edgar Adeling, and the imagination of Elizabeth Cartwright, yet they formed a mutual attachment, and he attended her to her father's house. When they separated, it was with a promise of corresponding by letter, and an understanding that they were to marry as soon as circumstances would permit. There was, however, one obstacle to be removed. Edgar had an uncle in London, who had no child, and this uncle had laid hold on the nephew, and had appropriated him to himself, intending, at a proper time, to transfer him to the sister of a particular friend. The shackles in which Edgar was held were to be broken through before he could marry.

The correspondence was punctually carried on; but the marriage seemed to be no nearer. At length, it ceased. Elizabeth did not receive the accustomed letter from her lover. She wrote to ask the cause of the failure; no answer came. She could not doubt his truth; and she wrote again. Still no answer came, and Elizabeth sat down and wept, persuaded that the uncle had prevailed, and that the nephew had consented to marry the sister of the friend.

At this critical juncture, the nephew and heir of the Squire came to the Hall. He had been an Officer in the Navy, and had now quitted the service to attend his uncle, who was growing old. He too loved Elizabeth, and wooed her for his wife, but Elizabeth was still weeping, and she refused him.

Months passed away. The lover was imploring, the father was almost commanding, the Squire was persuading, and Elizabeth yielded. The wedding clothes were provided, and she would certainly have become the Lady of the Manor, but for an unforeseen event. The lover came one evening to visit his intended bride, with his garments soaked through with rain. Too happy to think of changing them, he caught a cold and a fever, and died.

Elizabeth's wedding clothes were changed for all but widow's mourning, on this melancholy occasion; but it was believed that, after the shock was over, she considered it as a deliverance.

The correspondence between Dodsley and Elizabeth Cartwright had continued without interruption, and, in the course of it, he had repeatedly invited her to visit him, and his sister, who resided with him, in Pall Mall. Now, when she had regained her tranquillity, and had nothing to detain her at home, she went to London. At Dodsley's, she was in her proper element, surrounded by books, and associating with authors. Here she made the acquaintance of Shenstone, Mrs. Brooke, and others; and here she gained the friendship of the Rev. Joseph Spence, the friend of Pope, and the author of the "*Polymetis*," who bequeathed to her the magnificent engravings after the first Italian masters, which he had collected at Rome. Here, too, she amused herself with reviewing books, and correcting proof-sheets for Dodsley.

On her return from London, she passed three weeks with my mother. I was then nine years old, and Miss Cartwright, and Miss Cartwright's pink silk sack and petticoat, made an impression upon me never to be effaced.

She next paid a visit to a friend in Shropshire, who had been the depositary of all her hopes, and doubts, and sorrows, as each had occurred. The friend said to her one day—

“You still love Edgar Adeling; you have never loved any other man—I think you should write to him, and demand an explanation.”

“Impossible!” said Elizabeth—“I can’t do so!”

“Then I will!” replied the friend. And she wrote accordingly.

The contents of the letter cannot be known; but, be they as they might, they brought the truant down immediately. It appeared that he had been dangerously ill, and long confined to his bed; that his uncle had suppressed Elizabeth’s three letters; and that he, like her, had believed he was deserted. It may be asked why, on his recovery, he did not endeavour to ascertain the fact. This is a knotty point. It might have been disdain; it might have been despair; it might have been that he was immersed in Latin and Greek; or it might have been unaccountable; for Edgar did not always act like other men. In short (if I have not been already too long to make this word applicable), it was anything but want of affection. The past was forgotten, and, soon after, the marriage took place.

Edgar Adeling had a placid temper, but a lofty mind. He never grumbled—seldom found fault; but he looked with supreme contempt on all that was mean. He was not a fond husband, or a fond father, but love for his wife and children lay deep in his heart. He had some pleasantries about him; for I recollect, when speaking of a woolcomber, that he asked me if I thought man was sent into the world for the purpose of making worsted? I did not know, I said, but I thought the world was much indebted to the man who laid the foundation of worsted stockings.

At another time, he told me he had once made a schoolmaster believe that the stars were sparks flown from the sun. And he added that, if he had worn a morning gown and a velvet nightcap, he had no doubt that he could have convinced the schoolmaster that the moon was really made of green cheese, although this had been hitherto considered only as a popular notion.

After my friends had been some years married, the mother of Elizabeth died, and her father came to reside with them. This was an unlucky circumstance. Cartwright had been the Dictator of his village; he had the felicity of knowing that all his opinions were right, and this fact he carried with him to the house of his son-in-law. It was at the time of the American war, and Cartwright, who was a stubborn Republican, took part with the Americans, while Adeling, who was a moderate man in all things, took the opposite side of the question. With common characters, this might probably have been of little consequence; but here it was a serious evil, and of daily occurrence. I have seen Cartwright sitting on one side of the fire, and doing his utmost to provoke Adeling, who was seated on the other, erect and firm, as who should say, I will not be moved; until, goaded beyond bearing, he has taken his part of the controversy.

During the whole of these altercations between her father and her husband, Elizabeth’s conduct was admirable. She was invariably silent, sitting at her window, working with her needle; never turning her eyes towards the disputants, or making any indication that she heard what was passing. She must have felt it sensibly, but she

never mentioned it to me, who witnessed it with her; or, as I firmly believe, to any one else.

Samuel Cartwright lived to the age of ninety-one; long before which time all disputes had been forgotten.

A young man, connected with Adeling's family, was persuaded that he could improve the machinery then used for spinning cotton. Adeling approved the plan, and furnished all the funds requisite for a new establishment, and new machinery. The undertaking did succeed; and, when profit came, Adeling demanded his share. It was then discovered that he could produce no vouchers, and the young man seized the whole for himself. Our poor philosopher, unskilled in the ways of this every-day world, knew that he was to be a partner, and the thought of legal evidence never entered his mind. On this occasion, Elizabeth acted nobly.

"I cannot keep money," she said, "while my husband wants it;" and she sold her father's estate, which he had left to her sole and separate use. It brought two thousand pounds.

I was once looking over Mr. Adeling's cabinet of rare and valuable Roman and English coins, when he entered the room. I was particularly admiring a halfcrown of Oliver Cromwell's, fresh as from the mint.

"Take it!" said he. "Take any! I can't bear to look at them. I collected them when I ought to have been watching a knave!"

I need not say that I did not take a single piece.

Mr. and Mrs. Adeling lived till they arrived at old age; happy in each other, beloved by their children, and respected by all who knew them. They had three sons and two daughters.

John Adeling, the eldest son, is still living, and is the noble representative of his noble-minded father. At seventy-five years of age, he still takes views; and within the last month, he has made a coloured view of my house, with the tall trees which half surround it, and the lawn before it. It is remarkable that all the children had a taste for drawing, and all were proficient in the art. Whether this was inherited from their mother, or was owing to her example, let Doctors tell. For my part, I lean to the doctrine of inheritance; they must all have seen her drawings; but none ever saw a pencil in her hand. In his youth, John Adeling measured and weighed with the famous Daniel Lambert, who was unquestionably the largest man in England. They were exactly of the same height; but Lambert was eight times the weight of Adeling. My friend is now one of the lightest men in England.

Samuel Adeling, the second son, has the taste of his mother, but not her uniformity of purpose. He has laid aside the pencil, and amuses himself by improving landscapes already made by nature. He formed a paradise of a romantic spot in the Peak of Derbyshire, and when nothing could be added to its beauty, he quitted it. He has since been so fortunate as to find another spot capable of great improvement, on which he now resides; and he has made this so beautiful, so complete, that his friends fear he will soon be tired of it.

Rowland, the third son, was a prodigy. He could read a chapter in the Greek Testament at a time when it was supposed that he knew only the alphabet; and his knowledge of Latin and French was equally surprising. At different times, he constructed a magic-lantern, a

camera-obscura, and a solar microscope; and he also engraved on copper. He died of consumption, at fifteen years of age; and as the physician and friend of the family said—

“The activity of the mind had destroyed the body.”

Even after death, his countenance was lovely.

Rowland was peculiarly the father's *own* son, and no sorrow could lie deeper than that of the father for his loss. He never entered the room which had been appropriated to the studies and labours of Rowland, or could bear to look at any of his productions.

Mrs. Adeling had regarded the feelings of everything that had life, and this she impressed upon her daughters. It operated strongly on both, but in a different way, according to the different constitution of their minds. Mary Anne, the younger daughter, who was of a placid temper, it taught to spare; Elizabeth, the elder, who was all energy and enterprise, it taught to combat. Mary Anne, when a child, would see a joint of veal roasting at the kitchen fire, and would say,

“Mamma, what was that when it was alive?”

“A calf.”

“Then I'm sure I wont eat calf.”

This went on, extending itself, until she would not eat a raspberry before she had minutely examined it, to be assured that she should not destroy a worm. Having found one, I have seen her place it carefully on a leaf.

Mamma repented that she had suffered Humanity to go so far, and she used every means in her power to induce her daughter to eat animal food; but all her efforts were vain. I afterwards tried the rolling a morsel of meat in mashed potatoe. She swallowed it; but her stomach would take no more. On her recovery from a recent illness, her physician ordered her to take beef-tea. She had it boiled with sago, to reduce the flavour; but she says there is no medicine, however nauseous, that she would not take in preference.

It is well known that the late Sir Richard Phillips did not eat animal food; but the cause of it, which he told me himself, may not be known so generally. At twelve years of age, he, by some accident, went into a slaughter-house, where he was so shocked, that he tasted meat no more; and he never forgave his uncle's cook for making his pastry with dripping, because she knew that he abhorred it.

I am, myself, a more singular instance; for I had a natural aversion to animal food, be it that of beasts, birds, or fishes. To the age of seven or eight years, my dinner was pudding, or pastry, and if these failed, there was a substitute known by the name of *water-toast*. I remember it well; having often watched its progress, from beginning to end. A slice of bread was toasted, and dipped, for a moment, in boiling water, and then buttered and sugared. I was never desired to eat meat. It was understood that I could not eat animal food, and I was left to the dictates of nature. At length, I took the reform upon myself. I began by eating a morsel of fat, or dried meat, because it had the least flavour, and I extended my animal fare by degrees; but I was eighteen before I could eat mutton, and to this hour, I cannot eat fish. I think I have made out my title to originality.

But I have been led away from Mary Anne Adeling. She is a delicate, elegant woman, handsome for her age, which is sixty-four, and with a sweet voice. She is all that is good and amiable in

woman, although she does not know it—would not believe it. But I, who have been her intimate friend, during forty years, affirm that it is true, and I would challenge the whole world to disprove it.

As a woman, Elizabeth Adeling, the elder daughter, was not beautiful; but her countenance was intelligent and uncommonly pleasing; her voice was musical, and her figure was perfect, and she had an artless manner that was quite her own. With every charming feminine quality, she was a heroine—such a heroine as I have not known since the days of Joan of Arc. There was, however, this difference between the two—the one endeavoured to wound and destroy, the other to succour and to save. And as I am not a fighting woman myself, I own I prefer the latter.

But it has been said that one should begin at the beginning.

Elizabeth Adeling was singular in her childhood. Among many instances, I will mention one. She had had two-pence given her, and was on her way to buy gingerbread, when she was accosted by a beggar. Well, thought she, one pennyworth of gingerbread will do; and she gave him the other penny, and pursued her way. She had not gone far, when her conscience smote her; and she cried aloud, "Stomach, thou sha'n't be gratified!" and running back, she gave the beggar the remaining penny.

Elizabeth had such a superiority in drawing, that her father once said to me—

"I have half a mind to send her to London, to put her under the tuition of one of the best masters, and make an Angelica Kauffman of her."

The half mind proceeded no further, and Elizabeth practised at home.

Her needlework was more remarkable than her drawings. I have now an oval medallion of white satin, about an inch and a half in height, and one inch in breadth. On this, she embroidered the figure of Sterne's Maria, sitting on a bank under a spreading tree, and holding her dog, which is lying at her feet, by a string. The rest of the tiny picture is composed of the ground, the distance, and the sky. The whole is formed of my hair, which was very fine; except where a lighter shade was wanted, when the hair of a friend was used. The stitches of the piece are smaller than the atoms of the mosaics of Rome. She was fifteen years of age when she made the picture, and it was done while she was staying with me.

Elizabeth Adeling continued to be the idol of her family, and the admiration of all who knew her, until she met Mr. James Shirley. On his part, it was love at first sight.

Shirley was the descendant of an old English poet, and was a poet himself. He was very eccentric, as a poet ought to be; had walked through the Highlands of Scotland, with a knapsack at his back, and had done many other deeds becoming a man of genius. He loved Elizabeth with all the ardour of romance. He walked twenty miles, on a dark night, for the pleasure of seeing her through her chamber window in the morning. What woman could resist such a lover? Not Elizabeth Adeling, who was not without a share of romance herself. She returned his attachment, and they were married. She was then nineteen.

I am thinking with what facility I marry people! It is very unreasonable! The loves of my hero and heroine ought, at least, to

have filled two pages; and their marriage should, with good management, have been compressed in one. But I am a sad story-teller. Instead of making the best of a story, I make it as short as I can.

Shirley and his wife were devoted to each other. They saw nothing in the world but each other. He was so tenacious of her affection that he would not allow her to see her parents, lest they should rob him of any part of it.

Shirley was brought up to the law, but he did not like it. I believe few poets do. He preferred the army, and he entered it as a cornet, soon after his marriage. It was just the same to Elizabeth—wherever his quarters were, there was her home. The regiment went no further than Ireland while he remained in it, but, had it been sent to Afghanistan, or Nova Scotia, it would have been just the same. She continued her drawings. I have seen an excellent whole-length coloured portrait of her husband, in full uniform, standing by his horse, with his arm on the saddle, done by his wife.

Nine years of marriage finished the career of James Shirley. He was correcting a proof sheet of a work of his own, then in the press, when he dropped from his seat, with the papers in his hand! A servant, hearing the fall, ran up stairs; but the master was dead!

Who can express the feelings of the wife?

Elizabeth Shirley passed the first years of her widowhood with her parents, commemorating each anniversary of her husband's death by absolute seclusion, and nearly positive abstinence. About the end of this period, it happened that she went with her mother to hear a discourse by Joseph Nicholson, a celebrated Quaker Preacher. His text was the word, "Simplicity." Soon after, to the astonishment and consternation of her family, she appeared at breakfast in the dress of a Quaker. She never quitted it; though she wore it with a certain degree of elegance. She attended the meetings of the Quakers, and very proud they were of her; but she did not immediately join the Society.

As the widow of an officer, Elizabeth Shirley received a pension; but she made it a point of conscience not to expend one farthing of it upon herself. This, and much more, she devoted to charitable purposes, and her benevolence was as judicious as it was extensive. I shall give one instance.

She was met by an Irishman in tattered garments; he begged, and she said—

"You are able to work."

"Yes," the man replied; "but I can't get work."

"Perhaps you don't like work?"

"Yes, I do like work, and I don't like begging; but nobody will employ me in these rags."

"What work can you do?"

"I work in the fields."

She took a guinea from her purse, and, holding it towards the man, she said—

"Mind me, I don't give you this; I lend it to you. If ever you are able to pay it, I expect you to do so. If you are not able, the money is yours. Take it, and clothe yourself decently, and let me see you again."

In a few days the Irishman appeared in proper apparel, when Elizabeth said—

"I have got you a place, and I hope your conduct will be such as to prove that you deserve it. You will be an out-door labourer to Mr. Such-a-One"—naming a respectable Quaker farmer in the neighbourhood.

I omit all the "God bless you's," but assuredly they were felt and spoken by the poor man.

Elizabeth made occasional inquiries after the Irish labourer, and heard from his master that he was a good servant, and a well-conducted man. At the end of a year, he presented himself before her, and repaid the loan. He had laid by sixpence every week, until he had made up the sum.

Detached from her family by her marriage, and having no child, Elizabeth gave way to the impulse of her own heart, and stepped boldly forward the champion of black men and tortured beasts.

At one time she had lodgings at a farm-house; the village Wake came round, and a bull was to be baited for the amusement of the people. She went to the spot, and harangued the savages, and, as might have been expected, they heeded her not. Again, the Wake came on, and Elizabeth occupied the same lodgings, probably not without design; but this time she did not trust to her own eloquence. The bull-baiting was going to begin, when she hastened to the scene of outrage, bringing with her the curate of the parish, who was a man highly respected by the villagers. He made his way through the crowd, and found the bull fastened to the ring, but the dogs not yet let loose; he cut the rope, and saved the bull, and he and Elizabeth saw the poor animal led quietly away.

One more attempt at bull-baiting was the last in this parish. She bought the bull the night before the intended sport, and had him secreted till the danger was over. The ring to which successive bulls had been fastened is now taken away.

Elizabeth afterwards braved the horrors of a Smithfield market, that she might lay them before the public, in the hope of mitigating the sufferings of the poor animals destined to slaughter. Vain hope, to inspire drovers and butchers with compassion!

After this, the time and talents, the thoughts and pen, of Elizabeth Shirley, were devoted to the liberation of black men; and, as she had already corresponded with Richard Martin* on the subject of mercy to the brute creation, she now corresponded with many of the leading advocates for the abolition of slavery.

Mary Anne Adeling has now in her possession sixteen pamphlets, written and published by Elizabeth Shirley, her sister; and she knows that there are others which she cannot get.

Elizabeth Shirley died of apoplexy, at the age of sixty-two; and, as the family friend and physician had said twenty years before, on the death of her brother Rowland, he said now—

"The activity of the mind had destroyed the body."

CATHERINE HUTTON,

October 25th, in the 88th year of her age.

* I had once the honour of a letter from Richard Martin, M.P., in which he says, "I have been surprised to find personal rancour excited against a cause that one would suppose no civilized people could persecute. But what I most value is, that woman, the last and best work of the Creator, has uniformly identified herself with this cause. It is, in truth, peculiarly her own; since her Maker has imparted to her a more ample portion of fine and gentle feelings than he has deigned to bestow on man."

JOHN MANESTY,

The Liverpool Merchant.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D.

CHAPTER XVII.

A WITNESS RISES UP AGAINST MANESTY—THE PROGRESS OF SUSPICION—
OGLETHORPE'S CUNNING OVERMATCHED BY OZIAS.'

DICCON, the potboy at the Blackamoor's Arms, was a gentleman of that degree of intellect generally displayed in his county and his calling by persons of his degree,—that is to say, he was principally to be distinguished from a hog by the number of his legs. The fact of the sailor having been at the house where he performed his functions, and the melancholy catastrophe which followed, had a great effect upon his mind (or what served as such) and so deranged the ordinary visions of pots and pipes, which usually haunted it, that he could not talk of anything else for months. Diccon was the hero of the tap, and related the tale three or four times every evening. To be sure, he had not much to tell; nothing, in fact, more than that a drunken and abusive sailor had spent an evening in the house, out of which he staggered, and was, some time afterwards, cast up by the Mersey, drowned. To this, time added a few embellishments, not due to Diccon's imagination, a quality in which he did not shine, but to the various suggestions of his auditors, from time to time, whose contributions being thankfully accepted, by degrees swelled the story into a tale of terror.

Among his hearers, one evening, was an errand boy belonging to a neighbouring butcher—a boy of some twelve or thirteen years of age, and just as intelligent as Diccon himself. All on a sudden a thought seemed to strike this ingenuous youth. "Wasn't that the sailor, Diccon," he asked in his native dialect, which we have already declined accepting, "that had three of the fingers of his left hand cut off?"

Diccon, after much scratching of his head, was inclined to think that such was the case, but his memory was somewhat like the shifting sands of his native Mersey, into which, when anything is absorbed, it rarely reappears. The nymph who performed multifarious and miscellaneous duties in all departments of the hostel, had however a sharper recollection; the sailor, in an amorous moment, had clasped her waist with his left arm, and as she pushed it away in a fit of indignant chastity, she had particularly observed the mutilated hand. She did not state that she had a more special reason for noticing it, which was, that in a moment after the repulse, the remaining finger and thumb had fished out a guinea from the capacious pockets of its owner, which gave the said arm full liberty to resume its position with more advantage than before. There was testimony sufficient without it to establish that Blazes' left hand had suffered one of the usual casualties of his profession; and Sukey did not, perhaps, see the necessity of wasting evidence. When Tummas O'Nobs-o-Chops found

that his suspicion, which had never before occurred to him, was correct, he was in a sad taking. He turned as pale as the rich thick coating of grease and dirt which was solidly plastered on his face would permit, and in an agony of terror, exclaimed, "Lord, save us! they cannot hang me for it, can they?"

The company looked aghast at this self-inculpatory exclamation of the butcher's boy, and set him down at once as the murderer; for of the sailor's being murdered, not one among them now doubted. Sukey declared that she could never abide the boy, for he had the gallows in his looks—a discovery never made till this moment, and the same conclusion was come to by the rest of the party, half-a-dozen of whom at once speedily secured the unlucky Tummas, by grasping him by the collar with such hearty good-will, as almost to shake him out of his clothes. A great ferment was, of course, immediately excited throughout the house, and it soon caught the attention of Mr. Oliver Oglethorpe, who was drinking in the bar-parlour with the landlord's wife and daughter—he rum, rather slightly diluted with water; they tea, not so slightly diluted with rum. His professional eye soon saw a chance that his exertions might by some means, which he did not stop to scrutinize, turn up to profit; and accordingly, Oliver lost no time in proceeding to the scene of capture, where he found Tummas half-dead with terror. All present knew Oglethorpe, and to him it was unanimously agreed that the sifting of the evidence should be committed. The butcher's boy fell down on his knees before him, and begged for mercy, bellowing like a bull-calf.

"Do not be alarmed at me," said Oliver, with much magnanimity; "I am your best friend here. I feel that I am sitting, as a judge; and as I heard Mr. Justice Vulture say, at the last assizes, 'a judge is always counsel for the prisoner;'" and to say the truth, Oliver acted in the capacity about as earnestly and sincerely as ninety-nine out of every hundred of the ermined gentlemen who have promulgated the dictum from the bench—that is to say, he laboured hard to have him hanged. Paper, pens, ink, were soon provided, assisted by which and a replenished tumbler, Mr. Oglethorpe proceeded on his examination.

"You have confessed, it seems, that you murdered the sailor, called Blazes, whom you identify by his want of three fingers, by flinging him into the Mersey, where he was drowned. Is it not so?"

"Yes, sir," said Tummas; "it is true enough. He was drowned, sure as death, in the Mersey, and he had no more than a finger and a thumb on his left hand; but I did not know at the time his name was Blazes."

"That's not material, as Chief Baron Sir Benjamin Blunderbuss of the 'Chequer, says, when he does not want to read an affidavit. What could have induced you to commit this horrid crime?"

"I did not know 'twas hanging matter, sir," said the trembling Tummas; "and thought there was no harm in it, sir."

"There's a blood-thirsty young warment!" said Sukey.

"It is a crime by common-law," said Oliver, "and also by statute made hanging by the 55th of Edward the Sixth, and the 29th of Anne, chapter—no matter what. But, young man, you must know it was hanging matter; did not you see Whelock, and Jones, hanged last year for it?"

"That was for throwing a child into the fire, sir," said Tummas, "not a man into the water."

"It makes no difference," said Oliver, solemnly, "so that the man is murdered, whether it is by fire or water. What o'clock did this take place?"

"About half-past ten, sir," said Tummas.

"Yes, Tummas," said Diccon, "I'll bear thee out in that; it was just as I was going to put up the chain, which I do every night, exactly on the half hour; but I didn't see thee with him."

"No, Diccon," said Tummas, "I was not there a minute, and thee was in the yard."

"Do you mean then to say, that it took up such a short time," asked Oliver, inhaling a pinch of snuff, "to commit the murder?"

"I never committed no murder," howled Tummas, in despair; "it ain't a murder to call a man out of a public-house. Is it, sir?"

"That is as it may be," answered Oliver. "For what purpose did you call him out?"

"For no purpose," replied Tummas; "it were for a sixpence."

"You do not mean to say, that you murdered the man for such a sum as a sixpence. I am sure," said Oliver, with much indignation, "I'd scorn murdering any man for such a trifle"—a sentiment, the generosity of which excited much approbation throughout the room.

"I murdered him for nothing at all," said Tummas.

"Good God!" exclaimed Oglethorpe, roused to much indignation. "Murder a man for nothing! I'd be ashamed of myself to confess anything so low. It's enough to make one sick."

"It was because I did not murder him nohow!" cried Tummas. "Another sailor, almost as drunk as the man himself, met me a going into this here house. 'I'll give thee sixpence, younker,' says he to me, 'if thee'll call out that sailor I see sitting in the window—him as is making all that gallows row; he's an old shipmate of mine. Tell him Mr. Dick, of the Dutchman, wants him.' So I went in, and I said what I was bid; and he jumped up like a cock when he heard the name, and he said that he was a damned good fellow, who he knew would come, in spite of all nonsense between them, and then though everybody wanted him to stay, he wouldn't. He said he was going to see a man that could buy and sell them all. So he went out, after paying his shot."

"Yes, I can bear Tummas out in that," interrupted Diccon; "he paid his shot, sure enough, five times over. He would force it upon me, though I did not want for to take it," an assertion heard with considerable incredulity by the audience.

"And when he saw the other, they shook hands fifty times over, and were like brothers. I heard them say that they'd go somewhere to drink down the unkind words they had in the morning. The one that came out of the house called the other 'commodore,' and wanted to douse his hat to him; but the sailor that sent me would not let him. They went off together along the quay, and as God is my judge, there's all I knows about it; and it is hard to be hanged, and I so young, for that," blubbered forth Tummas, with deep energy of lamentation.

"Don't bellow, you brat," said Oliver, not at all pleased at seeing his anticipated prey fast slipping through his fingers. "Did you ever see the strange sailor before or since?"

"Never, Mr. Oglethorpe—never," answered Tummas; "if it weren't next morn, as I was a-going, about three o'clock, to master's cellar, in Mud-lane, about the slaughtering of some sheep; and then, I am almost sure, I saw him going up into the yard at the back of the great corn-store opposite; but he was precious sober then, which could not be if he were a drinking all the night with the other—and fine and drunk too, when they went off together; and I did not notice him coming out."

"Whose corn-store is that?" asked Oliver, with much curiosity.

"I am sure I don't know," said Tummas. "I never axed."

"Why, I thought every fool in Liverpool knowed it belongs to John Manesty," exclaimed Diccon; "he was one of the people that Blazes, when he was drunk, was blowing up as a pirate."

"What sort of looking man was the strange sailor?" inquired Oglethorpe, still more eagerly.

"He was dressed like any other sailor," said Tummas. "He was a tall, big, stout chap; but nothing particular."

"You would know him again, perhaps?" said Oliver, with increasing earnestness.

"Yes," was the answer, "I think I would; for a ship's light flashed him in his face as he walked away, and I saw him well."

"Any mark on his face?"

"No—no mark. Ho! what am I saying? there is a mark, sure enough. He has a swinging cut across his forehead. I saw him point it to the other, and they both laughed. Now, your worship, there's the truth, and sure you wont hang me."

"Not for this," said Oliver, rubbing his hands, and chuckling with ineffable delight. "Some other matter will in all probability turn up; but take care to be forthcoming in the morning. Bring my coat and hat, Sukey, I must go home."

The delighted Tummas was emancipated, and the equally delighted Oliver wended on his way.

"Hallo!" said he, "isn't this a game! It's too late to do anything to-night; and besides, I have not yet got at the case as I wish. It was on the very day that I nabbed Habergam at his suit; and I remember Habergam at our crib dropping some hints about fear of exposure being at the bottom of the arrest. I knew well enough that it was all gammon about Manesty's being out of town. I think it's like that old Shuckleborough is at the 'Dolphin,' and if he is, I know that he has drunk quite enough to make him easy to be pumped. It will cut well either way. If I hang him, there's my forty pounds reward; if not, in such a case as this, hush-money is twenty times the value of blood-money; and I do not want to harm any man, if I get more by letting it alone. Ha, ha, ha! I'm almost ready to burst my sides a-laughing to think that these are the capers of Solid John."

With the most mirthful emotions, he entered the "Dolphin," where, as he expected, he found Shuckleborough; but in the present instance, the tables were turned; and instead of the official pumping the clerk, the contrary was the case. The happy prospect before him caused Oglethorpe, who had been drinking all day, to indulge in such liberal potations, that he was completely fuddled before Robin had reached half way towards that state of felicity. Instead, therefore, of gaining anything by the meeting, in the way of information, his tipsy question-

ing was so unskilfully conducted, as to arouse the suspicions of Robin that something was brewing against his master. Even in drunkenness Oglethorpe retained a sufficient quantity of professional caution not to drop a particle of the evidence he had just acquired; but there was something in his hints, and still more in his manner, to excite very painful sensations in the faithful retainer of the house of Manesty and Co. In a short time, he took his departure, leaving two pipes of his regular quantity unsmoked.

Proceeding homeward, not at all at ease, he met Ozias Rheinenberger, returning from a late hymn meeting, and to him, in the fulness of his heart, he told what had occurred. The Moravian gravely shook his head, and said nothing, more than that he would see John in the morning. They parted in a few minutes, and Shuckleborough gained his bed, puzzled with doubts, and annoyed by apprehensions, neither of which could he bring before his mind in any definite form.

"He's a deep old file, that Robin," said Oglethorpe, ruminating as he emerged from the "Dolphin," "but I'll shape it without him. I'll have it all right to-morrow, as straight as a nail. As for that Jack-the-Giant-Killer story of his being Hoskins the pirate—pooh! that's all rubbish—but that you, John Manesty,—you, Solid John, murdered Blazes, I have no more doubt than that my name is Oliver Oglethorpe."

Pleased with this conviction, he retired to his couch, there to dream of captions and executions, until the arrival of the morning, dispelling these visions of the night, called him up to turn them into the realities of the day. He carefully perused the notes which he had made at the "Blackamoor's Head," and felt more and more certain that his suspicions were right.

"God!" said he, with a chuckle of delight, "this is something—one of the first men on 'Change. Active officer—inflexible duty—not to be daunted by influence—not to be bought by money—aint I, though?" continued he, putting his finger on his nose—"we'll try that on first. But, 'faith! the rum was too strong of the water last night; and these notes are not the clearest. I must go and find the boy again; and that soon, for fear anybody else should pick him up. The people who were there last night were stupid blockheads; but every body aint stupid in Liverpool, I guess. If my friend Mangy was to get wind of this, wouldn't he be into it, as a hot knife into a pound of butter."

With these motives for activity, he was not long in despatching breakfast, and sallying forth on his expedition. As he proceeded, he thought he might as well have what he called a squint at the corn-store, in Mud-lane, into which the sailor had vanished; and on arriving there, he saw that, besides the general back entrances, there was a small door in one of the outhouses, above which, in the next floor, some feet to its right (none stood immediately over it), was a window, similar to that of a parlour. Careless observers might not have suspected that there existed between this window and the door, so far removed from each other, that connexion which the quick eye of Oglethorpe at once rightly conjectured to exist. A few pints of beer distributed among the stupid draymen and porters, and other loiterers in the yard obtained for him the information that they could not tell anything about this door; that none of them had ever seen it open;

that as for the window, it was that of the room which old Mr. Hibblethwaite had used as his office; that since his death, it was little more than a lumber-room, rarely entered by any one; that the only way to go to it was through the front of the building; and that it was morally impossible it could be got at through the rear. Oglethorpe winked knowingly on hearing this last piece of intelligence; and after learning, in fact, that the draymen and their companions knew nothing of the premises on which they spent half their lives, or of the concerns hourly going on before their eyes, further than the business of their own drays or carts, cast upon them a smile of compassionate benevolence and departed.

"No communication with that 'ere room from that 'ere door," thought he. "Say ye so, my joskins? Well, how one man differs from another! Here's a lot of muffs as has spent all their days in that yard—and I never entered it till this precious morning—and in half-an-hour I know more of its windings than them. Pretty spoons! they've less sense than their drayhorses, and their brains are thicker than their own cotton packs. But there's no use of being proud. 'Tisn't every one that's fit——"

The self-gratulatory sentence was cut short by his arrival at the "Blackamoor's Arms," whither he speedily summoned the butcher's boy. Tummas came, considerably relieved of the apprehensions of the preceding evening, and repeated, over a glass of ale, his story, without any considerable variation or addition. The only fresh particular Oglethorpe could glean was, that the strange sailor was much older than Blazes; that he was, he should think, as old as master, about half a hundred; and that he believed his hair was grey, but would not be sure. Oglethorpe gave the boy sixpence, and told him to be in the way to-morrow, when he would ask him to come and see a gentleman who might do good to them all. Cautioning Tummas with much solemnity to keep a still tongue in his head, as there was no knowing what a scrape he might get into, if the story should reach the ears of the judges, he went away, muttering half aloud—"All's right as a die. Now if I could get into that corn-store——"

To avoid suspicion that he had any secret object in view, Oglethorpe met the boy in the common tap-room open to everybody. He knew that at ten o'clock in the morning there was little chance of sailors being absent from their vessels, and they were the only class of persons whom the story would interest. The clodpoles from the country—drovers, wagoners, carters, and others of the same class would, he knew, be the only guests, and they would be too much engaged in discussing the interesting affairs of the morning market over their beer and bacon to listen to the conversations of any one else. Besides, he depended upon their assured and undoubted stupidity to protect him from their comprehending his drift, even if attracted by the story. As for the boy himself, he knew that he could easily frighten him into silence, as he effectually did by his hint of the judges—awful personages in the eyes of such people as Tummas, whose very wigs are endowed with supernatural powers—which revived in a great measure the hempen terrors which had originally agitated him. The company was precisely of the kind anticipated by Oliver, and their attention was occupied as he had expected. One man, who had entered the tap-room a few minutes after him, and took his seat not

far from the same table, was the only person of a different cast. The bailiff gave him a sharp and scrutinizing glance, which satisfied him there was no cause of alarm in that quarter. He was a mean-featured, poorly clad, quiet little man, apparently an humble clerk in a mercantile house, for he immediately took out of his pockets what Oglethorpe ascertained to be an order-book, two or three invoices, half-a-dozen accounts, and a ready-reckoner, and fell to work upon them with paper and pencil. Immersed in these, as he sipped a bowl of coffee, as admirable in quality as Jamaica ever produced, and as abominable in preparation as the handmaiden of the "Blackamoor's Arms" could perpetrate, he seemed to have lost all consideration of everything else in the world; and Oglethorpe, convinced that his ears were closed to all around, paid him no further attention.

He was much mistaken, however. The silent and abstracted accountant had not merely heard, but absolutely drunk in every syllable of the conversation. It was, in fact, Ozias Rhienenberger, who, alarmed by the tenour of Shuckleborough's communication, had determined to keep his eye upon the movements of Oglethorpe during the day, and had followed him at a distance from the moment he left his house. He had hoped, that by tracking him wherever he went, he might obtain some clue to discover what was the meaning of his obscure hints, dropped on the previous night. Little did he expect what it was his lot to hear—the information he obtained was far more copious than he could have anticipated—and, alas! beyond all power of calculation, far more afflicting to his soul than his worst fears had ever suggested. Long-trained command of countenance prevented any betrayal of his feelings. As he eagerly listened, he not merely feigned to work, but actually did work at the figures, which would have occupied him at home; and when, methodically, he paid for his coffee, and rose to follow Oglethorpe, whose destination he knew was directed towards the corn-store, in Mud-lane, nobody would have known that anything beyond the ready-reckoner had engaged his meditations.

Oliver took the expected course; and Ozias, having seen him prying about the yard, went to his own counting-house, and hastened to his private apartment. He was there alone. He buried his face in his handkerchief, burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Oh! my brother."

A JAR OF HONEY FROM MOUNT HYBLA.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

NO. I.

INTRODUCTION: CONTAINING MUCH IN LITTLE, AND LITTLE IN MUCH.

PASSING one day by the shop of Messrs. Fortnum and Mason, in Piccadilly, we beheld in the window a little blue jar, labelled "Sicilian Honey." It was a jar of very humble pretensions, if estimated according to its price in the market. Perhaps it might have been worth, as a piece of earthenware, about three-pence; and, contents and all, its value did not exceed eighteen-pence. People who condescend to look at nothing but what is costly, and who being worth a vast deal of money at their banker's, are not aware that they are poor

devils as men, would infallibly have despised it; or, at the very utmost they would have associated it in their minds with nothing but the confectioner or the store-room. On the other hand, it might have reminded a Cavendish, or a Gower, of his Titians and Correggios; and a Rogers would surely have looked twice at it, for the sake both of his Stothard and his "Italy." And the poet and the noble dukes would have been right, not only in the spirit of their recollections, but to the very letter; for the deep beautiful blue was the same identical blue, produced by one of the same minerals, by which such an effect is retained in old pictures; and the shape of the jar was as "classical" as that of many a vase "from the antique." Furthermore, when you held the jar in the sun, a spot of insufferable radiance came in the middle of its cheek, like a very laugh of light. Then it contained honey—a thing which strikes the dullest imaginations with a sense of sweetness and the flowers; and in addition to the word "honey" outside, was the word "Sicilian"—a very musical and reminiscent word.

Now in consequence of this word "Sicilian," by a certain magic process, not unlike that of the seal of the mighty Solomon, which could put an enormous quantity of spirit into a wonderfully small vessel, the inside of our blue jar (for be sure we bought it) became enriched, beyond its honey, to an extent which would appear incredible to any readers but such as we have the honour to address, doubtless the most intelligent of their race.

To introduce it, however, even to them, in a manner befitting their judgment, it is proper that we call to their recollection the history of a previous jar of their acquaintance, to which the foregoing paragraph contains an allusion.

They will be pleased to call to mind, that eighteen hundred years after the death of Solomon, and during the reign of the King of the Black Isles, who was (literally) half petrified by the conduct of his wife, a certain fisherman, after throwing his nets again and again to no purpose, and beginning to be in despair, succeeded in catching a jar of brass. The brass, to be sure, seemed the only valuable thing about it; but the fisherman thought he could, at least, sell it for old metal. Finding, however, that it was very heavy, and furthermore closed with a seal, he wisely resolved to open it first, and see what could be got out of it.

He therefore took a knife—(we quote from Mr. Torrens' "Arabian Nights," not out of disregard for that other interesting version by our excellent friend Mr. Lane, but we have lent his first volume, and Galland does not contain the whole passage; he seems to have thought it would frighten the ladies of his day)—he therefore "took a knife," says Mr. Torrens, "and worked at the tin cover till he had separated it from the jar; and he put it down by his side on the ground. Then he shook the jar, to tumble out whatever might be in it, and found in it not a thing. So he marvelled with extreme amazement. But presently there came out of the jar a vapour, and it rose up towards the heavens, and reached along the face of the earth; and after this, the vapour reached its height, and condensed, and became compact, and waved tremulously, and became an unfree (evil spirit), his head in the clouds, and his foot on the soil, *his head like a dome, his hand like a harrow, his two legs like pillars, his mouth like a pit, his teeth like large stones, and his nostrils like basins, and his eyes were two*

lamps, *austere and luring*. Now, when the fisherman saw *that ufreet*, his muscles shivered, and his teeth chattered, *and his palate was dried up*, and he knew not where he was."

This, by the way, is a fine horrible picture, and very like an ufreet; as anybody must know, who is intimate with that delicate generation. We are acquainted with nothing that beats it in its way, except the description of another in the "*Bahar Danush*," who, while sleeping on the ground, draws the pebbles towards him with his breath, and sends them back again as it goes forth; though a little further on, in the "*Arabian Nights*," is an ufreet of a most accomplished ugliness,—namely, "*the lord of all that is detestable to look at!*" What a jurisdiction! And the "lord" too! Fancy a viscount of that description.

The fright and astonishment conceived by the fisherman at the taste thus given him of this highly concentrated spirit of Jinn (for such is the generic eastern term for the order to which the ufreet belongs) were not, however, the only things he got out of his jar. An incarceration of eighteen hundred years at the bottom of the ocean, under the seal of the mighty Solomon, had taught its prisoner a little more respect for that kind of detainer than he had been wont to exhibit; the fisherman exacted from him an oath of good treatment in the event of his being set free; and the consequence was, that after the beautiful adventures of the coloured fish, the appearance of the lady out of the wall, and the semi-petrification of the King of the Black Islands with his lonely voice, our piscatory friend is put in possession of his majesty's throne. So here is an ufreet as high as the clouds, fish that would have delighted Titian, (they were blue, white, yellow, and red,) a lady full dressed issuing out of a kitchen wall, a king half-turned to stone by his wife, a throne given to a fisherman, and half a dozen other phenomena, all resulting from one poor brazen jar, into which when the fisherman first looked, he saw nothing in it:

A brass jar by the ocean's brim,
A yellow brass jar was to him,
And it was nothing more.

Now we might have expected as little from our earthen jar at first sight, as the future monarch did from his jar of metal, had not some circumstances in our life made us acquainted with the philosophy and occult properties of jars; but such having been the case, no lover of the "*Arabian Nights*" (which is another term for a reader with a tendency to the universal) will be surprised at the quantity and magnitude of the things that arose before our eyes out of the little blue jar in the window of Messrs. Fortnum and Mason.

"*Sicilian Honey*."—We had no sooner read those words, than Theocritus rose before us, with all his poetry.

Then Sicily arose,—the whole island,—particularly Mount Etna. Then Mount Hybla, with all its bees.

Then Rucellai (the Italian poet of the bees) and his predecessor Virgil, and Acis and Galatea, and Polyphemus, a pagan ufreet, but mild,—mitigated by love, as Theocritus has painted him.

Then the Odyssey, with the giant in his fiercer days, before he had sown his wild rocks; and the Sirens, and Scylla and Charybdis; and Ovid, and Alpheus and Arethusa, and Proserpina, and the Vale of Enna,—names, which bring before us whatever is blue in skies, and beautiful in flowers or in fiction.

Then Pindar and Plato, and Archimedes, (who made enchantments

real,) and Cicero, (who discovered his tomb,) and the Arabs with their architecture, and the Normans with their gentlemen, who were to found a sovereignty, and the beautiful story of King Robert and the Angel, and the poor gallant youth Conradin, who kissed his friend's decollated head on the scaffold, and the Sicilian Vespers, (horribly so called,) and the true Sicilian Vespers, the gentle "*Ave Maria*," closing every evening, as it does still, in peace instead of blood, and ascending from blue seas into blue heavens out of white-sailed boats.

Item, Bellini, and his Neapolitan neighbour Paesiello.

Item, the modern Theocritus, not undeservedly so called; to wit, the Abate Giovanni Meli, possibly of Grecian stock himself,—for his name is the Greek as well as Sicilian for honey. More of him by and by.

Item, earthquakes, vines, convents, palm-trees, mulberries, pomegranates, aloes, citrons, rocks, gardens, banditti, pirates, huge furnaces under the sea, the most romantic landscapes and vegetation above it, guitars, lovers, serenades, and the never-to-be-too-often-mentioned blue skies and blue waters, which (on the concentrating Solomon-seal principle) appeared to be represented by our little blue jar.

Lastly, the sweetness, the melancholy, the mirth, the life, the death, the fugitive evil, the constant good, the threatening Etna making every moment of life precious, and the moment of life so precious, and breathing such a pure atmosphere, as to enable fear itself to laugh at,—nay, to love the threatening Etna, and play with it as with a great planetary lion to which it has become used.

From all this heap of things, or any portion of them, or anything which they may suggest, we propose, as from so many different flowers, to furnish our Jar of Honey, careless whether the flower be sweet or bitter, provided the result (with the help of his good-will) be not un-sweet to the reader. For honey itself is not gathered from sweet flowers only; neither can much of it be eaten without a qualification of its dulcitude with some plainer food. It can hardly be supposed to be as sweet to the bees themselves, as it is to us. Evil is so made to wait upon good in this world,—to quicken it by alarm, to brighten it by contrast, and render it sympathetic by suffering,—that although there is quite enough superabundance of it to incite us to its diminution, (Nature herself, in the progress of things, impelling us to do so,) yet tears in the meantime have their delight, as well as laughter; and laughter itself is admonished by tears and pain not to be too excessive. Laughter has occasioned death:—tears have saved many a life, and more than life. The readers, therefore, will not suppose that we intend (supposing even that we were able) to *cloy* them with sweets. We hope that they will occasionally look very grave over their honey. We should not be at all disconcerted, if some bright eyes even shed tears over it.

To begin with the pagan times of our Sicilian honey;—did any eyes, the most susceptible of tears, even in those times, and in his own country, ever think themselves authorized to shed one for *Polyphemus*? *Polyphemus* in love? We do not ask the question, as picturing him in his hugest aspect, hurling rocks, as in the *Odyssey*; or sitting on a promontory no bigger than himself, as in Poussin's landscape; but as a monster of reasonably horrid dimensions, and actually and tenderly in love, as Theocritus has made him. It is a puzzle to the imagination. Yet the poet, we think, has touched a note in his favour, difficult not to feel with—

Ηρασθην μεν εγωγα τεους, κορα, ἀνικα πρᾶτον
 Ηνθες εμα συν ματρι, θελοισ' ὑακινθινα φυλλα
 Εξ ορεος δρεψασθαι' εγω δ' ὁδον ἀγεμονεον.
 Πανσασθαι δ' εσιδων τυ και ὑστερον ουδε τι πω νυν
 Εκ τῆνω δυναμαι' τιν δ' ου μελει', ου, μα Δι', ουδεν.

Sweet, I began to love you, when you first
 Came with my mother to the mountain side
 To gather hyacinths. I led the way;
 And having look'd upon your face, I never
 Up to this moment could cease loving you,—
 You who care nothing for my love; no, nothing.

And again:—

Φασω ταν κεφαλαν και τως ποδας ἀμφοτερως μεν
 Σφυσδειν' ως ανιαθη, επει κ' ἤγων ανιωμαι.
 Ω Κυκλωψ, Κυκλωψ, τα τας φρενας εκπεποτασαι;
 Αικ' ενθων ταλαρωσ τε πλεκοις, και θαλλον αμασας
 Ταις αρνεσσι φεροις, ταχα κεν πολυ μαλλον εχοις νουν.
 Ταν παρειοσαν αμελγε' τι τον φευγοντα διωκεις;
 Ευρησεις Γαλατειαν ισως και καλλιον' αλλαν.
 Πολλαι συμπαισδεν με κοραι ταν νυκτα κελονται,
 Κιχλιδοντι δε πασαι, επαν κ' αутαις ὑπακοισω'
 Δηλονοτ' εν τα γα κ' ἤγων τις φαινομαι ημες.

My head and very feet for wretchedness
 Throb;—and so let them, for I too am wretched.
 O Cyclops, Cyclops, where are thy poor senses?
 Go to thy basket-making;—get their food
 For the young lambs. 'Twere wiser for thee, far.
 Mind what thou hast, and let the lost sheep go.
 Perhaps thou'lt find another Galatea,
 Another and a lovelier; for at night
 Many girls call to me to come and sport,
 And when they find me listening, they all giggle;
 So that e'en I seem counted somebody.

The word “giggle,” which is the literal translation of the Greek word, and singularly like it, would be thought a bold word by a modern conventional critic. Not so thought the poet whose truth to nature has made him immortal.

We are to fancy the Sicilian girls, on a summer night, (all the world is out of doors there on a summer night,) calling to Polyphemus up the mountain—the foot of Etna. They have heard him stirring in the trees. The noise ceases. They know he is listening;—and in the silence of the glen below he hears them laughing at his attention. Such scenes take place all over the world, where there is any summer at all, Great Britain included. We doubt whether Virgil or Tasso would have ventured upon the word. But Ariosto would: Homer and Dante would: Shakspeare would. So would Catullus,—a very Greek man. And honest Allan Ramsay, the best pastoral writer since Theocritus,—indeed, the best that ever wrote in some respects, and those none of the least, an habitual but healthy tenderness in particular,—would surely not have avoided it.

We are compelled abruptly to conclude; and must beg the reader to look upon this our first number as introductory only, and not at all exemplifying a design which is to conclude, in every article, story as well as criticism, and morsels of poetry from writers in various languages, which, we venture to say, shall be exquisite of their kind, however imperfectly we may be able to render them. We know where the best honey is to be found, though our mode of serving it up may not always be worthy of the promise of our Blue Jar.

ELLISTON'S MEMOIRS.*

THE reader has not the slightest reason to apprehend, in these additional Ellistonian pages, a criticism upon the narrative, the anecdote, and the exposition of character contained in those "Papers," of which the perusal has been numbered, we hope, amongst his monthly pleasures during the past year. But we here refer to the "Elliston Papers" because the handsomely illustrated volume, comprising them all, is now before us, with an additional narrative, continued to the year 1810; the spirit of which portion of the book we shall without apology or ceremony transfer to the magazine.

Admirable Robert William! Matchless, magnificent, unwearying, inexhaustible Elliston! Joyousest indeed of once embodied spirits! Well did Charles Lamb know you; and happily, with a kindred relish of the finest and subtlest delicacies of humour, may his shade at this instant be revelling in companionship with thine!

Who forgets the manner in which, as lessee of Drury, you pointed out to the admiring spectator the plain-plastered portico just erected, "regardless of expense," in front of the theatre!—the portico, great national work, which you had conceived in a grandeur of spirit, and hurried on with an astonishing rapidity, only to be described in your own words—"It was a Buonaparte blow!" Who forgets how, as lessee of the Surrey, you led the limping Lamb over the seats of the empty house, one morning, making him survey the spacious theatre from many points, the better to impress him with an idea that you had *risen* (not descended) from Drury Lane to the Surrey! What exultation was yours, as, gazing upon the swelling scene, you apostrophized the benches raised over the once-equestrian ring—"Quite an opera pit!" Who, above all, forgets the profoundly severe, yet self-sacrificing spirit of the rebuke administered by you (who else *could* have administered it!) to the little dancing nymph who had been hissed at the Olympic and came whimpering into your presence, in the green-room. What sharp reproach, and at the same time delicious comfort she felt, when drawing yourself up with the fullest measure of Ellistonian dignity, you exclaimed, "They have hissed *me*!"

And let us add here, that, in a spirit deficient neither in the enjoyment and quick appreciation of humour, nor in the sagacity to note the fine and less perceptible traits as well as the broad leading lines of a character so rich as Elliston's, has Mr. Raymond entered upon his agreeable subject. The abundance and the authenticity of his material have been, we apprehend, long apparent; the biographer was evidently drawing from no inventive stores, nor was he sacrificing truth of character for the false effect of caricature; he was relating whatever accuracy and the moral interests of his subject required to be told, while he obviously glanced at some points and avoided others, as the principles of good taste prescribed. Even if he had brought no other qualities to his task, he could not, out of his pleasant stores, have concocted a dull book; but he is luckily possessed of another very essen-

* Memoirs of R. W. Elliston—1774 to 1810. By George Raymond, Esq. Illustrated by George Cruikshank.

tial quality—a knowledge of Elliston himself; and he has given form, colour, and life, thus far, to his intended full length of the inimitable comedian. Stage-biography would have been imperfect, indeed, had it wanted this consistent and lively account of one of the most remarkable actors that ever, when off the boards, made the stage itself seem raw, drab-coloured, and insipid, compared with the richness and buoyancy of actual life.

Mr. Raymond forms an accurate judgment of the comedian in the following passage from the introduction to his work:—

“Suited to the sparkling and adventurous days of Killigrew and Sidney, the name of Elliston would have glittered to no inconsiderable effect on the pages of Grammont, or have occupied a liberal space in the delightful records of Cibber. Elliston was born a century too late—his fancy and disposition belonged to a period, which would have ripened them to their fullest yielding. The same qualities, which lost him frequently the respect of the humble, would at that time have won him the admiration of the great; with the advantage of being chronicled as a wit, rather than remembered as a dupe. As a citizen of life, so must his reputation be content to suffer. It has been said of Mrs. Mattocks, that had she been educated a nun, it would require no great penetration to perceive she was born for an actress. Had Elliston been cradled in Paraguay, it would have been equally clear, he must have found his way to Drury Lane. For the fame of a *bel esprit* he was born too late—for that of an actor, just in time—when licentious manners began, indeed, to be met with the dignity of reproof, but when to ‘see a good comedy was to keep the best company; where the most brilliant things are said, and the most amusing happen.’”

Mr. Raymond here, anticipating the death-scene of his hero, reminds us that Elliston expired like Wycherly, (and like *Mercutio*, whom he so delightfully represented,) with a *bon mot* on his lips. A friend, anxious that the patient should take some medicine prescribed for him, said, “Come, Elliston, you must indeed swallow this. Take it, and you shall have a wine-glass of weak brandy and water.” Elliston raised his eyes, and with a still comic smile, replied, “Ah, you rogue—bribery and—*corruption!*”

Passing the account of Drury Lane Theatre, its decline and fall, its rise again to an unexampled eminence under the intellectual and enlightened direction of Mr. Macready, and its subsequent prostration as a temple devoted to the poet whose statues still surmount the portico and grace the rotunda, we proceed to select from Mr. Raymond’s continued narrative such specimens of the sayings and doings of the actor as the readers of this Magazine have been most accustomed to welcome.

At a grand *fête* in Stratford-place, given by Elliston on the occasion of the national jubilee, we have a meeting with the famous Romeo Coates:—

“‘It is frequently in that nice discrimination, in which our greatest actors fail,’ observed Mr. Coates, ‘you will perceive in me indications of delicacy in recitations, that neither Booth, Barry, Garrick, nor Kemble ever exhibited. When I address myself to Providence, I always raise the left hand—the innocent, the inoffensive limb! The right arm is the instrument of war and devastation.’” To do Mr. Coates justice, however, Elliston repeated a ‘*bon mot*’ of his guest, which gained him better applause. “They were speaking together of the merits of a certain great actor, when some one by observed, ‘That gentleman is beyond all praise.’ ‘Yes,’ replied Romeo, ‘so far beyond it, that it will never reach him.’”

In reference to the burning of Drury Lane Theatre, we are told

that on the opening of the late theatre, which cost 129,000*l.*, an occasional epilogue, spoken by Miss Farren, assured the public that a conflagration could never take place in that theatre, "as they had water enough to drown authors, actors, auditory, and all their applause, to boot—at the conclusion of which, a shower of real water was produced, and an iron curtain let down in sight of the assured spectators. The result, however, forcibly reminds us of a friend, who was only overturned once during his life, in a stage-coach, which happened when he travelled by the '*Patent Safety.*' The fire happened on a Friday in Lent, when there was no play. It commenced in the coffee-room of the theatre, which fronted Brydges Street, and from which there was a direct communication to the first circle of boxes. The workmen had quitted the house, leaving a flue overheated, and hence the origin of the calamity. The water which was to overwhelm the building in such an event, had been suffered to escape; and as to the iron curtain, there was no assistance at hand to drop it."

Amongst the epistolary attentions received by Sheridan on the occasion, was the following from Mrs. Jordan:—

" 'Bushey House, Thursday.

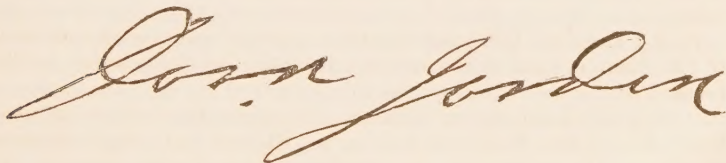
" 'MY DEAR SIR,—It is not for one with such weak persuasions as mine, to attempt any consolatory address to you under this late calamity, who must have a mind to encounter any misfortune, as to comprehend all subjects. But I feel I should be wanting in respect to you, and most certainly to my own sense of kind obligations, were I to suffer an event, which calls forth the sympathy of the whole world, to pass unnoticed by one, who has the happiness of being ranked amongst your friends. Believe me, my dear sir, I condole with you sincerely in this late calamity at Drury Lane. I lament, with the public, the destruction of that edifice, on whose ancient site so many dramatic triumphs have been celebrated, and none greater than your own. And I condole with those sufferers who, in having less strength of mind than yourself, may have had more need of it; who, in addition to their loss of all, find themselves unblest by the powers of regaining anything.

" 'But I am not without satisfaction in finding such prompt exertions are making for the benefit of our extensive company. I shall neither be wanting in effort or goodwill in the cause; and if my humble talent should be deemed advisable, do not let it remain idle on a single occasion.

" 'My woman has been with me this morning. The attendants have been great sufferers. I am happy to find their salaries will be paid, should the public patronize.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

" 'Your sincere friend, and humble servant,



It is remarked by our biographer, that there is a certain species of attack "to which it is very obvious men whose vocations bring them immediately before the public, are more open than those of a private station, and to which of all others, the pursuits of an actor offer the greatest temptation"—he means that of *anonymous communications*.

And he then gives the particulars of a most extraordinary anonymous correspondence in favour of Elliston, and the story is really as touching as it is curious. The epistolary devotion of Elliston's correspondent

lasted for eighteen years, the first letter having been received by him in 1809, and the last in 1827.

"But the curiosity," observes Mr. Raymond, "was not fixed in this alone. These letters, received in the course of the time just alluded to—some in the airy dress of poetry, others in the more silver garb of prose—some addressed to Elliston himself, others to his wife—some sharply castigatory, others softly adulatory—some affecting dramatic matters, others relating to domestic concerns—all in the most unequivocal terms of regard, but not a syllable to flatter the most credulous fancy in less innocent imaginings, were in number, at least *one hundred*, and bearing the signature, "*Invisiblina*!" Suffice to say, the correspondent avowed but only her sex—for the rest, the mystery followed Elliston to his grave."

No means or artifices were left untried by Elliston to discover his "*Invisiblina*."

"Letters, accompanied by no inconsiderable presents to the wife and family of Elliston, had from time to time, been left under her direction, at his residence. Trinkets, game, books, birth day odes, all bearing the impress "*Invisiblina*," had found their way, by public conveyance, to Stratford-place. Sometimes, indeed, despatches had arrived by other messengers, and once the vigilance of Elliston had intercepted a bearer, but the *employé* was worthy the mistress he served, and baffled effectually every inquiry.

"'*Invisiblina*' was a pixy of no common order; nothing relative to the comedian, or his transactions, was hidden from her knowledge. She was in possession of all he did, and penetrated even his designs. His transgressions stood in recorded lines against him within a day of their commission. Like Frankenstein, he was in the power of an agency he could not elude; but unlike Frankenstein, he was the subject of a beneficent director.

"At times, however, Elliston was almost driven to madness by these inexplicable transactions.

"Gifts had reached him, which he was called on to acknowledge through the public journals; and reproaches had reached him, which he was only called on to acknowledge by a reformation of his errors.

"'*Invisiblina*' was a spirit of honour—for with these errors she meddled only to reclaim the husband, not to afflict the wife. To Mrs. Elliston she was a friend and benefactor; to Elliston himself, a benefactor and a monitor."

One or two interesting and highly comic examples of the plots laid to detect the fair unknown follow; but we must hasten on with Elliston to the Circus, of which he became lessee in 1809. The performances here had been fiercely assailed by his eccentric neighbour, (rival we must not say,) Rowland Hill; and whether wrought upon by experience of the brilliant success which eccentricity obtained in the pulpit, or impressed with a holier feeling and piously moved by the exhortations of the reverend denouncer of theatres, it is impossible to say; but some time after, as Mr. Raymond informs us, Elliston had serious thoughts of taking holy orders, and was actually in treaty for the purchase of a chapel in Albemarle-street. He was subject, it is added, "to holy fits, and this chapel attack was the longest he ever had."

In a correspondence with Thomas Sheridan, relative to the engagement at Drury, Elliston by no means figures pleasantly. He had been engaged for five years, at a large salary (28*l.* per week; great terms for glorious comedians in those days, but a miserable pittance in these starry times of the theatre!) but engaged in his Circus speculation, and having other objects in view, he found it convenient to break it,

and refused to play with the Drury Lane company at the Lyceum—the contract being made for another theatre, then burnt down! A long correspondence ensued, and proceedings were commenced, but abandoned; and Elliston, with many anxieties pressing upon him, purchased the freehold of the Croydon Theatre, where he spent 1200*l.* before he got possession, and the speculation proved altogether a most unfortunate affair—the forerunner of heavier involvements.

The Manchester Theatre was Elliston's next speculation; and here we have a richly comic incident, of which Bannister is the hero.

“An incident, humorous in its way, occurred during this brief campaign, for which we by no means vouch, but give only on report. Jack Bannister happening to be at Manchester at the time, though not of the company, (having refused, in fact, to take any engagement,) by way of amusement induced Elliston to advertise him under a feigned name, for some small part in a comedy, announcing at the same time that, between the play and farce, the gentleman would ‘attempt a scene in the ‘Children in the Wood,’ after the manner of the celebrated *Mr. John Bannister* of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane.’

Bannister acted his part in the play, which being very inconsiderable, he was suffered to pass unnoticed; at the conclusion of which, the curtain again rose for the imitation. On walks the mimic, in suitable costume, as perfect a *Walter* as ever appeared on the boards of the Haymarket. Bannister here made his bow to some trifling applause, and then entering on the scene, which he had selected for the purpose, went through the whole of it after his best manner.

“But the interruptions were many; for scarcely had he spoken three lines, when he was saluted by a most distinct hiss; this was soon followed by a laugh, and presently cries of, ‘Off, off! trash!—hiss, hiss!’—announced to the poor country *presumer* that he had entirely failed. In fact, he was most completely damned. He now ventured to address the audience—but no,—they would not hear him;—they were thoroughly disgusted at the attempt of imitation, which a journal of the Saturday following declared, was the vilest that had ever been offered the public.

“So much for the joke. Bannister enjoyed the affair heartily; but the true state of the case being in a very few days generally made known, Elliston found himself in no little disgrace with his Manchester friends. The laugh was so completely turned against them, that Elliston was compelled to get out of the scrape by a most unqualified apology.”

After some highly agreeable anecdotes of Mrs. Billington, “Tom Cooke,” and others, this portion of Elliston's memoirs closes with a succinct and interesting account of his efforts to effect that dramatic reformation, by a change in the law relating to theatres, which has since, by slow degrees, been accomplished. Elliston, condemned to play *Macbeth* as a ballet of action, or at best to deliver the dialogue to a pianoforte accompaniment, moved both the House of Commons and the Privy Council, at considerable cost, for the lawful permission to be rational. His prayer was refused, but he rendered good service by the steadiness of his perseverance, and the tact with which he exposed the perverse absurdity of the system.

The richest portion of Elliston's town life is now to come; his Olympic revels, his grand enthronement at Old Drury—and the close of his reign “over the water.” These gay chapters, completing the eventful history, will be brought rapidly before our readers, with equal satisfaction to them all; for we doubt not that Mr. Raymond's materials for the two closing acts of that comedy, which is described by the career of Elliston, will enable him to render them at least as piquant and impressive as the earlier scenes.

JEREMY SCRAP, THE OPTIMIST.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

MORNING SONG :—It all happens for the best !

EVENING SONG :—It all happens for the best !

SUCH are the songs of Jeremy, the only ones (or one) he ever heard, sang, or knew in this or any world. Nay, it is the only bit of Queen's English that he has by heart; and at the very core of that heart, whenever it may stop, will the sanguine letters be found stamped.

He said the thing soon after he was weaned, and he will say it with his last breath. He says it in spring, summer, autumn, and winter. It is his cry at Lady-day, Midsummer, Michaelmas, and Christmas. He utters the same note at breakfast, dinner, tea, and supper. He would alike proclaim the identical fact, or sentiment, at bridal or funeral, whether in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America. The song is equally poured into the ear of man, woman, and child. He has but the one salutation, the one comfortable maxim, for friend, enemy or stranger. He goes to bed with it sticking in his throat, and wakes up with it slipping from his lips. He trumpets his favourite maxim in clubs, highways, steam-boats, churches, theatres, omnibuses, parlours, sleeping-rooms, ball-rooms, libraries, and holes and corners. He gives breath to the assertion in other people's houses, and in his own. He avows a like conviction on 'change, on race-courses, in cities, and in country quarters. He said it when he was robbed of a thousand pounds, and he would say it if he stood in the felon's dock at the Old Bailey charged with robbery in turn. If his mutton-chop were done up to a chip, or if the Bank of England were to break; if he had taken a bad half-crown, or if the universal sky had fallen, his cry then, and in all cases, would infallibly be the same:—"It all happens for the best."

It is a grand idea, to be sure; but then it is only *one*. No matter for its not being quite new,—if it were divisible—if it admitted of modification—if it were less rigid, arbitrary, positive.

To have but one idea, and that not your own, is better than to be quite notionless; yet this system of measuring every crooked line of life by one straight rule, does involve some difficulties and inaccuracies, no doubt. It may be very true—true as truth, in every imaginable application of it—always right when applied upon that particular principle which renders it impossible to be wrong; yet truth itself, we know, is sometimes attended with infinite (apparent) anomalies and contradictions, arising out of the time chosen for the utterance of it. The truth of one hour seems gross falsehood the next, though truth still. The rule of right here, is the wrong rule there, though in principle right as ever.

Thus, the expression, "It all happens for the best," may well become the lips of a father, when the exulting nurse places in his surprised and insufficient arms, two little new-born copies of him instead of one; but the remark does not so well apply years afterwards, when one of the twins pushes the other into a lime-kiln, or both conspire to

effect a most successful forgery of the paternal hand-writing lodged at the banker's.

Again, it all happens for the best, has a noble and hospitable sound, when your wife's mother, and her three unmarried daughters, come to stay a month or two with you in your snug retreat, they having by various cross-purposes been turned temporarily out of their own house; yet it has not so sweet a sound, but indeed a very cracked and hollow one at times, when you find that they do not intend ever to go away again.

It all happens for the best, is not by any means an unreasonable remark, as times go, when we are told that our deadly enemy has been caught, while trespassing, in a man-trap; but it has a horrid click, it falls with a painful report upon the ear, when we discover that our dearest friend has been accidentally shot by a spring gun while pursuing the rascal.

But the two circumstances would be treated as one by the philosophic, single-thoughted Jeremy Scrap. It all happens for the best, is his song and his sermon. He has some party predilections; but whether Whig or Tory come in, he is satisfied that it happens for the best. He is capable of ardent friendship; but whether the sharer of his heart win or lose the prize of honour and power aimed at, moves not the deep spring of feeling within him—either way, he is sure that the best has happened. He is a fond husband; but if his wife were to run off with the penny-postman next St. Valentine's day, his wound would gape to receive the same balm, and the same balm would be poured into it profusely:—It all happens for the best.

When Jeremy was horsewhipped by mistake, simply because he happened to put on a blue coat with bright buttons, he found immense comfort—it all happened for the best;—the right man had been spared a flogging, and the intemperate whipper had to pay damages all the same.

When he lost fifteen hundred at whist at a sitting, he rubbed his palms together within a few weeks, and chuckled at the agreeable recollection. With that same sum of money, he had been on the eve of buying a little place in Essex; and the gentleman who had taken it in his stead, had just been tossed by a bull.

Nobody has a right to find fault with Jeremy Scrap's practice in all its particulars: every one is privileged if he chooses, without injury to another, thus to turn his wrongs, losses, and miseries into gains and comforts: and he is wise in so doing, provided his philosophy prevent him not from seeing, that one thing is in itself—apart from its "happening" to the wrong person, or out of season—decidedly better than another, and more worthy the endeavour to secure it. Jeremy has a free-born Englishman's perfect and unadulterated right to rejoice, when his fields are flooded, and his crops are destroyed; when his uninsured house is burnt to the ground; when he takes a leap too much, and, breaking his hunter's neck, risks his own;—in these cases, let him cry as loud as he will, "It all happens for the best," and be as happy as the new year!

But his right is not so natural and clear, to raise the same cry, when his stack of hay or wheat is destroyed, not by accident, but the incendiary; when his favourite mare is poisoned on the eve of a race in which he was sure to lose; when a villain knocks half his brains out on the highway, but only robs him of three-and-sixpence after all! It

all happens for the best, is his sure note of comfort under wrongs and calamities such as these; but what right has he to rejoice in another's wrong-doing, or to assert that the wickedness of his fellow-creatures happens for the best.

Jeremy is decidedly in the wrong: everything does *not* happen for the best. It may soothe his bruised and aching head to reflect, that although he was sorely beaten on the sconce by the highwayman, he had left his purse of gold at home; but the good little Christian philosopher should not forget, though the remembrance may trouble his tranquil doze, that one who feels heat and cold, as he does—who had father and mother, as he had—who has thought, passion, nerves, sinews, hopes, fears, as he has—who has frail flesh, and soul indestructible, as he has—had committed a robbery and outrage upon his fellow—broken, rashly, wilfully broken, the bond of brotherhood!

No, Jeremy Scrap; that never yet happened for the best on any highway of the world, and it is of no use to seek comfort in your favourite cry, or to attempt a universal cure with one precious medicine.

But the good easy world does not hear the maxim in that key. It puts no such restraint upon Jeremy. It considers that Scrap's wrongs and injuries, however received, are his personal property, and that he may dance at his own funeral if he likes, without being at all bound to consider the shock to be sustained by the injured and disappointed mourners. The world would not esteem him to be one bit in the wrong, if he were to treat the very worst that could befall himself with the extreme of levity;—if, for example, he were to walk off consciously and deliberately to a ball and supper, having within him a large poisoned dumpling which had been administered by his house-keeper, to whom he had given notice that he had no idea of marrying at present. No, no; people would only admire his magnanimity and resignation; and however large the dumpling, and replete with sugar of lead, they would be apt not merely to approve, but to echo his cry of content—"It *all* happened for the best."

The cool world, however, as we all know, warms up fast enough upon occasion; and quarrel it will, and does, with Jeremy Scrap as often as he applies the balm of his maxims to any other wounds than *his own*. This is the point—this is where his doctrine leads him into dilemmas, some of them the most grave, some the most whimsical. If Scrap had his head in the lion's mouth when the lion's tail wagged, his inward expiring cry "It all happens for the best," would be echoed from without, with "All right." But when Jeremy is but a bystander—mark this difference!—and when he sees a hungry wolf scampering off with a mouthful of calf and black silk stocking taken from the leg of an unsuspecting clergyman, perambulating among his flock—then this pious ejaculation, "It all happens for the best," has an unfailing and natural tendency to render the mutilated prop of the church more wild, with passion and resentment, than his four-legged assailant. We don't care what fortitude and heroism clerical flesh may be capable of at other seasons, when it is not undergoing any suffering at all; but certain we are that no flesh and blood could bear that terrible and exasperating combination of tooth and tongue; the balm must be an enormous aggravation of the bite.

This, nevertheless, to the present hour, is the gentle Jeremy's mode of prescribing comfort, under every form of trouble, difficulty, and affliction by which man, or woman either, can be visited. To bear

sorrow is the common lot—but to bear such consolation quietly is not common. In the case which we have already taken the great liberty of supposing—that Mrs. Scrap might run away with the postman on the 14th of February, Jeremy, if it so please him, must indulge his old reflection; but to go forth in the garb of Christian philosophy, and raise this consoling, this vindictory outcry at another gentleman's door, is, to use a strong expression—another thing.

To the weary, way-worn man, wandering in search of a workhouse to his taste, or a parish that has within its boundaries even a pump of a Christian turn of mind—with scores of miles yet to walk, wet, cold, famine-smitten—to such a wretch when, footsore already, he runs a thorn through the crack in his bit of shoe—the healing maxim, “It all happens for the best,” is worse than a mockery—it is a thorn run into his heart.

Tell not such a tale to the seaman when the ship is on fire; it won't do even, in this case, to tell it to the marines. Tell it not to the struggling trader, when his chief debtor drops headlong into ruin, dragging him after; nor to the inventor who lives to see the completed work of his brain enriching half the world, and leaving him a beggar; nor to the author whose manuscript performs the grand tour of the great publishers and is still “at home”—until, publishing at his own cost, the critics, like savages, come out on the war-path, track him by the print he makes, and then scalp him. Whisper it not in the sandy desert (in fact, never go there, if you can help it) when the great winds arise; nor to the dwellers by Etna when the lava rushes down; nor to a luckless gentleman who loses his place under government before he has had time to save his country; nor to the soldier with his frozen wounds; nor to an actor when he loses three pounds seven by his annual benefit; nor to a nice little boy with the toothache. Children are often very credulous, and have strong and flexile imaginations; but, when you have told a kind, trusting little darling with the toothache, that “it all happens for the best,” and he has believed you, bake him in a pie—he's not fit to live!

However, Scrap does this. Jeremy does it every day, as sure as you're born. He told Kitty so when Job broke off the match after a nine years' acquaintance—she would have slapped his face, only she fainted. He said the same thing when his brother, of six persons who went up in a balloon, was the only one who fell out. When the “devouring element” which long threatened to burn down his house, burnt the next door instead, he called upon his neighbour and coolly apprised him that it had happened for the best.

Jeremy dined with us on Christmas-day. Then, when the fatal tidings reached the assembled party—when the shell exploded upon the dinner-table—when the one pang pierced through all hearts, like a hot circling wire—when the festival had turned to funeral, and ocular demonstration had convinced all that “the pudding had broken,” and that Smash, the firstborn of Chaos, had spificated that celestial globe—then, in the deepest gulf of our mortification and agony, a deeper was opened, by the old, familiar tone—“It all happens for the best!” “Last Christmas-day, (cried Jeremy,) Tom Gulp took plum-pudding three times, and he died at Michaelmas, just as the goose was coming up!”

Puddings will break, so will banks, and some say hearts—but that these things should happen for the *best*! Bless the little Scrap, what must his *worst* be!

CHARLES DICKENS.*

It was worthy of the wise youthfulness which is a beautiful characteristic of the genius of Mr. Dickens—worthy of the genial purposes which his writings aim so generally at serving—to give the world a little book about Christmas, illustrative of its true spirit, descriptive of its glowing features, and helping to bring closer together hundreds and hundreds of readers—all shaking with laughter, and some sprinkling a few tears over their ripe pleasure—in the enjoyment of a common sentiment. Kindly and wisely it was done; and so much has he had to do with the happy ending of the old year, that it is but grateful and honest to begin the new one with an acknowledgment of some of our later obligations.

When we pause, on opening a new year's account with the world, and glance back at the figures which make up the sum of our social profit and loss during the twelve months fled, we often find those figures shaping themselves into the forms of friends and acquaintances lost, drawn nearer to us, or altogether newly acquired, within the year reviewed. We estimate the extent of the damage sustained by death or absence in one case, the gain derived by half a dozen jovial acquisitions in another direction, the agreeable intimacy woven into a web of friendship (fast colours, warranted to wear) in a third quarter; the progress, perhaps, of the little affair of the heart in a fourth. But a monthly visitor, like this "Martin Chuzzlewit," introduces a sad perplexity into the account. Driving a nail pretty deep into the head last January, and giving it a hard hit once a month ever since, he is in many instances the author of a most ridiculous confusion in the brain; which, looking back, no longer separates the fictitious from the real. The literary and the social have become the same. The imagination seizes on some of the favourite characters, and regards them with the same force and entireness of identity with which it recognises the persons we met at Bloomsbury, or in Buckinghamshire, last spring or autumn.

Thus, many a reader of a sanguine and impressible turn has already, no doubt, reviewed the losses and acquisitions of the late year, in some fashion of this kind:

"Yes, let me see; there's poor Mr. Hickins gone since January, and old Anthony Chuzzlewit—I shall see them no more. Then, among the new acquaintances we have made—first of the disagreeables is that fellow Raffe, who defeated us in the lawsuit, and that old Peck-sniff—for old enough he is, though he talks of marriage—a man in whom one never could place the least reliance, and of whom I'm quite prepared to hear something shockingly bad before the year's out. Well, thank Heaven! as regards house-affairs, we have at last got rid of that odious creature, Sally, who broke every glass in the house, and tore up my 'Cyclopædias' to light the fire with; but then, we've got this Mrs. Gamp—Sairey, as she calls herself—and I suspect a pretty plague she'll turn out. The Howards, now—mustn't forget

* (1.) "Martin Chuzzlewit," Nos. I. to XII. (2.) "A Christmas Carol in Prose—a Ghost Story of Christmas."

them on the pleasant side—charming friends the Howards, and delightful were the trips to Twickenham we took; oh! and among one's agreeables, I'm sure we should include that poor Mr. Pinch! Dear fellow, why, I seem to have known him ever since I was a child. Yes, Pinch and his sister, one's glad to have met them, and hope we shall be a good deal more intimate yet. Bless my heart, what swarms of new acquaintances I found out last year!"

And what troops, multitudes, myriads of friends we may all find out and secure, simply by following the course of this blundering, yet correctly-reckoning reader of the sanguine turn!—by adding, that is to say, to our little store of wealth the boundless riches of imagination; by comprising in our sense of the realities of life, the fruits of the genius and observation ever toiling beneficently in our service; by counting among our practical gains of wisdom and experience the blessings to be gathered from such books as Dickens writes.

Few, we presume, would care to be told anything about Martin Chuzzlewit, his relatives, friends, and enemies, save what the author means to tell them in his future numbers. The readers are two-thirds through the story, and more anxious for a catastrophe than a criticism. We know enough of Martin and his compeers to feel sure that they all, months ago, obtained a footing in every circle where the happy family of fancy and matter-of-fact, to which they claim kindred, had been welcomed before; and equally certain we are, that, with distinctive features and qualities of their own, they could each and all of them establish their consanguinity before the most sceptical jury in the court of opinion. In brilliant delineation of life, in consistency of character, in dramatic dialogue—in humour, in terror, and, though not in the same degree, in pity—in the acting of passion upon passion, and the conflict of circumstance through which each agent has to fight his way to an end, this story bears the mark of the old masterly hand, impressed with original freshness and truth.

In one respect, if we observe not erringly, there is a quality of excellence in this work hardly discernible in any of Mr. Dickens's former stories. There is more art, more consistency and well-considered aim in working out the object—the characters, wonderfully various and often apparently opposite as they are, yet lead us to the idea that they are, for the most part, journeying to the same point by different roads—that a great purpose is kept in view; and though the design is not obtruded, we yet feel that it is there.

But this is a consideration for the end. At present, we can but go on, much musing about that old Anthony and his older clerk; shuddering at Jonas, and praying for mercy upon Merry; admiring Mr. Bailey beyond anything under the heaven that is above London; stretching out over the ocean our three thousand miles of arm towards Jefferson Brick; wishing next, with an intensity past expression, for an equal length of leg to run away from the delicate attentions of Sairey Gamp; longing, however, of all conceivable things, to get a single glimpse of her delicious friend, Mrs. Harris (who was very likely the real author of the "Letters of Junius," or some such person); and shaking hands with Tom Pinch, by the month, week, and hour.

Going on, above all—far above all—steeping ourselves to the lips in a full comprehension of the Pecksniffian philosophy—in a flood of light, flung by a series of simple, easy, but masterly efforts, upon all

the obscurest and rottenest parts of human nature—all that is lowest, most hideous, and yet least-bared, by the hands of ordinary writers, to the common eye, in that human nature, at which Pecksniff, only the other day, “shook his head, as if he didn’t belong to it.” But, confound him, he *does*. If he did not, what a leap we should all make back again towards Eden!

It is a remarkable tribute to the power with which this character is conceived and conducted, that before the intended full-length is much more than half-completed, things Pecksniffian, and Pecksniff-practices, are matters publicly spoken of as moral existences. We have read and heard allusions to them in grave political “leaders” and lectures deep in philosophy.

“The very sight,” said Pecksniff, in the last number, “the very sight of *skittles*, is far from being congenial to a delicate mind.” The reader feels, as he says it, that, skittle-bowl in hand, he should like to see the good man stuck up as the front pin!

People fancy, perhaps, that they thank Mr. Dickens enough for his “Prose Christmas Carol,” when they buy it; but they do not. They can’t be quite thankful until they have learnt all its leading lessons by heart. Those lessons lie deep in laughter and tears, and so commingled are they that sometimes it is very doubtful whether you laugh or cry—it is all a chance. But to read it without emotion, without excitement, without wonder—without putting one’s hand up sometimes to feel whether one has a head, or without being made conscious, ever and anon, of possessing the luxury of a heart by inward admonitory thumpings, is impossible. It is a little book not to be talked about or written of according to ordinary rules. It is not like the “Turkish Tales,” nor “Gulliver’s Travels,” nor the “Arabian Nights,” nor Professor Blank’s Political Economy, nor Anybody on Population, that we know of. But it is an excellent play, as Hamlet says, and Hamlet, deep in study at Elsinore, might have read every line of it twice over, and not have thought its warnings much less solemn than were afterwards those of the ghost that visited *him*.

It is easy to say what this ghost-story is not. It is not matter of fact, like the Cock-lane Ghost; it is not super-imaginative, like Blake’s famous Ghost of a Flea. It is a Ghost full of solidities. A Dream of Truth.

Most of our readers, perhaps, are in a condition to judge for themselves; others may suppose Mr. Dickens’s new performance to be a piece of rapturous pleasantry for the hour, or a German mysticism. Both guesses are wide of the mark. It is in prose, but imagined in a high spirit of poetry. It is in shape high fantastical, but it includes profound meanings, and takes a scope which learned quartos sometimes want.

A sordid money-grasper, one of the task-masters of life, having died and left his partner to the pursuit of wealth by the hardest means, visits him in ghostly guise one Christmas; and, in explaining the cause of his appearance, “making night hideous,” lays bare the whole foundation of the design. “It is required of every man,” said the ghost, “that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow men, and travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. It is doomed to wander

through the world, oh!—woe is me!—and witness what it cannot share, but might have shared on earth, and turned to happiness.” The evil-doing and the callous are, in their spiritual condition, condemned to the torture of seeking to interfere for good in human matters, having lost the power for ever.

The ghost of the money-grasper having taught his surviving partner and ex-brother in rascality what he is to expect, introduces to him on successive nights, three spirits of power; Christmas past, Christmas present, and Christmas to come. They in turn conduct the sinner to the innocent scenes of his youth on a Christmas-day; to a contemplation of Christmas as it is, in its infinite diversity, but especially in the excess of its enjoyment; and to a horrible end foreshadowed in the future. The money-loving mortal, wrought upon by these scenes, finds tears running out of his eyes like molten gold—his penitence, his agony, is wrought up to a crisis—and he wakes from a marvellous dream of darkness and light, demon and man, to make everybody happy that comes near him, and enjoy all the year round, yes, every-day of it, a glorious Christmas dinner.

Ah! what misery to tell such a story in this way! But how else is it to be done, unless we copy the book? What are we to do? Can we drag in the Ghost of Marley by the chain of padlocks, keys, purses, and cash-boxes? Can we order in the three spirits, as if they were only rum, brandy, and gin? Can we catch old Fezziwig by one of his calves, that, as he capered, flung a light-about the shop turned into a ball-room, and “shone in every part of the dance like moons?” Can we present him effecting his “cut” so deftly, that he seemed to “wink with his legs,” and came upon his feet without a stagger? Can we even secure his fiddler, just in the act of plunging his face into a pot of porter specially provided for that purpose? Is it possible to picture the great Cratchit dinner, the dinner of the joyous family, whose chief earns fifteen shillings a week? Oh, the Cratchits! We could not even squeeze in Tiny Tim upon his crutch, still less the little party scampering off to the wash-house to “hear the pudding singing in the copper;” nor Bob Cratchit, the father, preparing to carve, turning up his cuffs, “as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby.” Nor the goose—yes, positively, we must give the goose a turn, for it is a *rara avis* indeed.

“There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn’t believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavour, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by the apple-sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight, (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish,) they hadn’t ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular, were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows!”

But where is the pudding? What is goose without pudding? General Jackson without America, soy without turbot—for the old order of parallel will not do here.

“Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose: a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

“Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house, and a pastry cook’s next door to each other, with a laundress’s next door to that! That

was the pudding. In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered: flushed, but smiling proudly: with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quarter of ignited brandy, and bedighted with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

"Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing."

But all this is nothing, unless we could also slip in Scrooge's nephew, just to hear him laugh—and Scrooge's niece, with her little mouth "that seemed made to be kissed, and no doubt was"—and Scrooge's niece's sister, "the plump one with the lace tucker," whom Topper has got his eye upon, even when playing blindman.

"Stop! There was first a game at blindman's buff. Of course there was. And I no more believe Topper was really blind than I believe he had eyes in his boots. My opinion is, that it was a done thing between him and Scrooge's nephew; and that the Ghost of Christmas Present knew it. The way he went after that plump sister in the lace tucker, was an outrage on the credulity of human nature. Knocking down the fire-irons, tumbling over the chairs, bumping up against the piano, smothering himself among the curtains, wherever she went, there went he. He always knew where the plump sister was. He wouldn't catch anybody else. If you had fallen up against him, as some of them did, and stood there; he would have made a feint of endeavouring to seize you, which would have been an affront to your understanding; and would instantly have sidled off in the direction of the plump sister."

Wonderfully full of grace and animal spirits are all the scenes thus sketched; and profoundly beautiful is the reason given for playing forfeits. "It is good," says Mr. Dickens, with a seriousness touched with sacredness, though felt in a playful moment, "it is good to be children sometimes, *and never better than at Christmas, when its Mighty Founder was a child himself.*"

After this, which expresses the whole philosophy of the Ghost-story, we shall say no more of it, except that it is a carol not for age or for youth alone, but for both—not for Christmas only, but for every season, whether the sun shines, or the snow drifts. Mr. Leech has illustrated it most happily; his ghosts and shadows are as true as any of the choice corporeal pleasantries that figure in his brilliant scenes; and nothing could be more like life than these.

If the "Pickwick Papers" yet weave spells of merriment (and when can these fail?)—if Oliver retains something of his first grasp upon our affections, and Little Nell clings with a never-ending fondness round our necks, inseparable for ever; if Smike and Squeers have life left in them yet, and all the great lights and shadows of human existence playing round the Nicklebys, and their contemporaries, be anything more than the whims and wonders of a season,—then shall this carol be as surely heard and remembered a hundred Christmases to come. And may the wise and merry author of it live to see that we are no false prophets!

Our Library Table.

THE ROYAL TOUCH.

On Superstitions, connected with the History and Practice of Medicine and Surgery. By T. J. Pettigrew, F.R.S., F.S.A., &c. 1 vol. 8vo, pp. 167. J. Churchill.—“In wonder all philosophy began;” and it might also be added, superstition. Whatever balm or simple was used in the healing art, after its utility and advantages had not been established by experience, must have been so from credulity and superstition. The first use of curative agents—unless we admit, as was done by the ancients, that the knowledge of such was a divine gift—must have always been empirical, until proved by collections of facts. But while instinct teaches pasturing animals to avoid poisonous plants, and directs the dog to herbs which relieve its distress, man has, as in his clothing, and all other cases, been left to the far more divine gift of intelligence; and the quackery which, in the present day, affects to cure all disorders by one particular nostrum, stands by rejecting all previous experience, in the same relation to that kind of empiricism which must have preceded all knowledge, as those more striking and remarkable superstitions which shame the history of medical experience, as having had an easy credence yielded to them by numbers, sanction lent by time, importance attached by learning, and consequence added by power and even royalty, do with regard to the Baconian philosophy.

The first of the great superstitions which, for a time, filled the learned world, and influenced every grade of society, was undoubtedly alchymy, to which, with all its errors and follies, the first impetus given to chemistry may very properly be ascribed. Alchymy has, indeed, according to Mr. Pettigrew, been identified with chemistry. No wonder, since al chemia, “the occult or secret science”—the search after the philosopher’s stone—was never altered in its etymology till the prefixed article was removed, and it became chemistry. A more remote origin is however found, according to Mr. Pettigrew, in the name of Egypt—Cham, or Khamo; the meaning of which, in hieroglyphics, is black. Chemistry was certainly of Egyptian rather than Arabian origin, and its name is likely to have been originally Egyptian; but al-chymy, as introduced into Europe, had no further than an Arab origin, by which nation the science was most cultivated, and spread all over the globe.

The strong passions aroused by the hopes of discovering the secret of the transmutation of the baser metals into gold and silver, mingled in some with a still more imaginary and remote conquest over the laws of nature, in the possession of a cure to all diseases, and an infinite prolongation of life by means of a stone, so improperly termed the “philosopher’s,” enlisted all classes in the vain but inviting illusion of alchymical pursuits. In all cases, the credulity of man is measured by the benefits held forth; and that credulity was thus enhanced to the deepest dye of superstition, when as in this case, the benefits were of such miraculous advantage to the possessor. Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon, Raymund Lully, Paracelsus, and Van Helmont, have left behind them names immortalized by lives, which were but so many prolonged scientific dreams.

There were even royal alchymists; and Henry VI., according to Evelyn, as quoted by Mr. Pettigrew, endeavoured to recruit his empty coffers by recourse to alchymy, and even went so far as to proclaim to his subjects that the happy hour was drawing nigh when, by the discovery of the philosopher’s stone, he should be enabled to pay all the debts of the nation in real gold and silver.

Mr. Pettigrew remarks, p. 13, that “the vagaries of the philosophers, in search of the wonderful stone, to us of the present day appears an extraordinary

and almost inconceivable delusion." Yet there appeared scarcely a year ago, a series of advertisements in a popular periodical, to the effect that the "philosophical student or other pupil, desirous of extending his inquiries to the metallurgic operations of the Hermetic philosophers of the middle ages, as a source of *wealth*, may be inducted thereto, &c. Premium, two hundred guineas."

"If all you boast of your great art be true,
Sure, willing poverty lives most in you."—BEN JONSON.

Judicial astrology, notwithstanding the mental, as well as chemical amalgamations effected by the alchymists, who would make it part of their own studies, has, we think, different grounds for interest, if not credulity, than the search for the philosopher's stone. The connexions of man's life and the events that befall him with the decrees of fate, or the will of an all-wise providence, involve ideas of the possible expression of these, not so much in the occult laws of nature as in the more legible indications of astitial movements. It is a dream of a high and mysterious character, which, while it carries the intelligence to the realms of space, still teaches that it is subjected to the same order which belongs to all the phenomena of the universe. The existing astrologers of the East are men not without either knowledge or wisdom, but above all they have a sincere belief in their studies; and they never fail to express their deep-felt surprise that Europeans should have attained such perfection in practical astronomy, and yet make so little use of it, for the purpose of reading with more certainty the astrological indications of the heavens.*

The gathering of simples under certain aspects of the stars, and the assignment of different parts of the human body to the subjection of different planets, are but modifications of astrology, by which certain magical powers or charms were attached to often really efficacious substances, or these, in the words of Pliny, as quoted by our author, "fortified themselves by the help of astrology, and borrowed splendour and authority from religion." The influence of the moon over diseases is, however, a very generally admitted fact in the present day, and its power to produce disease is beyond controversy.

As, in early times, the art of healing was traced to a celestial origin, all knowledge was confined to the priests; and the greatest blessing gained to mankind was not only obscured, but often rendered useless by charms and incantations. So, in after times, notwithstanding the council of Laodicea (A.D. 366), which forbade the Christian priesthood the study and practices of enchantment, &c., the saints of the Romanists became as great enemies to the doctors as quacks and impostors are in the present day. They usurped the place of the zodiacal constellations in the governance of the various portions of the body; and St. Otilia supplanted Aries, in the superintendence of the head; St. Blasius took the neck instead of Taurus, &c.; and particular diseases were appropriated to particular saints—as inflammations to St. Anthony, sore eyes to St. Clara, &c.; a long and curious list of which is given by Mr. Pettigrew, and to which it may be added, that such superstitions are still in full force in many parts of the world. Particular saints are still addressed by Romanists for assistance in particular afflictions; and the tombs of different holy men in the East are still made the objects of pilgrimage for different classes of disorders.

Talismanic or cabalistic characters, according to Mr. Pettigrew, are still to be found on some of the oldest houses of Edinburgh. This is a curious propagation of a most ancient practice, and which is carried to its greatest extent in the well-known inscriptions on the Babylonian bricks. There also exists in Mesopotamia, a ruined city (Atra), where every stone of the palace, dwellings, tombs, and even of the ramparts, has its talism, or cabalistic sign, on it.

Amulet, like talisman, is another Arabic word, borrowed from the land of astrology and enchantment. The cylinders of the Chaldeans have had, from the Assyrian times downwards, a thousand representations of the same idea;

* Have we not a divine sanction for astrology in the star in the East? (Matt. ii. 2.)

and in the present day, the little horns of St. Hubert are sold as amulets in the fairs and markets of every town in the north of France; and the Abyssinian Christians carry about their persons a copy of the Gospel of St. John, from a somewhat similar superstition.

But, as originating in, and almost peculiar to this country, no superstition appertaining to the art of healing claims more interest, or is more worthy of consideration, than the "Royal Touch."

"But at his touch,
Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand,
They presently amend."

It is a practice which, as Mr. Pettigrew remarks, probably took its origin in the peculiar notions which obtain of the divine right and inheritance of kings,—the sanctity which invested royalty itself. The practice of the Royal Touch—no great honour to our wisdom—is admitted by him as of English growth; but this is a disputed question, for national pride will even dispute the honour of an absurdity; and Laurentius, the physician of Henry IV. of France, contends that the power belonged to the kings of France only, and that it descended to them by hereditary right and by sacred unction. But, on the other hand, the Rev. Dr. Tooker ascribes the power to the kings and queens of England, and denies it to those of France. Mr. Pettigrew has certainly rather accumulated doubts than satisfied us that Edward the Confessor practised it. He shews that such a supposition has to rely solely on William of Malmesbury for authority, and is not alluded to by those who were nearest to, and most personally conversant with, the monarch. He also makes it very plain, that the touching-piece found near Oxford, with the initials E. C. on it, could not have belonged to Edward, to whom the title of Confessor was not given till after his death.

No accounts whatsoever appear of its having been practised by the first four Norman kings; and in the reign of William III., it was on no occasion exercised. Queen Elizabeth was also averse to the practice, yet she extensively performed it. The practice attained its acme in the time of Charles II., particularly after his restoration, and it extended to the reign of Queen Anne. In Charles's time, Whitehall was made the principal scene of operations; on the days set apart for the practice, the palace was crowded with suppliants, till it became necessary only to admit a certain number at a time, and a public register of the cases was kept.

The same argument which is used by the animal magnetists in the present day was also made use of to prove the validity of the Royal Touch. "To dispute the matter-of-fact," says William of Malmesbury, as quoted by Mr. Pettigrew, "is to go to the excesses of scepticism, to deny our senses, and be incredulous even to ridiculousness." An alchemist of old said, incredulity was given to man as a punishment; and the magnetists assert, after Dr. Chalmers, that what has been seen by one pair of human eyes, is of force to countervail all that has been reasoned or guessed at by a thousand human understandings; but they forget that the eyes may mislead if the judgment is weak, and effects are too hastily deduced from causes. The fact is, that unlimited scepticism is as much the part of a contracted mind, which reasons upon imperfect or superficial data, as unbounded credulity is the part of a weak mind which never thinks nor reasons at all. It is one of the direct and real advantages to be derived from such a history of superstitions as is here presented to us, that we are thereby enabled to judge how far, in other and analogous cases, our own knowledge and extent of observation is sufficient to enable us to determine the standard and test of probability.

Royal touch-pieces came into vogue in the time of Charles II. They commonly bear St. Michael and the Dragon on one side, and a ship on the other; examples of which are engraved in Mr. Pettigrew's work, as are also examples of touch-pieces of the time of James II. and of Queen Anne. And our author's industry has enabled him to add what he considers to be a touch-piece of the Pretender. He has also, by a curious fact adduced in his work,

shewn that Sir Thomas Browne did not introduce the Royal Touch into his vulgar errors, because he had apparently some distant faith in it. It is to be remarked here, that the name given to the malady which was most generally cured by the King's Touch has led to a frequently erroneous acceptance of the words King's Evil, as expressive of a disease appertaining to royalty, instead of a disease cured by the Royal Touch.

After such interesting matter, we must fain pass over Valentine Greatrake's cures and the sympathetic cure of wounds. In this latter, the axe or sword which had inflicted the wound was carefully anointed and wrapt up in a closet, or the garter which had bound the wound was washed in medicated waters, and the wounded person got well.

"Anoint the sword which pierced him with this weapon,
Salve and wrap it close from air,"

says *Ariel*, in Dryden's "Tempest."

Mr. Pettigrew believes that the doctrine of adhesion sprang from so simple a source as this sympathetic cure; and with this fact, we recommend this truly interesting work, especially to those of whom Southey said, "Man is a dupeable animal—quacks in medicine, quacks in religion, and quacks in politics know this, and act upon that knowledge. There is scarcely any one who may not, like a trout, be taken by tickling."

THE LATE MRS. BULWER LYTTON.—We see with regret in the obituary the name of Mrs. Bulwer Lytton, the relict of General Bulwer, and heiress to the ancient mansion and estates of Knebworth, in Herts. She was the mother of the recently-appointed ambassador at Madrid, and of Sir Edward Bulwer, who succeeds to Knebworth, which he has described with so just a pride in its antiquity and beauty, and so keen a sense of the early and not unrealized dreams indulged among its tranquil shades. The mistress of Knebworth (says a contemporary) has left a name there more distinguished than ancestry could render it—one that is adorned by numberless deeds of private benevolence, and by the practice of every virtue. Her charities were unostentatious and extensive. A donation of a thousand guineas in aid of the "Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," is among the recent proofs of her munificence; and an almshouse for the widows of the poor she just lived to complete and endow. Not her just and charitable spirit only, but her literary accomplishments, have been, in some passages of his writings, alluded to by Sir Edward, as influencing his early character and directing his taste and studies. In the beautiful dedication of his works to his mother, he says—"From your graceful and accomplished taste I early learned that affection for literature which has exercised so large an influence over the pursuits of my life; and you who were my first guide were my earliest critic." Alluding to her own gentle and polished verses, he says—"It was those easy lessons, far more than the harsher rudiments learned subsequently in schools, that taught me to admire and to imitate." And he adds to this a reverential acknowledgment of the qualities, compared with which all literary accomplishments are poor. "Happy, while I borrowed from your taste, could I have found it not more difficult to imitate your virtues—your spirit of active and extended benevolence, your cheerful piety, your considerate justice, your kindly charity—and all the qualities that brighten a nature more free from the thought of self than any it has been my lot to meet with." Mrs. Bulwer Lytton's father was a great scholar, the first Hebraist of his day, and above Porson himself, in the judgment of Parr. He wrote dramas in Hebrew, and consigned his estate to stewards and decay. The energy of his daughter, left a widow in her youth, employed itself in the restoration of Knebworth. This old manorial seat (says its present possessor, in a beautiful paper descriptive of the scenes of his youth) was formerly of vast extent, "built round a quadrangle at different periods, from the date of the second crusade to that of the reign of Elizabeth. It was in so ruinous a condition when she came to its possession, that three sides of it were obliged to be pulled down; the fourth, yet remaining, is in itself a house larger than most in the county, and still contains the old oak hall, with its lofty ceiling and raised music-gallery. The park has something of the character of Penshurst; and its venerable avenues, which slope from the house down the gradual declivity, giving wide views of the opposite hills, crowned with cottages and spires, impart to the scene that peculiarly English, half-stately and wholly-cultivated character, upon which the poets of Elizabeth's day so much loved to linger."

Saint James's:
OR
THE COURT OF QUEEN ANNE.

BY THE EDITOR.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

IN WHICH THE MARQUIS EXHIBITS HIS TALENT FOR DOUBLE-DEALING.

ANOTHER attempt was made by Harley to bring about a reconciliation between Abigail and Masham, but it proved as unsuccessful as the first. The young equerry was so piqued, that he devoted himself exclusively to the beautiful Countess of Sunderland, who, having received a hint to that effect from her mother, took care not to discourage his attentions, and finally carried him away in triumph with her and the earl to supper. Foiled in this quarter, Harley turned to Abigail; but she was equally engrossed by the marquis, laughed loudly at his remarks, and appeared so much amused and interested by him, that the secretary was completely puzzled, and began to consider what course he should adopt.

“If she really likes Guiscard,” he thought, “I must make a friend of him betimes. But I cannot believe it. She admitted to me that she was pleased with Masham—and her looks said more than her words. And yet she acts in this unaccountable manner. But a woman never knows her own mind for an hour together, and why should I expect more from her than from the rest of her sex? I never knew a plot miscarry, but a woman had some share in it. I have no special regard for Masham, but he would be better than this intriguing Frenchman, who will speedily ruin Abigail and himself. And this the duchess well knows, and therefore she befriends him. I must put an end to this silly scene at once.”

But he found it no such easy matter. Abigail would neither attend to his glances, nor listen to his whispered remonstrances, and he was forced to retire in some confusion, for he felt that the eyes of the duchess were upon him. Venting his anger in muttered maledictions against the sex, he returned to the green closet, which was now entirely deserted, and pondered over what had occurred, and upon the best means of retaliating upon his enemy.

While occupied with these reflections, he was surprised by the entrance of Guiscard, and the Comte de Briançon. The latter threw himself into a chair near the picquet table, and taking

up the cards, affected to examine them, while the marquis hastily advanced to Harley.

"What! quitted your fair partner already, marquis?" cried the secretary. "I thought it was an engagement for the evening."

"Miss Hill has rejoined the queen," answered Guiscard, "and, seeing you enter this room, I thought it a favourable opportunity to have a word with you, Mr. Harley."

The secretary bowed somewhat stiffly.

"I have reason to think my attentions are not disagreeable to Miss Hill," pursued the marquis; "you are her cousin, Mr. Harley."

"Miss Hill will dispose of herself without consulting me, marquis," replied the secretary, drily; "but you had better address yourself to her other cousin, the Duchess of Marlborough."

"I am sure of the duchess' consent," rejoined Guiscard; "but, as I have a particular regard for you, Mr. Harley, and would not do anything for the world disagreeable to you, I wish to ascertain your sentiments as to the connexion."

"The alliance is too advantageous, and too exalted, not to be gratifying to me, marquis," said Harley, sarcastically.

"Apart from my regard for Miss Hill," continued Guiscard, "one of my chief pleasures in the union,—should I be so fortunate as to obtain her hand,—will be that it will enable me to serve you, Mr. Harley, as effectually as I desire to do."

"Really, marquis, I am more indebted to you than I can well express," rejoined Harley, in a tone of incredulous contempt; "but I apprehend that your understanding with a certain great lady, with whom I have the misfortune to differ on some points, will rather interfere with your obliging desire to serve me."

"There is no understanding between the duchess and me, I assure you, Mr. Harley," replied Guiscard, "or if there is," he added, lowering his tone, and assuming a confidential manner, "I do not consider myself bound by it. The duchess only uses me for her own purposes, and I am, therefore, under no obligation to her. But I *could* be grateful to him who would serve me from a better motive."

"You would need a clearer lantern than that of Diogenes to find out a disinterested friend at a court, marquis," replied Harley, with a sneer. "If I were to aid you, it would be upon the same terms as the duchess."

"Will you aid me upon her terms?" asked Guiscard, eagerly.

"Hum!" exclaimed Harley. "What faith have I in your professions?"

"This is no place for explanation, sir," replied Guiscard, hurriedly and earnestly, "but though my conduct may appear to you that of a double-dealer, I can easily prove my sincerity. Our sentiments on many points, I know to be the same. We have each of us a secret regard for an exiled family——"

"Hush!" exclaimed Harley, raising his finger to his lips, and glancing uneasily at the Comte de Briançon, whose back was towards them, and who still appeared occupied with the cards.

"He hears us not," said Guiscard, "and if he does, nothing is to be feared from him. He is in my confidence. Whenever you please, you shall receive satisfactory assurances of my good faith, and, in the meantime, I entreat you to place reliance in me. Motives of policy, which must be obvious to you, have induced me to join, apparently, with the duchess. I now offer myself to you, being persuaded that without you I shall never obtain Miss Hill's hand."

"It would be unfair to contradict you, marquis," replied the secretary. "Without my aid, I do not think you will."

"Then hear me, Mr. Harley," said Guiscard; "if I am successful in obtaining my object through you, I will devote myself wholly to your service. If you do not drive out Lord Godolphin, and occupy his post, it shall not be my fault."

"While you and Madame la Maréchale supplant the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, eh, marquis! Egad, Saint James's will then really boast its Concini and Galigai, and our gracious sovereign will shine forth a second Marie de Medicis."

"Sir!" exclaimed Guiscard, angrily.

"Nay, I am but jesting," replied Harley, seriously. "I must have time to think the matter over. You have taken me by surprise. Come to me to-morrow, and you shall have an answer."

"At what hour?" asked the marquis.

"About noon," replied Harley.

"I will not fail," said Guiscard; "and remember that it rests with yourself to make me an assured friend or a determined enemy."

"I perfectly understand you, marquis," rejoined Harley; "and now we will separate, or we may be observed. Ah! the duchess."

"What! in close conference with Mr. Harley, marquis?" cried the duchess, entering the closet. "You are talking treason, I am certain."

"Not of your grace, at all events," replied Guiscard, with perfect assurance; "nor, indeed, of any one. Mr. Harley has been professing an obliging interest in my suit to Miss Hill."

"And you believe him?" said the duchess. "If he speaks the truth, he must have suddenly changed his mind."

"Sudden changes of opinion *do* occur, your grace," rejoined the secretary.

"You are right," replied the duchess, significantly. "And it is well when we know from the first, whom we have to deal with," she added, glancing at Guiscard. "One cannot then be deceived."

"True," replied the marquis. "She suspects me," he added, to himself.

At this moment, the queen and her ladies, together with the prince and his attendants, entered the closet, and while Anne seated herself on the fauteuil, the duchess drew near the Earl of Sunderland, and said to him, in an under-tone—

“I have just overheard a perfidious proposal made by Guiscard to Harley. Whether it has been accepted or not I could not ascertain. But it is clear the fellow is not to be trusted.”

“I could have told your grace that before,” replied the earl; “but he will answer your present purpose as well as a better man, and will be more easily shaken off afterwards. It will enchant me if he persuades Harley to league with him. There can be little doubt then of the match taking place, and equal certainty of Abigail’s immediate dismissal. To further this, let me entreat you not to let either Guiscard or Harley perceive that you suspect the existence of an understanding between them. Both are eyeing you narrowly.”

The duchess nodded, and quitting her son-in-law, beckoned the marquis to her, and by the carelessness of her manner, and the friendly remarks she made upon the prosperous progress of his suit with Abigail, speedily removed his misgivings. Not so Harley. His constant practice of dissimulation rendered him distrustful of others, and he said to himself—

“I am not to be so easily duped. I saw by the duchess’s looks when she came in, that she had overheard what passed between us, or suspected it, and set down Guiscard as a traitor. She has changed her plans since, probably owing to Sunderland’s advice. But it wont do—at least with me. What if I mislead them, and seem to combine with this intriguing Frenchman? It shall be so. Where practicable, one should never fail to play off an adversary’s card against himself.”

Soon after this the queen retired, the company dispersed, and the duchess returned to Marlborough House well satisfied with the result of her schemes.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

A PEEP BELOW STAIRS AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

ON the morning after the ball at the palace, and just as the clock of old Saint Martin’s Church (for the present structure was not then erected) was striking eight, Mr. Thomas Proddy, the queen’s coachman, issued from the Royal Mews at Charing Cross, and bent his steps towards Marlborough House. A little man was Mr. Proddy—a very little man—but great, exceedingly great, in his own estimation; indeed, it may be doubted whether the lord-treasurer entertained a higher opinion of his post or himself, than did Mr. Proddy. Nature had been singularly kind to him, and if she did not actually design him for his exalted situation, she formed him in such a manner as ensured his elevation to it. She coloured his gills with the blushing hues ordinarily

bestowed by her on the turkey-cock; moulded him after the fashion of the Bacchus on a rum-puncheon; and kindly limited his growth to four feet nothing. Not insensible, it has been said, to these natural advantages, was Mr. Proddy. No man was prouder of his calves than he was, or set greater value on his paunch, or took more pains to nourish the genial tinting of his cheek. He felt it incumbent upon him to strut in his gait, when called upon by necessity to walk; to nod slightly, very slightly—if he encountered a friend; to eye disdainfully all other persons who might cross his path; and to cock his nose, which being small and snubby, suited the action well, and thrust out his under lip and double-chin in a manner that should leave no one in doubt as to his self-importance. Great was little Mr. Proddy on his feet, but he was greater far on the box. To see him seated on the hammer-cloth of the royal state-carriage, in all the glories of his rich livery, his laced three-cornered hat, his bouquet, and his flaxen wig, contrasting so happily with his rubicund face, with his little fat legs fixed upon the splashing-board, and his eight milk-white horses in hand,—this was a sight worth beholding. All the dignity of all the coachmen in the kingdom seemed then to be concentrated in Mr. Proddy. He was deaf to the shouts of admiring crowds; but you saw a smile of ineffable consequence irradiate his cheek and chin, and twinkle in his round protruding eyes, while he now and then addressed a brief injunction to the grooms at the horses' heads in the tone of a general issuing orders to his aides-de-camp. Once, and once only, did he forget himself, and this was on the occasion of the queen's recent visit to Saint Paul's, to return thanks for the victory of Ramilies, when the name of Proddy being shouted forth in feminine accents near Temple Bar, he looked up for a moment, and recognising some familiar face, winked in reply. But this discomposure was momentary, and is merely mentioned to shew that the great are not entirely free from the infirmities that beset other less distinguished mortals. We must now follow Mr. Proddy up Pall Mall, along which he was slowly marching, or to speak more correctly, waddling, with one hand thrust up to the thumb in his waistcoat-pocket, and the other sustaining the stem of a yard of clay, from which he was drawing huge whiffs, and expelling them at the noses of the casual passengers. The hour being early, he was somewhat in dishabille, and wore only a white calico jacket, crimson plush breeches, and stockings drawn above the knee. His shirt was unbuttoned, and as his little white wig merely covered the top of his head, it gave to view the back of a neck, precisely resembling in colour and expanse the same region in a scalded pig. Then he had a velvet cap, bound with gold, with an immense neb. On arriving at the first street running into Saint James's-square, Mr. Proddy halted, and dispatched a youthful shoe-black, who had posted himself there with his implements, for a mug of ale; armed with which he crossed over the way, and entered the gates of Marlborough House.

Descending the area, Mr. Proddy paused for a moment at the open door of a room adjoining the kitchen, where a prodigious clatter of knives and forks arose from a side-table, at which a number of servants were seated, headed by a stout, red-faced personage, in a white nightcap, white jacket, and white apron, who was occupied, at the moment, in carving a magnificent sirloin of beef.

"What, hard at work, I perceive, Mr. Fishwick," said Proddy, nodding graciously at the cook; "beginning the day well."

"Tolerably, Mr. Proddy—tolerably," replied Fishwick, returning the other's salutation by taking off his nightcap, and replacing it on his bald pate. "Wont you sit down, sir, and eat a mouthful with us? This beef is delicious, and as fat and juicy as a haunch o' ven'son."

"I've not much appetite, Mr. Fishwick," returned Proddy, despondingly;—"not much, sir."

"Sorry to hear it," said Fishwick, shaking his head. "Should be afraid I was in a bad way, if I made a poor breakfast. Sit down and try. Here's a cold pork-pie—or some fried sassaages, or a slice of ham or tongue may tempt you."

"Take a cup o' chocolate with me, Mr. Proddy," said a buxom, middle-aged woman, who might possibly be the under-housekeeper, at the lower end of the table, "it'll fortify you."

"Better have a dish o' tea with me, Mr. Proddy," interposed a much younger person, with a good deal of the air of a lady's-maid in her dress and manner; "it's good for the narves, you know."

"Obleeged to you, Mrs. Tipping; and to you, too, Mrs. Plumpton," replied Proddy; "but I'm not troubled with narves, and I don't want fortifyin'. Thank'ee all the same as though I did. But I'll tell 'ee what I *will* take, Mr. Fishwick, if you'll allow me, and that's a toast with my ale."

"You shall have it in a trice," replied the cook, issuing the necessary orders to one of his subalterns. And having done this, he relinquished his knife and fork to a footman near him, and went up to Proddy.

"Truth is, I drank rather too much punch last night, Mr. Fishwick," said the latter, in a low tone, "in wishin' the queen—God bless her!—many happy returns of the day; and I feel rather queasy this mornin', in consequence. Serjeant Scales and I supped together, and right jolly we were, I can promise you. We became sworn brothers at last, and I'm come to talk matters over wi' him now. Adzookers, he's a man of information, the serjeant."

"By the mass, is he!" returned Fishwick—"a man of parts, as one may say. He loves his glass a little too well; but that's his only fault."

"I cannot account that a fault, Fishwick," rejoined Proddy. "Serjeant Scales seems of a cheerful and convivial turn, like myself. But nothin' more,—nothin' more."

"Far be it from me to blame him for his conviviality," said the cook, laughing. "He's a pleasant man always; but never so pleasant as over a glass, for then he loves to fight his battles over again; and to hear him tell what he has seen and done is as good as reading a newspaper. Lord love you, he has been with the duke in all his campaigns in the Low Countries, and elsewhere, and has received as many as seventeen wounds in different parts of the body! I've seen 'em myself, so I can speak to it. He has a bullet in each of his legs, and another in his shoulder; and you yourself must have remarked the great cut across his nose. I believe his nose was sliced right off, and afterwards pieced to the face; but however that may be, he had the satisfaction of killing the Bavarian dragoon that wounded him. As to the Mounseers, he has sent a score of 'em, at least, to the devil. He hates a Frenchman as heartily as he loves brandy."

"I honour him for the feeling, Mr. Fishwick," said Proddy. "I hate them Mounseers myself consumedly."

"The serjeant's a perfect gazette in himself," pursued Fishwick, "and can relate all the duke said at this place, and all he did at that; how he marched here, and encamped there; what force he had at all his engagements; how he planned his battles, and what skilful manœuvres he executed; how if numbers could have gained the day, the French ought to have beaten *him*, but how, on the contrary, they always got beaten *themselves*. In short, he'll shew you as plain as a pikestaff what it is that makes the Duke of Marlborough the great general he is."

"I can tell you that, Fishwick"—rejoined Proddy;—"it's skill. Just the same as makes me a better coachman than any other man. The duke is cut out for the head of an army, just as I'm cut out for the queen's coach-box."

"Exactly!" replied Fishwick, scarcely able to suppress a laugh. "But I haven't quite done with the serjeant yet. His memory's so good, that he can tell you how many of the enemy were killed in each battle—how many standards were taken, how many cannon, how many firelocks, how many swords, how many pikes, gorgets, and bayonets—and I shouldn't wonder if he could give a shrewd guess at the number of bullets fired."

"The serjeant's a wonderful man, Mr. Fishwick," observed Proddy, in admiration.

"You may say that, Mr. Proddy," returned the cook—"he is a wonderful man. I don't know such another. You'll see his room presently, and you'll find it a perfect museum."

"He told me he had something to shew me," said Proddy.

"And he told you the truth," rejoined Fishwick. "The duke is uncommonly partial to the serjeant, and chooses to have him constantly near him, and having perfect confidence in him, employs him on any business where secrecy is required. The serjeant, on his part, shews his attachment to his noble master in a curious way. He wont let any one clean his boots but himself."

"Just like me!" cried Proddy. "I wouldn't let any one clean the queen's carriage but myself. The serjeant's a man after my own heart."

"The serjeant is too fond of drumming to please me," remarked Mrs. Tipping, who being a lady's maid was somewhat of a fine lady herself. "Rat-a-tat-atat-atat,—rat-a-tat-atat-atat! he's at it from mornin' to night, so that it's a mercy the drums of one's ears ain't split with the noise. I wonder my lady stands it. I'm sure I wouldn't, if I were a duchess."

"The duchess is a soldier's wife, Mrs. Tipping," said the cook, in a tone of slight rebuke; "and our noble master is indulgent to his faithful follower, and humours his whims. The serjeant, you must know, Mr. Proddy, first served as a drummer, and though he has risen as you see, he still loves his old occupation."

"Quite nat'ral, Mr. Fishwick," replied Proddy; "an old coachman always likes the smack of the whip."

"Well, my dear, if you object to the serjeant's drumming," remarked Mrs. Plumpton to Mrs. Tipping; "I'm sure you can't find fault with his singing. He's as melojus as a nightingale."

"He croaks like a raven, in my opinion," rejoined pretty Mrs. Tipping; "but we can easily understand why *you* find his singing so sweet, Mrs. Plumpton."

"And why, pray, I should like to know, Mrs. Saucebox?" cried the housekeeper, angrily.

"Fie, ladies, fie!" interposed Fishwick — "quarrelling so early in the day. Mr. Proddy will have a pretty idea of your tempers."

"I should be ashamed to quarrel with a creature like Tipping," cried Mrs. Plumpton; "but if it must be told, there was a time when sheliked both the serjeant's drumming and singing."

"I wont degrade myself by answering a spiteful old thing like Plumpton," replied Mrs. Tipping, "but I cast her vile insinuations in her teeth. Like his drumming and singing, forsooth! Marry, come up! she'll try to persuade you I like the serjeant himself next."

"So you do," retorted Mrs. Plumpton; "so you do! And you're jealous of his attentions to me, though I'm sure I give him no encouragement. And that's why you abuse him so."

"Ladies, ladies, I must again call you to order," cried Fishwick. "It's a pity that a question of harmony, like the present, should lead to discord—ha! ha! But here's the toast, Mr. Proddy. If you wish to see the serjeant, I'll shew you the way to his room."

Plunging the toast into the ale, and swallowing a huge mouthful or two, Mr. Proddy left the rest to soak, and resuming his pipe, which he had replenished during the preceding discourse, followed his conductor down a passage, leading apparently to the other side of the house. They had not proceeded far, when their ears were saluted with the loud rattan of a drum.

“That’s the serjeant,” cried Fishwick, with a laugh; “you’ll have no difficulty in finding him now.”

Whereupon he retraced his steps, while the other proceeded in the direction of the sound, which grew louder and louder each moment, until, as he reached a small chamber whence it issued, he was well-nigh stunned.

Rat-a-tat-atat-a-r-r-r-r-a-r-a—Rat-a-tat-atat-a-r-r-r-r-a-r-a!

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

SHEWING HOW THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH’S BOOTS WERE CLEANED.

“WHAT a devil of a din,” thought Proddy. “I begin to think Mrs. Tipping was right. The serjeant is *rayther* too fond of drumming. I’ve come at an unlucky moment. But it can’t last for ever.”

It lasted longer than he expected though, and became so intolerably loud towards the close, that he wondered whether he should ever hear distinctly afterwards. The door being partially open, gave to view a sparely-made but athletic-looking man, who must have been more than six feet high when he stood erect, seated on a joint stool, with a large drum between his legs, which he was beating in the furious manner above described. Little flesh, but a vast deal of muscle, had Serjeant Scales; his hands were large and bony, so were his feet, so was his face, and his whole frame seemed knotted and compact, and built for a stout resistance against attacks of all kinds, whether from without or within. That he must have undergone much wear and tear was evident; but the freshness of his complexion, which was streaked with red, like an apple, bore testimony that neither the fatigues of a soldier’s life, nor the addiction to good liquor, which was laid to his charge, had impaired his constitution. His nose was of unusual magnitude, and it was probably owing to its prominence that he had received the severe cut across it, which had so nearly robbed him of this remarkable feature. Nothing, indeed, but the skill of the surgeon of the regiment saved him from complete disfigurement, for his nose had actually been sliced off, and was only found and re-applied to the face some little time after its excision.* The restoration, however, was perfect; and though the point of junction to the parent stock could certainly be discovered, the nose was as firmly fixed, as ornamental, and as useful to all intents and purposes as ever. The serjeant had a pair of kindly grey eyes, shaded by grizzled brows; his forehead was bald and scarred in several places, while a black patch just above the left temple shewed where a

* Some curious cases, in which severed noses have been successfully restored, are mentioned in Mr. PETTIGREW’S recent very amusing treatise on “*Medical Superstitions*.”

recent wound had been received. There was an air of military cleanliness about him. His face was shaved with scrupulous nicety, the scanty locks that graced the sides of his head were carefully powdered, and a tolerably thick pig-tail hung down his shoulders. A regimental waistcoat of blue cloth, fitting tight to the shape, and braided with white at the pockets and button-holes; tight white gaiters, ascending above the knee, and fastened beneath it with a black strap; square-toed shoes; a leathern stock; and a little cap of the same material, constituted his attire.

At the further end of the room hung two prints, the one representing the victory of Ramilies, in which the prowess of the British troops was represented in a very lively manner, and the other being a plan of the battle of Blenheim. Underneath was a map of the Netherlands, and a plan of the camp and entrenchments on the Schellenberg. Between these plans, from a peg, hung the serjeant's regimental coat, carefully brushed, and with the buttons polished as bright as silver, together with his three-cornered hat. On the left stood a large black military chest, with the owner's name inscribed upon it. Above it was a print of the recent royal visit of thanksgiving to Saint Paul's. Opposite was a portrait of the Duke of Marlborough on horseback, enveloped in clouds of smoke, and calling to his men to charge. Near the duke was a broken sword, to which, doubtless, some history was attached; and beneath the sword hung a pair of buff-coloured, and seemingly blood-stained gloves, and a meer-schaum. There were also two other caricatures, purporting to be portraits of Marshals Villars and Tallard, placed, intentionally no doubt, immediately under the picture of their great conqueror. From the centre of the roof hung, suspended by a stout cord, a twenty-pound-weight piece of shot. On a small deal table, on the right, stood a pair of jack-boots, (whose, Mr. Proddy could easily divine,) a pot of blacking, a box of brushes, a pair of spurs, a knife, and some other trifling matters. On the floor lay a piece of music recently composed, and entitled, "A new health to the Duke of Marlborough in three glasses," a map of Flanders, and a roll of popular ballads.

Having finished his reveillé, very much, as it appeared, to his own satisfaction, the serjeant got up, and putting the drum aside, proceeded to tie an apron round his waist. After which, he took up a boot and began to brush it, clearing up his pipes at the same time for the following stave:

MARLBROOK TO THE WARS IS COMING.

MARLBROOK to the wars is coming!
 I fancy I hear his drumming;
 'Twill put an end to the mumming
 Of our priest-ridden Monarque!
 For the moment he enters Flanders,
 He'll scare all our brave commanders,
 They'll fly like so many ganders,
 Disturb'd by a mastiff's bark.

He comes;—and at SCHELLENBERG licks 'em
 At BLENHEIM next, how he kicks 'em,
 And on RAMILLIES' plain how he sticks 'em
 With bay'net to the ground!
 For says he, "Those saucy Mounseers,
 I'll thoroughly—thoroughly trounce, sirs,
 As long as there's an ounce, sirs,
 Of powder to be found.

Now he's gone home so jolly,
 And we're left melancholy,
 Lamenting of our folly
 That such a part we took.
 For bitterly has he drubb'd us,
 And cruelly has he snubb'd us,
 And against the grain has rubb'd us,
 This terrible Turk, MARLBROOK.

We hope he'll never come back, sirs,
 Our generals to attack, sirs,
 And thrash them all in a crack, sirs,
 As he has done before.
 But in case QUEEN ANNE should send him,
 We trust she'll kindly lend him,
 Some Tories* to attend him,
 Then he'll return no more!

At the close of the ditty, Mr. Proddy walked into the room.

"Serjeant Scales, your most obedient," he said; "man of my word, you see."

"So I perceive," rejoined the serjeant; "glad to see you. How are you, comrade? Excuse me. Can't shake hands. Busy."

"Don't mind me," replied Proddy; "*I'm* never interrupted. Go on."

"I like the sentiment," rejoined the serjeant. "Take a seat. This stool."

"Thank'ee, no," replied Proddy. "I prefer sitting here." And setting the mug on the chest, he clambered up beside it with some difficulty. When he was comfortably settled, the serjeant remarked—

"You know what I hold in my hand, comrade?"

The coachman nodded, significantly.

"Yes, it's HIS boot, comrade—HIS boot!" cried the serjeant, emphatically. "I should like to see any man clean this boot but me."

"So I always say, when I wash down the royal carriage," observed Mr. Proddy. "'I should like to see any man clean this carriage but me.' That's my observation."

"But the duke is the duke," cried the serjeant, not quite pleased with the remark.

"And the queen is the queen," retorted Proddy.

* It will be remembered that the Tories of those days were pretty nearly the Whigs of ours; and that they were violently opposed to Marlborough, and the war with France.

"But which is the greater?" demanded Scales, with some asperity. "Which is the greater, I ask?"

"Why the queen, to be sure," replied Proddy.

"No such thing," rejoined the serjeant. "The duke is the greater. Where 'ud the queen be without him? Doesn't he win all her battles for her?—doesn't he keep her on her throne?—doesn't he direct everything? Zounds, comrade, doesn't he govern the kingdom?"

"Not that I'm aware of," replied Proddy, opening his round eyes to their widest extent; "but they say the duchess does."

"Proddy, you're a Tory," said the serjeant, disdainfully.

"Dash my wig, if I am," replied Proddy; "but though I like the duke, I must stick up for my royal missis."

"Well, you're right," returned the serjeant, after a pause; "and I like you the better for it. Give us your hand, my boy. And now look at this boot, Proddy. Observe it well. Do you see anything extraordinary about it?"

"About the heel, or the toe?" asked the coachman.

"You're devoid of soul to make such a reply, Proddy," said the serjeant. "This is a remarkable boot—a very remarkable boot—an historical boot, as I may say. It was worn by the Duke of Marlborough at the battle of Ramilies."

"Odsbodikins! you don't say so," exclaimed the coachman.

"Yes, I do," replied Scales; "and I could say a great deal more about it, if I chose. But that one fact's enough."

"I suppose he wore t'other boot at the battle o' Blenheim," remarked the coachman, innocently.

"Nonsense," cried the serjeant, angrily. And brushing away at the boot with great vigour, to hide his vexation, he once more lifted up his voice in song:

KING FROG AND QUEEN CRANE.

Old King Frog, he swore begar!

Croakledom cree!—croakledom croo!

That he with Queen Crane would go to war,

Blusterem boo!—thrusterem through!

With that, he summoned his fiercest Frogs,

With great cock'd hats, and with queues like logs,

And says he, "Thrash these Cranes, you ugly dogs!

Sing, Ventre-saint-gris!—Parbleu!"

To fight they went; but alack! full soon,

Croakledom cree!—croakledom croo!

Messieurs the Frogs they changed their tune,

Of blusterem boo!—thrusterem through!

For Queen Crane had a leader stout and strong,

With a bill like a fire-spit, six yards long,

And the Froggies he gobbled up all day long,

With their "Ventre-saint-gris!—Parbleu!"

"Bravo, serjeant," exclaimed Proddy. "You sing as well as you drum. The drum's a warlike instrument, serjeant."

"I believe you," replied Scales, with sudden animation, "the

most warlike instrument as is, except the fife. But I prefer the drum. You should hear me beat the different calls, comrade."

"How many calls may there be, serjeant?" asked Proddy.

"I never counted 'em," replied Scales; "but let me see—there's the morning call, or reveillée—one; the assembly call, for the troops to fall in—two; foot-march—three; and there used to be another beat, called the long-march, for the men to club their fire-locks—that may count as four; then there's the grenadier's march—five; the retreat——"

"You never beat that, I'm sure, serjeant," interposed Proddy.

"Often," replied Scales; "though not in the way you imagine. The retreat is beaten at sunset, or gun-fire, when the pickets are formed, that makes six; the tattoo, seven; the call to arms—the church call—the pioneer's call—the serjeant's call—the drummer's call—the preparative, which gives the signal to the men to get ready for firing—the chammade, which means that a parley is desired—and the rogue's march, which is beaten when a soldier is drummed out of the regiment. In all, fifteen."

"You amaze me!" said Proddy. "I should as soon ha' thought o' there bein' fifteen different ways of cracking a whip."

"So there are, no doubt, to him who can find 'em out," observed Scales, somewhat contemptuously. And having polished the boot to his entire satisfaction, he put it carefully down on the floor, and took up the other.

"I say, serjeant," cried Proddy, "do you know what you're doin'?" "You'll spoil that map."

"Never mind if I do, comrade," replied Scales, smiling. "It's not by accident that map of Flanders lies there. And it's not by accident that the Duke of Marlborough's boot is set upon it."

"I take," cried Proddy. "You mean to shew that the duke has planted his foot on Flanders, and crushed it down."

"Exactly," replied the serjeant. "You've hit the mark as neatly as I did the Bavarian trooper, at the Battle of Schellenberg, when he was in the act of levelling a pistol at the duke's head. That boot precisely covers Bruges, Ghent, Antwerp, Oudenarde, Mechlin, and Brussels; all which cities his grace has lately subjected. I never do anything without a meaning, comrade. Look at those spurs," he added, pausing in his work, and pointing to them with the brush. "You might think it accident that they're leaning against the picters of those two French generals. But it's not. Guess why I put 'em there?"

"To shew how woundily the duke goads 'em, I s'pose," replied Proddy.

"Right," rejoined the serjeant; "you take me exactly, comrade. It's a pleasure to talk to a man of your discernment. Those two queer-looking chaps have given us a world o' trouble. Both are brave men,—for we mustn't disparage an enemy, comrade,—but the bravest of the two, as well as the best general,

is old Tallard. A well-fought battle was that of Blenheim,—and well do I remember the day! I needn't tell you it was the glorious Thirteenth of August, 1704. Many and many boon and brave companion did I leave on that bloody field. The duke himself had a narrow escape, as you shall hear. About two o'clock in the morning, our camp between Erlingshofen and Kessel-Ostheim, was broken up, and the troops were put in motion; the right wing of the army being commanded by Prince Eugene, and the left by the Duke of Marlborough. We marched forward in silence, and the morning being hazy, the enemy did not suspect our approach. As we drew near, the two generals rode forward with a strong escort to reconnoitre. And from this rising ground,"—pointing to the plan,—“near Wolperstetten, they descried the whole of the hostile camp. The duke then, after some consideration, laid out his plan of battle. By this time, the mist having cleared off, our propinquity was discovered, and the alarm being instantly given, preparations were made by Tallard and the Elector of Bavaria for the approaching strife. I shan't go through all our preparations, or the dispositions of the enemy, because you mightn't care to hear about 'em, or wouldn't understand 'em if you did, but shall pass to the event in question. It having been agreed between the two generals that the battle should begin on both wings at the same moment, Prince Eugene rode off, and the duke, while waiting his signal, ordered service to be performed at the head of each regiment. This done, he appointed posts for the wounded, and gave special instructions to the surgeons; after which, he mounted his horse, and riding along the lines, seemed well pleased to find us all in such good heart, and so eager to begin. ‘You shan't have to wait long, my lads,’ he said. Scarcely were the words uttered, when a ball from one of the batteries struck the ground close beside him, and covered him from head to foot with dust. We all thought he was hit, and a cry was raised, but he shook the dust from his shoulders, raised his hat, and rode on as if nothing had happened.”

“Just what I should have done under similar circumstances,” observed Proddy. “Pray, serjeant, whose sword may that have been?” he added, glancing at the broken weapon hanging against the wall.

“That sword belonged to a brave man, comrade—a very brave man,” replied Scales; “no less a person than General Rowe, who was killed on the memorable day I’ve just mentioned. I was near him when he fell. The brigade under his command had to cross the Nebel, the little river you see here,” again referring to the plan, “under so dreadful a discharge of grape, that the clear water was turned to blood. But not a shot was allowed to be fired in return. On gaining the opposite bank, General Rowe drew his sword, and, in the teeth of the enemy’s guns, with the balls whistling about his ears like hail, advanced to the enclosures, and striking his blade against the pallisades, gave the

word to fire. At the same moment, a bullet pierced his breast; but, though mortally wounded, he waved his broken blade above his head, for he had shivered it against the wood, and called to his men to advance. The sword that fell from his grasp I picked up and preserved. Poor fellow! if he had died later in the day I should have grieved for him less. As it was, his last moments were cheered by the certainty of victory."

"A great consolation," observed Proddy. "I should like to die in harness myself. But I observe a pair of gloves there. They've a history, I dare say?"

"They have," replied Scales. "The dark stains you see upon them are blood—*my* blood, comrade. Those gloves were once the property of a Bavarian officer, whom I captured at the battle of Schellenberg. He had fled towards the Danube, but I overtook him in a wood, captured him after a struggle, and was returning with my prisoner, when two of his own men came up. Scared as they were, they saw how matters stood, and halted. The officer instantly broke from me, though he had yielded—rescue or no rescue,—and all three prepared to attack me. Before they could touch me, however, I shot one of them, and having my bayonet fixed, contrived to keep off the other two; and not merely keep 'em off, but to give 'em some awkward pokes into the bargain. At last, the second man fell, and the officer alone was left. He was severely wounded, but making a desperate blow at me, he cut through my cap, and brought down the blood over my face like rain, and then closing with me, seized me by the throat with both hands. Millions of sparkles danced in my eyes, and I could feel my tongue coming out between my teeth. But just when I believed all was over, his grasp relaxed, I shook him off, and he fell to the ground—stark dead! I kept his gloves, stained as you see 'em, in memory of the event."

"You'd a narrow escape, serjeant," observed Proddy; "that's a death I don't desire. It seems too like hangin'."

"Perhaps you would prefer to die like poor Colonel Bingfield, whose head was carried off by that cannon-ball, at the battle of Ramilies," rejoined Scales.

"No, I shouldn't," replied Proddy, looking up with astonishment, mixed with alarm, at the huge piece of shot hanging above his head. "Has that cannon-ball actilly taken off a man's head?"

"As clean as axe could do it," returned Scales.

"Lor!" exclaimed Proddy, involuntarily putting his hand to his neck, and wondering how he should feel without his head. "If it wouldn't be tirin' you, serjeant, I should like to hear about *that*."

"You must know, then," replied Scales, "that during the heat of the conflict, the Duke of Marlborough, seeing some of the cavalry in disorder, dashed amongst them, to encourage them by his presence; but, being recognised by the French dragoons, with whom they were engaged, he was surrounded, and exposed

to the greatest danger. Providence, however, had decreed that he was not to be so taken, and extricating himself from them, he leaped a wide ditch; but in so doing, his horse fell, and he was hurled to the ground. In an instant, another horse was offered him by his aide-de-camp, Captain Molesworth, while Colonel Bingfield, his equerry, held the stirrup. As the duke sprung to the saddle, he uttered a cry of horror. The colonel fell back, *headless!*—while he himself was bespattered with blood and brains. This cannon-ball, which I afterwards dug out of the bank, and brought away, had acted the part of the poor colonel's executioner."

"Did you find the poor colonel's head?" inquired Proddy, who had turned extremely pale during the latter relation.

"No," replied Scales, "it was blown, as we say, to smash."

"Lord bless us, how shockin'!" ejaculated Proddy, recruiting himself by a prolonged pull at the mug.

"By way of changing the subject, I'll sing you a song which I myself composed on these boots," said the serjeant. And he forthwith commenced the following ditty, accompanying the chorus with a quick and appropriate movement of the brush:—

THE BOOTS OF MARLBROOK.

Four marshals of France vow'd their monarch to guard,
Bragging BOUFFLERS, vain VILLARS, VILLEROY, and TALLARD;
These four gasconaders in jest undertook
To pull off the boots of the mighty MARLBROOK.

Brush—brush away!

The field was first taken by BOUFFLERS and VILLARS,
But though they were the chaffers, yet we were the millers;
BONN, LIMBURGH, and HUX, soon our general took,—
'Twas not easy to pull off the boots of MARLBROOK.

Brush—brush away!

TALLARD next essayed with BAVARIA's Elector,
But the latter turn'd out an indifferent protector;
For he SCHELLENBERG lost, while at BLENHEIM both shook
In their shoes, at the sight of the boots of MARLBROOK.

Brush—brush away!

To RAMILIES next came the vaunting VILLEROY,
In his own esteem equal to Hector of Troy;
But he found like the rest that his man he mistook—
And fled at the sight of the boots of MARLBROOK.

Brush—brush away!

Then here's to the boots made of stout English leather,
Well soled, and well heel'd, and right well put together!
He deserves not the name of a Briton, who'd brook
A word 'gainst the fame of the boots of MARLBROOK.

Brush—brush away!

Of Gallia the dread, and of Europe the wonder,
These boots, like their master, will never knock under;
We'll bequeth 'em our sons, and our sons' sons shall look
With pride and delight on the boots of MARLBROOK.

Brush—brush away!



Serjeant Scales cleaning the Duke of Marlborough's boots.

"Brush—brush away!" chorused Proddy, breaking his pipe in his enthusiasm.

"Hang it!" cried the serjeant, "I don't know how it is, but the thought o' the duke's goodness always brings the water to my eyes. I wish you could see him visitin' the wounded, as I've so often seen him. He's just as considerate to the enemy as to his own men. Or, if you could meet him making the rounds of the camp at night. He's as free and easy, and as like——"

At this moment, a tall figure appeared at the door. Proddy looked round in dismay, and instantly slipped off the chest.

"It's the victor of Ramilies himself," whispered Scales. "Stand at ease, comrade."

"I *am* standin' as easy as I can," replied Proddy.

"Don't disturb yourself," said the duke, good-naturedly. "I've a little commission for you, serjeant."

"Always ready to obey orders, general," replied Scales, standing bolt upright, and saluting.

"Who is this person?" asked Marlborough, regarding Proddy, who was imitating the serjeant as well as he could. "I seem to know him."

"The queen's coachman, Mr. Proddy, your grace," replied Scales.

"I thought I recollected the face. Her majesty has a good servant in you, no doubt, Mr. Proddy?" observed the duke.

"None better, your grace, though I say it, who shouldn't," rejoined Proddy.

"You know the Marquis de Guiscard, serjeant?" said the duke, turning to him.

"Perfectly, general."

"And are acquainted with his residence?" pursued Marlborough.

"No. 29, Pall Mall."

"Good," returned the duke. "Watch him, and let me know where he goes to-day."

"Any more commands, general?"

The duke replied in the negative.

"Your grace is probably aware that the marquis attempted to carry off Miss Hill, in Saint James's-street, yesterday?" observed Proddy.

"Some such report reached me, certainly," replied the duke, carelessly; "but I believe it to be a mistake."

"It was no mistake, beggin' your grace's pardon," replied Proddy. "I heard all partic'lars from parties who saw what happened. A country parson, Mr. Hyde, together with his wife and daughter, are lodgin' in the house of a gentleman of my acquaintance, Mr. Greg, and they told me what occurred."

"That Greg is a clerk with Mr. Secretary Harley—ha?" cried the duke, quickly.

"He is, your grace," replied Proddy.

"Do you see much of him?" asked Marlborough.

"At times, your grace. He comes to question me as to what happens in the palace. And that's what has brought about our acquaintance. He's always very curious to know if her majesty speaks of the Pretender."

"Well, and what can you tell him?" asked the duke, with apparent indifference.

"Little or nothin', your grace," replied Proddy. "Now and then a word may reach me,—but that's all."

"You were saying last night, that you had promised to deliver a letter from Mr. Greg to her majesty," observed Scales.

"To her majesty!" exclaimed the duke, bending his brows.

"Does he dare——"

"He has often entreated me to undertake the task for him," stammered Proddy; "and at last I consented."

"Have you got the letter?" asked the duke.

"Y—e—e—s," rejoined the coachman.

"Give it me," cried Marlborough.

"Shall I search him, general?" asked Scales.

"No, it ain't necessary, serjeant," replied Proddy, producing a letter from the crown of his cap, and delivering it to the duke.

"You may not be aware of the risk you have run," observed the duke, sternly. "This Greg is suspected of being an agent of the Pretender's, and is believed to be in communication with M. Chamillard, the French secretary of state, for the purpose of revealing the secrets of our cabinet. If this letter had been delivered, you would probably have been hanged."

"Spare me, your grace, spare me!" cried Proddy, trembling from head to foot. "It was done in ignorance—in pure ignorance. The serjeant knows that I hate the Pretender and popery as I abominate Satan, and all his works, and am ready to fight to the last gasp for the Protestant secession."

"Succession, you mean, Proddy," whispered Scales.

"No harm shall befall you if you are silent," said Marlborough.

"I'll be as silent as the grave," replied Proddy.

"Do nothing to alarm Greg," pursued the duke, "for I suspect he is not the only person engaged in this treasonable design, and it is necessary to secure all the guilty parties. You may tell him with a safe conscience, that his letter shall be delivered to the queen, for I myself will place it in her hands."

"I will do whatever your grace commands me," said the coachman, recovering a little from his terror.

"Enough," replied the duke. "I will not fail to take your devotion into account. But I must remind you, that the slightest indiscretion will be fatal. Keep strict guard over your tongue. You say that Greg has friends staying with him—a country parson and his wife. They must be watched."

"Nay, your grace, I could take my Bible oath they're no traitors," replied Proddy.

"You are easily imposed upon, I fear, my good man," said the duke; "but we shall see. Serjeant, come to me at two, and report what you have seen of the marquis."

"Odsbobs! now I think of it, the marquis is known to Greg," cried Proddy. "I've seen 'em together, and one Monsieur Claude Baude, the Count de Briançon's secretary."

"Indeed," exclaimed the duke, "the plot thickens! Serjeant, go with the coachman in the evening and try what you can make of Greg. You understand what to do in the other matter. Mr. Proddy, I must again impress upon you the absolute necessity of caution."

So saying, he quitted the room.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed Proddy, sinking upon the stool. "What a fright I've been in, to be sure. A treasonable correspondence with the Pretender! A hangin' affair. And poor innocent I to be lugged into it without my knowledge. Oh lor! oh lor!"

"Hush!" exclaimed the serjeant. "Recollect his grace's caution. Not a word of what you've heard to a living soul. Don't breathe it even to yourself, for you're not to be trusted. But I must now call Mr. Timperley, his grace's valet, and send up his boots."

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

OF THE MORTAL DEFIANCE OFFERED TO SERJEANT SCALES BY MONSIEUR HIPPOLYTE BIMBELOT.

THE boots being delivered, the serjeant next put on his hat and coat, and accompanied by Proddy, sallied forth to Pall Mall, where, after agreeing to meet in the evening to visit Greg, pursuant to the orders they had received, the companions separated—the one betaking himself to the palace, and the other directing his steps towards No. 29. Scales was soon there, and by good luck, finding Monsieur Hippolyte Bimbelot, the marquis's valet, with whom he had some acquaintance, at the door, he entered into conversation with him, and made himself so amusing, that he was speedily invited into the house. Monsieur Bimbelot had not breakfasted; and though the serjeant had consumed a couple of pounds of rump-steaks some two hours before, he was easily prevailed upon to take his place at table, and in the exhibition of his masticatory powers far outdid his entertainer. The drumming, singing, and boot-cleaning had given him an appetite. As to Monsieur Bimbelot, he was far too fine a gentleman to eat much. The wing of a chicken, the crumby part of a French roll, and a pint of Bourdeaux, contented him, while the serjeant carved away at the ham, sliced the loaf, explored the unctuous recesses of a Strasbourg pie, cracked the domes of a couple of eggs à la coq,—but shook his head at the claret.

In vain Monsieur Bimbelot assured him that it was of an excellent vintage, and that his master had imported it himself;—the serjeant replied somewhat gruffly, that he never drank such sour French stuff, though he admitted that his anti-gallican prejudices did not extend to an equal dislike of the brandy of that country. At last, his views were completely met by a bottle of Canary, which he lauded to the skies as a fine corroborative and strengthener of the stomach.

Monsieur Bimbelot, like most of the fashionable valets of the period, modelled himself upon his master. Like his master, therefore, he was a rake, a gamester, and a beau; and in a small way, an intriguer in politics. He wrote love-verses, execrable enough, to be sure, halting in their feet, slightly erring in grammatical construction, and containing, like his discourse, a comical admixture of French and English; affected to be a wit; lampooned his companions; and retailed all the scandal of Saint James's. He dressed gaily, that is, he wore his master's cast-off clothes; was nice in his perfumes; took Spanish snuff; covered his face with patches; played ombre and picquet; and was great in the galleries of the theatres. Monsieur Bimbelot was a little man, but he possessed a tolerably good figure, of which he was inordinately vain; his features resembled those of a balloon, with an enormous mouth, frightful projecting teeth, a clubbed nose, and a complexion like brick-dust. He used, indeed, to observe of himself, when standing before the glass to adjust his cravat, to put on a patch, or merely to contemplate his figure, "*Pas beau, mais diablement gentil!*"

The serjeant was too much engrossed by the viands before him, to talk, but he made an excellent listener, and Monsieur Bimbelot rattled away about the play-houses, the coffee-houses, the taverns, and the gaming-tables, and spoke with the greatest familiarity as well of actresses and orange-women, as of ladies of the first rank and fashion. He was especially eloquent on the subject of the play-houses; and spoke critically of the merits of Mrs. Bracegirdle and Mrs. Oldfield—those rival queens,—deciding in favour of the former, though he confessed she was a little on the decline—Mrs. Barry, Betterton, Booth, Wilks, Cibber, Verbruggen, and other stars of the then theatrical hemisphere.

"You've seen Madame Bracegirdle at de Haymarket, sans doute, sergent," he said. "You shake your head. Den let me recommend you to lose no time in doing so. *Ma foi!* qu'elle est charmante, delicieuse, ravissante. She play Estifania, in 'Rule a Wife and Have a Wife,' to-night, and Mrs. Barry, Margarita. Don't fail to go. Dere's Weeks, too, in de 'Copper Capitaine.' Je vous donne ma parole d'honneur que vous serez enchanté. Apropos, sergent, your duke should see dat comedy, for dey say it is all 'rule a wife' at Marlbrook House."

"No jesting about the duke, Mounseer Bambyloo," said Scales, sternly; "I don't allow it."

"Pardon, mon cher sergent," cried Bimbelot. "I have de highest possible respect for Lady Marlbrook. C'est une dame magnifique, superbe comme une reine, et adorable comme une ange. If ever I commit de folly of marriage, I should wish to be govern by my wife. Men are always happy under vat you call de petticoat government. Est ce que vous sçavez le raison de cela, mon brave? Ce n'est pas clair, mais c'est indubitable."

"If you wish me to digest my breakfast, you wont talk so much French to me, Mounseer Bambyloo," said Scales. "You can speak English well enough, if you like."

"You are ver good to say so, sergent," replied the valet; "but I talk so mush to my master, dat I quite lose my English."

"I say, Bambyloo, what sort of master do you find the marquis?" asked Scales.

"Oh, ver good!" replied the valet, "suit me exactly, or I'd dissharshe him. Sacrebleu! c'est un excellent maitre; pas trop riche; mais follement prodigue, et excessivement genereux quand il gagne, ce que fait la fortune d'un valet. No, sergent, I have no reason to be dissatisfy wid de marquis. Shall I tell you a secret? Il va marier."

"Curse that lingo!" cried the serjeant. "Talk English, can't you! Who's he going to marry?"

"Jure moi que vous tiendrez le secret, sergent, si je vous le dis," said Bimbelot, mysteriously.

"Swords and bayonets! I shall lose all patience," cried Scales. "Is the lady rich?"

"Mais non," answered Bimbelot.

"Young?"

"Pas trop—une peu avancée."

"Handsome?"

"Mais non—selon mon gout."

"Neither young, rich, nor handsome," cried Scales. "Then what the devil does he marry her for?"

"Ay, dere it is, sergent," returned Bimbelot. "Il a un motif—un tres bon motif. Je vous conjure d'etre secret. C'est la favorite de la reine—la nouvelle favorite, sergent. Qu'en pensez vous de cela?"

"Think of it?" cried Scales—"I don't know what to think of it! What between your gibberish and the news, I'm fairly bewildered."

"You'll see some shanges, by by, dat vill astonish you more, sergent," rejoined Bimbelot. "On my master's return from de ball at de palace, last night, he tell me dat Mademoiselle Hill has accept him, and order me to call him at eleven—instead of twelve, his usual hour—dis morning, as he have to attend Mr. Harley, the lady's cousin, pour arranger les fiançailles."

"Arrange the devil!" cried the serjeant, angrily. "I don't believe a word of it."

"Comment donc—est que vous me doutez, sergent?" cried the valet, angrily. "Am I to understand dat my veracity is question, sare?"

"I don't doubt you, Bamby," replied Scales, "but I do your master. Miss Hill will never marry a cursed Frenchman."

"Ah, sacré nom! c'est trop fort," cried the valet, starting up, and gesticulating with fury. "I am a Frenchman, sare, as vell as my master, and my master's honour is dear to me as my own. Il faut que le sang coule—you shall lend me satisfaction for dis insult, sergent."

"Whenever you please, Bamby," replied Scales, coolly.

"Pas Bamby—Bambilot, sare—*Monsieur Bambilot*," rejoined the valet, slapping his breast with dignity. "Nous battons donc demain matin au point du jour, dans Hyde Park, avec des épées?"

"Good, Bamby," replied the imperturbable serjeant.

"Nous aurons des temoins," pursued Bimbelot. "I shall bring a second wid me. You had better arrange your worldly fair, sergent, for I shall certainly cut your throat, unless you choose to apologize."

"I must take my chance of that, Bamby," rejoined Scales; "but I am not in the habit of eating my words, whatever your countrymen may be. But with your permission, now that the meeting is arranged, I'll finish the bottle."

"Ah, oui, je vous prie," replied Bimbelot, instantly resuming his former politeness. "Vous trouvez ce vin bon, sergent?"

"Excellent!" replied Scales. "Your health, Bamby."

"Mille remercimens," cried the valet. "May you live a tousand year—dat is, if I don't keell you to-morrow."

The serjeant acknowledged the compliment, and emptying the bottle into a tumbler, drained it at a draught. He then rose to depart.

"Je vous prierez de rester, et de prendre une autre bouteille," said Bimbelot, "mais j'ai entendu sanner la sonnette de mon maitre. Laissez moi vous conduire à la porte. Adieu, mon sergent. A demain."

"Count on me, Bamby," replied Scales. And with ceremonious bows on either side, the serjeant took his departure.

Before going home, however, he wished to satisfy himself that the intelligence he had picked up was correct, and accordingly, he loitered about Pall Mall for nearly an hour, with his eye on the door of No. 29, until, at a little before twelve, the marquis came forth, and proceeded towards Saint James's Square. Scales followed him at a cautious distance, saw him enter a house on the north side of the square, which he knew to be Harley's residence, and convinced from this that he had not been deceived, he returned to Marlborough House.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

THE SECRETARY'S LEVEE.

THE Marquis de Guiscard, though he expected to be instantly admitted, was ushered into an ante-room, where several persons were seated, awaiting, like himself, an audience of the secretary. Among them were three individuals, with whose faces he was familiar, having noticed them among the crowd of spectators in Saint James's Street, on the morning of the drawing-room, just before his own unsuccessful attempt to obtain an interview with Abigail Hill. These were Parson Hyde, his wife and daughter. Angelica's freshness and beauty had attracted Guiscard's attention when he first beheld her, but he was too much occupied by his project then to bestow more than a thought upon her; but now that he beheld her under different circumstances, he wondered he had not been more struck by her. Angelica was plainly and modestly, yet not unbecomingly attired in a flat low-crowned bonnet, with large brims, which sat on the top of her head, and which, while it shaded her face, displayed very charmingly her luxuriant auburn hair, gathered in a cluster of ringlets behind. A scarlet silk petticoat, seen through a white calico dress, which was tucked up at the side; boddice of the same colour as the petticoat; a white muslin apron; long white silk mittens, that came up nearly to the elbow, and high-heeled shoes, which suited her little feet to perfection, formed the sum of her dress. Her mother, who, it has before been mentioned, had not lost her comeliness, wore a black silk gown, a little faded, a furbelowed scarf, and ruffles, a spotted hood, and laced clogs.

Parson Hyde was conversing with a brother divine, whose rank in the church was higher than his own, as was evident from his attire, as well as from the doctor's hat which he held upon his knee. The features of the latter were handsome and prepossessing, his complexion sanguine, and his figure portly and commanding. He looked hard at Guiscard as he entered, and returned the marquis's supercilious glance with a frown, and then continued his conversation with Hyde, by whom he was addressed as Doctor Sacheverell.

Soon after this, and while the marquis was ogling the pretty Angelica, who, finding herself the object of his regard, flustered and blushed, looked this way and that, giggled to her mother, and crumpled up her apron between her fingers, in her agitation, the inner door was opened, and amid loud peals of laughter two persons came forth from it. An usher at the same time stepped up to Guiscard, and told him that Mr. Harley was disengaged; upon which the marquis, kissing his hand to Angelica, and courteously saluting the new-comers, passed into the inner chamber.

The foremost of the persons who had just quitted the secre-

tary, and considerably the younger of the two, was a very distinguished-looking man indeed. In stature he was above the middle height, and his figure, though slight almost to effeminacy, was admirably proportioned. His features corresponded with his form, and were singularly beautiful and delicate, with a brow smooth and white as Parian marble, a slightly-rising but finely-chiselled nose, a curled and quivering lip, and a classically-moulded chin. His eyes were large and dark, and as full of fire and softness as a woman's. An indescribable grace pervaded his slightest actions; his deportment was noble, though somewhat reckless; and but for a slight sneering air, and a certain libertine expression, his countenance could have been eminently pleasing. Indeed, it is but fair to say, that this expression was not habitual to it, and that there were occasions, and not unfrequent occasions either, when the sneer and the licentious glance were exchanged for quick and earnest sensibility, and for the loftiest and most impassioned look and demeanour. His age was under thirty, but such was the youthfulness of his aspect and figure, that it might have been guessed at three or four and twenty. He was dressed in the extremity of the fashion, and wore a light blue velvet coat with immense cuffs, richly embroidered with silver, amber-coloured stockings, crimson leather shoes, fastened with diamond buckles, and a diamond-hilted sword, with a long silken tassel dangling from the handle. His cravat was of point lace, and his hands were almost hidden by exaggerated ruffles of the same material. His hat was laced with silver, and feathered at the edges, and he wore his own brown hair in ringlets of some eighteen or twenty inches in length, and tied behind with a long streaming red ribbon—a mode which he had himself introduced. His handkerchief which he carried in his hand, and occasionally applied to his lips as he spoke, was strongly perfumed, and he diffused an odour round him as he walked, as if he had just risen from a bath of flowers. Such was the statesman, the orator, the poet, the philosopher, the wit, the beau, the sybarite, the all-accomplished Henry Saint-John, her majesty's secretary-at-war.

His companion, whom he familiarly called Mat, and who was no other than the eminent poet, Matthew Prior, was a thin, rather hollow-checked, dark-complexioned man, the natural swarthiness of his skin being deepened by the extreme blackness of his beard. His features were sharp and somewhat prominent, and his eyes dark and yellowed in the ball by an attack of jaundice, but very brilliant and intelligent, and glistening with fun and good-humour. His mouth had rather a caustic expression; but there was great jocularity and freedom in his manner, and the tones of his ringing and laughing voice fell pleasantly on the ear. His age was forty-two, but he looked fifty. He had lost his situation of under-secretary of state, but was one of the com-

missioners of trade, and sat in parliament as member for East Grinstead. He was plainly attired in a black riding suit, with boots, wig, and hat to match, and carried a whip in his hand.

After chatting together for a few minutes, the pair were about to quit the room, when Saint-John chanced to notice Sacheverell, and instantly stopped.

"Ah, doctor," he cried, "I am delighted to see you. I have to congratulate you, and the church at the same time, on your recent nomination to the rectorship of Saint Saviour's. To my shame be it spoken, I have not yet been to hear you.—What are you laughing at, Mat, you rogue?—But I am told that the sermons you have recently delivered there have been uncommonly powerful."

"Poppy-juice not more so,—they are undoubted soporifics," whispered Prior.

"Ah, Mr. Saint-John, you do me too much honour," said Sacheverell, bowing; "this praise from you is as gratifying as unexpected."

"It is richly merited, at all events, my dear doctor," replied Saint-John. "The effect of your sermons has already been felt in quarters where you would most desire it."

"Yes, because he has seasoned them strongly with politics," whispered Prior. "Personality is their chief merit."

Saint-John nudged his friend to be quiet, while Sacheverell bowed to the ground.

"The high church party owes you much, doctor," pursued Saint-John, "and I will venture to say will not prove ungrateful."

"Let the Whigs bribe him with a bishopric, and he will preach up non-conformity or any other formity," whispered Prior.

"You attach more importance to my humble services than they merit, Mr. Saint-John," said Sacheverell; "but believing that I may do good, I shall persevere in the course I have begun. What I want in ability I shall make up in zeal, and I shall shrink from no menaces, as I would stoop to no corrupt rewards, though both, I do not hesitate to say, have been held out to me by the party in power."

"What! can't you take a hint, Harry?" whispered Prior. "Offer him Lincoln or Chester at once."

"I shall go on I say, sir, undeterred," pursued Sacheverell; "and I make no doubt I shall in time rouse the lukewarm among the labourers at the vineyard to greater exertion. It is needed: for now, if it has ever been, the Church of England is in danger. You smile, Mr. Prior, but the subject is not one to be treated with levity. I repeat, the Church is in danger. And it is a cry I will raise till it is echoed from every part of the country—till it shakes the present ministry from their places."

"'Sdeath! if he can do that, he will richly deserve a mitre,"

whispered Prior. "I begin to think the fellow may prove useful. He is not deficient in energy."

"Excellent, doctor—excellent!" cried Saint-John, trying to drown his friend's remarks by the loudness of his applause. "The church has a staunch champion in you."

"Too much toleration has been shewn its enemies, and its friends have too feebly supported it," cried Sacheverell, warming as he spoke. "I will wage war against the non-conformists—war to extermination, Mr. Saint-John."

"Rekindle the fires at Smithfield," whispered Prior.

"Any support we can render you, doctor, shall not be wanting, I assure you," said Saint-John, with affected ardour. "You had better explain your views fully to Mr. Harley."

"I have come with that intention, sir," replied Sacheverell, "and from the message I have received from the secretary, I have no doubt he will co-operate with me. Mr. Harley is a true friend of the church."

"He is a true friend to himself," said Prior, half aside; "and his religion is self-advancement; but if he belongs to any sect it is to that of the dissenters. However, to uphold the high church suits his present game, and he could not be addressed at a more favourable moment."

"What is that you are saying, Mr. Prior?" asked Sacheverell.

"I was merely observing, doctor, that Mr. Harley will be glad of an ally like yourself and will support you through thick and thin," replied Prior.

"I am in right earnest in the cause, Mr. Prior," said Sacheverell, "and am prepared to undergo martyrdom for my opinions, if need be."

"We will hope you will only undergo translation—to a better see, doctor," replied Prior, in a slightly sarcastic tone.

Saint-John hastened to interpose; but at this moment the inner door again opened, and Guiscard, with a radiant countenance, emerged from it. At the same time, the usher informed Sacheverell that he could have an audience of the secretary. The doctor took a ceremonious leave of Saint-John and Prior, and as soon as the door had closed upon him, the pair, wholly regardless of those around them, burst into a loud fit of laughter.

"Capital!" exclaimed Saint-John. "If the church is saved by Sacheverell, he will deserve canonizing, at the least."

"If the Whig ministry are expelled by him, he shall be made Archbishop of Canterbury, if I have any voice in the matter," rejoined Prior.

"You are laughing at Doctor Sacheverell, gentlemen," said Guiscard, approaching them; "but let me tell you he does not deserve your ridicule. He is not to be despised, as you will see. The fire is low, but he will blow it into flame."

"Like a pair of bellows," said Prior; "the implements are homely but indispensable."



Harley's secret interview with the Queen, interrupted by the
Duchess of Marlborough.

"Guiscard is right, I believe," said Saint-John, seriously. "By the-bye, Marquis, I ought to congratulate you. You are likely, it seems, to marry the queen's new favourite. We shall have to solicit places from you next, eh?"

"And not in vain, Mr. Saint-John, if I have any to bestow," replied Guiscard, condescendingly. "There is no one who would lead an administration more brilliantly than yourself."

"Oh, marquis!"

"True, 'pon my honour."

"If I might venture to prefer a claim," said Prior, "that of a humble poet—"

"The only claim Mr. Prior need make," replied the marquis, "and in itself sufficient to ensure my best exertions in his behalf. But he has other, though not better claims, to which he may not attach sufficient importance, but which, nevertheless, must be taken into consideration; I mean his talents as a statesman. For a man of Mr. Prior's ability, an *under-secretaryship* would be inadequate. He must be secretary of state."

"Oh, marquis!" exclaimed the poet. But he added to himself, "'Pon my soul, he is a man of discernment, and deserves to succeed."

Remarking the mock attention paid to the marquis, Parson Hyde thought it incumbent upon him to get up and make him a low bow.

"I had the honour of seeing you yesterday, when you stopped Miss Hill in St. James's-street, marquis," he said. "I little imagined it would lead to this result. In fact I thought the lady very much averse to your attentions."

"A little more experience of the world, reverend sir, would have taught you that a lady's opinion is as changeable as her dress," replied Guiscard.

"I am fully aware of that, marquis," replied Hyde, with a glance at his wife, "and I am glad the wind has shifted in your favour. Since you are likely to have so much to bestow, let me solicit some slight preferment for myself. I have a living in Essex, but it only brings me in forty pounds a-year."

"You may be sure of my interest, if only for the sake of your pretty daughter, my reverend friend," replied Guiscard, darting a tender look at Angelica.

"Fore gad, a remarkably pretty girl," said Prior, whose attention was thus called to the parson's daughter. "Look at her, Harry. She's almost as beautiful as my Chloe."

"Troth is she," replied Saint-John. "You are come to ask preferment from Mr. Harley, eh, parson?"

"I am, sir," replied Hyde. "Understanding from my friend, Mr. Greg, that his chaplain has just left him, I have come to beg the place."

"Mr. Harley has a chaplain for every day in the week," said Prior, "and confers with each in turn. Thus, on Sunday he

takes the established church; on Monday, the presbyterian; on Tuesday, the Roman; on Wednesday, the quaker; and so throughout the week."

"You amaze me, sir," cried Hyde.

"It's true, I assure you," replied Prior.

"If you fail with Harley, come to me," said Bolingbroke. "I have no chaplain at present."

"Allow me to present to you the Right Honourable Henry Saint-John, secretary-at-war," said Prior to the parson.

"You lay me under everlasting obligation, sir," rejoined Hyde with a respectful bow to Saint-John.

"No such thing, my good, sir," replied the latter, "the obligation will be on my side. These are your two daughters, I presume," he added, advancing towards them.

"Lord bless you, no sir!" cried the elderly lady. "I'm Mrs. Hyde, and this is my daughter, Angelica."

"I certainly took you for her sister, madam," replied Saint-John. "Why, you're not afraid of me, surely, that you turn away your head, my pretty Angelica?" he added to her. "I won't eat you."

"I'm not so sure of that, sir," she replied. "Mr. Greg said you were a terrible rake, and mother says that rakes are as bad as roaring lions."

"Oh, Mr. Greg called me a rake, did he?" cried Saint-John, forcing a laugh—"ha! ha! Mr. Greg is a facetious fellow, and was amusing himself at my expense—ha! ha! Here's my friend Mr. Prior, the first poet of the age, as well as the greatest moralist, will tell you a very different tale. How say you, Mat, do I deserve to be called a rake, eh?"

"Certainly not, Harry, any more than the great Alcibiades deserves to be so characterized," replied Prior. "Whoever said so, calumniated you shamefully."

"I begin to think so too," said Angelica, in an under-tone to her mother. "He's a pure handsome gentleman, and doesn't look a bit as if he could do one a mischief."

"That he doesn't," replied her mother. "Mr. Greg must be quite out in his reckoning. It's quite clear the gentleman's no rake, for he doesn't know an old woman from a young one."

"That decides it," said Angelica.

"I see you have altered your opinion of me, Angelica," observed Saint-John. "You'll find, when you know me better, that I'm the modestest man breathing. If I have a fault, it is on that side."

"I would trust myself with him, though he does think me so young, without hesitation," said Mrs. Hyde.

"So you might, and without the slightest apprehension," remarked Prior, aside.

"Well, my pretty Angelica, I must now wish you good day," said Saint-John, "for I have business that calls me hence. But

be assured, he added," lowering his tone, "that I shall not lose sight of you. Your charms have produced a deep effect upon me."

Angelica coloured to the temples, and cast down her eyes.

"Good morning to you, madam," pursued Saint-John, turning to Mrs. Hyde. Even after the assurance I have received, I can scarcely believe you to be Angelica's mother. You must have married preposterously early. Mr. Hyde, your humble servant. You won't forget my promise, in case you fail with Mr. Harley."

"I shall not neglect to remind you of it, sir," replied the parson, bowing.

And kissing his hand to Angelica, Saint-John quitted the room with Prior and the Marquis.

"What did he say to you at parting, my dear?" inquired Mrs. Hyde of her daughter.

"Only how much he was struck by your extreme youthfulness, mother," replied Angelica.

"Well, it's very curious," simpered Mrs. Hyde. "I never heard anybody say I looked so young before,—not even your father. But here comes Doctor Sacheverell. Now we shall have an audience of Mr. Harley. I almost hope the chaplaincy may be given away, for then we shall go to Mr. Saint-John."

Angelica looked as if she quite coincided with her in opinion. and the usher advanced to conduct them to his master.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

HARLEY'S SECRET INTERVIEW WITH THE QUEEN.

HARLEY, as may be supposed, was true to his appointment with Abigail. No communication had passed between them since the ball, but at eleven o'clock, wrapped in a roquelaure, he tracked the garden wall of the palace fronting Saint James's Park, until he came to a door. Scarcely had he reached it, when it was opened, by Abigail herself, it seemed—but the night was too dark to allow him to distinguish clearly—and he was admitted into the garden. Not a word was said, but his conductress hurried along a walk, in the direction of the palace, and he followed her at the same quick pace. She presently entered a door, and after he had passed through it, closed and fastened it noiselessly, and traversing a passage, ascended a staircase, which brought them to a room, where there was a light.

"I am almost frightened at what I have done," said Abigail, sinking into a chair; "for though I know I am only serving the queen, yet a clandestine interview, and especially at such an hour as this, is not at all to my taste."

"There is nothing to be alarmed at," replied Harley, divesting himself of his roquelaure, and shewing that he was in a full-dress suit of rich brown velvet. "If anybody need be alarmed," he added, adjusting his point-lace cravat before a glass, and arranging his peruke, which had got a little disordered in the walk, "it is myself."

"You don't exhibit much uneasiness," observed Abigail, laughing.

"Truth is, I feel none," replied Harley; "and my only sentiment is that of gratitude to you."

"A minister never remembers a favour, they say" rejoined Abigail.

"That may hold good with others, but not with me—at least, in your instance," returned Harley. "But may I ask, sweet coz, if you are still in the same mind with respect to young Masham?"

"I don't know," replied Abigail, carelessly. "Have you seen him to-day?"

"I have not," returned Harley; "but I have seen the Marquis de Guiscard."

"The odious wretch!" cried Abigail.

"Then you don't love him!" said Harley, in affected amazement.

"I can't abide him," cried Abigail.

"You have persuaded him to the contrary," said Harley.

"You know my motive," replied Abigail. "I was vexed with Masham, and resolved to pique him."

"And you have succeeded so well, that I fear you have got rid of him altogether," said Harley.

"Not so, cousin," rejoined Abigail. "I shall have him at my feet to-morrow."

"You are very confident," said Harley, "so confident, that I presume you *have* heard from him?"

"Not a word—not a line," she replied. "Harkee, cousin, we must understand each other. As yet, I have made no compact with you. It is through me you are about to see the queen; but if you hope to repeat the visit, you must aid me in my plans respecting Masham. I have said that I expect to have him at my feet to-morrow. It must be your business to place him there."

"But, cousin——"

"No buts," interrupted Abigail, peremptorily. "My will must be obeyed, or there are no more private interviews with her majesty for you. I don't say that I will forgive Mr. Masham. I don't say that I mean ultimately to accept him—but I long to humble him—to torment him—to—in short, here he must be, at these feet to-morrow, full of penitence and affection."

"I will do my best, cousin, but——"

"Your best will not do," cried Abigail. "It *must* be, I tell

you, or you don't see the queen now. I'm resolute, as you will find."

"Well, then, I give you my word it *shall be*," replied Harley. "Will that content you?"

"Perfectly," replied Abigail; "and now follow me. The queen awaits us."

So saying, she led the way along a narrow corridor, and entering an ante-chamber, proceeded to a door at the further end of it, against which she tapped gently, and was bidden by a sweet voice to come in. The next moment, she and her companion found themselves in the presence of the queen.

Anne was seated in an armed-chair, with a velvet footstool before her, and was attired in a white satin dress trimmed with the richest lace. She wore the blue riband across her shoulder, and a star upon her breast. The room in which she sat was a small closet, well adapted for an interview like the present, and was somewhat scantily furnished, containing no other chair except that occupied by her majesty. A few pictures were hung against the walls, amongst the conspicuous of which was a portrait of Prince George of Denmark.

"I have most ardently desired this interview, madam," said Harley, advancing towards the queen, and, making a profound obedience to her, "because though my feelings of loyalty and devotion have for some time prompted me to address your majesty on a subject nearest my heart, yet the occasion for a full explanation has hitherto been wanting. I can now speak out, if I have your majesty's gracious permission to do so."

"I am well satisfied of your loyalty and devotion, Mr. Harley, and would gladly hear what you have to say," replied Anne.

"In a word, then, madam," said Harley, "it is with inexpressible concern that I regard your present situation. Forgive me if I speak boldly, but it will little avail if I do not utter the truth; and at every hazard I will do so. The kindness of your nature has been abused by a violent and ambitious lady on whom you have bestowed your regard, to such an extent that you are no longer sole mistress of your kingdom."

"This is indeed bold language, sir," said Anne, tapping her fan—a gesture habitual to her when displeased.

"I see I give offence, madam," pursued Harley; "but I entreat you to bear with me. My language can scarcely be too strong, when the Duchess of Marlborough proclaims everywhere that you can do nothing without her."

"Ah! does she so?" cried Anne, tapping her fan more impatiently than before. "It is time she were silenced."

"In good truth it is, madam," said Harley, "both for your own sake, and for the welfare of the country, which suffers grievously from the oppression of this rapacious dame, who not-

withstanding the numberless favours you have bestowed upon her, complains of being inadequately rewarded."

"I knew she was ungrateful, but I did not believe to such an extent as this," cried the queen, angrily.

"But what I and all your majesty's loyal subjects chiefly complain of," pursued Harley, "is, that the imperious duchess, by her menaces, forces you into actions which you yourself disapprove, and which are eminently prejudicial to the interests of the country. On this ground, if on no other, I would urge her dismissal."

"I will think about it, sir," replied Anne, irresolutely. "At all events, it cannot be now."

"If not now, madam, it will never be," said Harley, earnestly. "I pray you pardon me, and attribute my importunity to my zeal. If you would indeed be a queen, the duchess must go. She stands between you and your nobles—between you and your parliaments—between you and your people. Far be it from me to adopt a course of conduct which I so strongly deprecate in this violent lady. Far be it from me to hold out threats. But my duty to your majesty requires that I should tell you plainly, that if you do not rid yourself of the duchess, you will rue it. You feel the annoyance occasioned by her imperious temper, but you cannot understand the mischief she does you."

"You are mistaken, sir. I *can* comprehend it, and I deplore it," replied Anne. "Oh, if I could remove her easily! But the scene will be terrible."

"Not if you will deign to follow my councils, madam," said Harley. "I have already expressed, through Abigail, my willingness to undertake the task of your liberation, and I have drawn up a plan which I will now submit to you. If this is exactly followed," he added, unfolding a piece of paper, "the duchess will save your majesty the trouble of dismissal, for she herself must retire."

"Let me hear it," cried the queen. "Ah!" she added, in alarm, as the noise of a key turning in a lock was heard, "the secret door! 'tis she!"

"Confusion!" exclaimed Harley, crushing the paper in his hand.

And as the exclamation was uttered, a small side-door was thrown open, and the duchess burst into the room.

"So," she exclaimed, "you *are* here, Mr. Harley. I could not believe it, but I find it true. Knaves will dare anything. Your majesty does well to give secret audience to this double-dealing trickster."

THE LONG HOURS.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

PART II.

If men suffer so much from those "long hours," women endure much more; but they who are occupied in shops are generally unmarried females, who have not the care of a family to think of—this is the only alleviation, that I know of, to their case. Their being of necessity in the streets at late hours is a danger so great, that if "everybody" could only be induced to look upon it in all its bearings, I am convinced it would soon cease to be permitted. The total remedy of the "long hours," as regards our shops, is so simple, so rational, and productive of such small inconvenience, that I can see no bar to its being completely applied, if "everybody" does not, in running after some new object, quit the subject before the cure is effected. However, as I have intimated, the sufferers are able to keep their case before the public by their own individual, as well as united, exertions; and this is doing a great deal.

Truth has to record infinitely greater marvels than Fiction; and a circumstance which I am about to relate is stronger than argument can be against those "long and weary hours."

In a quiet, remote village of Cumberland, a widow with two children rented a small cottage; her means were so limited, that with all her exertions she could hardly support her little circle. Her husband had been curate to a parish in one of those extensive districts where a conscientious servant of the gospel will be certain to work himself to death, while one who cares little for his "cure of souls," may continue to neglect duties that have been too long neglected. Mr. Layton was an earnest and faithful minister; his voice and step became the music of many a "dark" household; he was as much beloved as respected. Avoiding all bitterness, he preached pardon rather than punishment, and quoted the blessed words which prove how sins of scarlet may be rendered white as snow. His constitution became enfeebled by continual exertion; his wife loved him, and honoured his Master and her own, too truly to prevent, if she had had the power, the discharge of duties he had taken upon him in the presence of God and man. She watched him with that enduring tenderness and patience which is the very fragrance of affection; but in the tenth year of their union, a fever that was raging through the parish seized upon him, and in less than a month his widow and their children were weeping over his grave. *His* family could not add to her pecuniary resources; *hers*—chiefly composed of rich London traders—would not do so—with the exception of one, who allowed her twenty pounds a year. The village I have named was five miles distant from any town, and even now is so isolated that the dames who go to shop at the nearest, some three or four times a year, travel thither in a sort of covered wagon, called "the fly," which goes at the rate of three miles and three quarters, or perhaps in fine cool weather, four miles an hour; while those who journey hope there is no danger in going at such a rate, and tell tales of persons they have heard of, and occasionally seen, who were careless enough of their lives to venture them in steam-boats, and on railroads, pray-

ing earnestly that their neighbourhood might long be spared from such perils. Mrs. Layton was much respected by this simple people; she instructed a few of their children with her own, in the elements of education, and her daughter and son grew daily in health and beauty. Jane was five years older than Henry; but Henry was his mother's idol, for the simple, womanly reason, "he was so like his father." Suddenly, the relative who had allowed Mrs. Layton twenty pounds a year, died, just when Henry, entering his fourteenth year, was rapidly improving under the care of a gentleman who had a public school of considerable reputation in the neighbourhood. To enable him to receive this advantage, Jane had "gone out," half nurse-maid half nursery-governess, and could seldom see her beloved mother for more than half-an-hour in the course of the month. They had both dreamed, though they could hardly tell *why*, that one day or other Henry would enter the church; but now, that hope was destroyed. Henry must try and do something for himself as well as Jane;—but what? Mrs. Layton, poor as she had been, had asked no favours; yet now, for the sake of her "beautiful boy"—her "noble-hearted child," as she truly called him, she resolved to do so, and wrote to one of her relations, an uncle—in her simplicity, setting before him the talents of her son, and the good that would arise to the community by his following in his father's steps as a minister of the gospel. This letter caused a sneer, and brought a reply—a reply offering to place him as an apprentice for five years in a mercer's establishment, the writer paying for his board and lodging, in a house close by his own, where he could dine with him on Sundays; and if his conduct was such as to deserve it, he should find him a friend—"when his time was up." The letter was as brief and as coarse as a letter could well be—it was the destruction of hopes which, like the fibres of the ivy, had crept round her heart, gaining entrance she hardly knew how, and yet holding fast and increasing; nor was this all; she knew that above all things her boy's nature wanted *strength*; he was buoyant and joyous as a May morning, affectionate and tender, full of good intentions, but so confiding, so inexperienced in evil, that he might—she feared he might—be led astray; but then her uncle had always been spoken of as a good, hard, honest man—a man, to be sure, who stormed at his wife, but gave her every "necessary indulgence"—who sometimes beat his children, when by a few words he could have convinced them of their faults. But then he was rich! and the *heart*, or rather the *habits*, of the meek woman who had struggled with the want of money nearly all her life, bowed to the power which holds power in its golden grasp. What could she do? It was not, perhaps, impossible that even after her son had found a road to wealth, he might become worthy of the sacred office. Such instances had occurred; why should they not occur again? There was no reason against it. The idea struck her in the night, and she arose elated by a fresh hope, and drawing back the shutter, gazed at her sleeping boy by the light of the harvest moon, and then, in an agony of doubt, and distress, and hope, and that deep-sunk knowledge which yields no alternative, she clasped her hands and bent her knees before her husband's picture, imploring counsel. During the ten years of her wedded life, she had leant entirely on HIM—not thinking her own thoughts; and since his death, her life had been a daily repetition of the same duties, one of which folded over

the other. Now, what should she do? Her less sensitive neighbours had congratulated her, and wished they had such relations for their boys. She mingled her prayers to God as she knelt in that silent little room, with tears, and her resolve, as she rose from her knees, was, that her son should not yet leave her roof; but the morning recalled whatever worldly-mindedness dwelt in her nature; she again talked with her neighbours—her mind vacillating, until at last she decided to send him. Truly, what else could she do? She wrote such an appeal as mothers only can pen, to her uncle's wife. She deposited with bitter tears, in her son's box, his father's Bible—the small Bible which was his companion by the bedside of suffering and death, and in the pulpit, from which he preached the peace of the gospel of Christ; and also his father's picture—to part with this was like parting with HIM again—she pressed her lips upon it, and the weeping boy promised that it should hang where he should see it every morning. With such a companion, she repeated over and over again to herself, “he could not go astray.” It was a faithful portrait rather than a good painting; but to her, to her daughter, and to the Youth, it was the most precious of all worldly possessions.

Although Mrs. Layton's uncle's wife was herself a mother, she could not understand the sort of anxiety the mother expressed concerning her son. What, she thought, could she desire? He was going to a first-rate house of business—he was to board where the young men in that house boarded, and he was to dine with them on Sundays. With much good-nature she resolved that her sons should enjoy no Sunday recreations in which their poor country cousin did not partake; *if* they went to church in the morning, he should do the same; if (as was the case frequently in the summer) they went in their one-horse phaeton to Richmond, or Twickenham, or Hampstead, taking with them a cold dinner, she determined that room should be made for Harry; and when her sons went to the theatre, she resolved to make it a point with “Spalding, Mitford, and Co.,” that he should have leave to go too. In the fulness of her good-nature she wrote all this to Mrs. Layton, and as it was about a month after the commencement of young Henry's apprenticeship, she added some words of commendation as to his personal appearance, and the favourable impression he had made upon them all.

The letter was received, and read with tears. Mrs. Layton had all her life felt as a wife of a gospel minister should feel, and regarded Sabbath-breaking and stage-plays with the utmost dread; she had deemed it unnecessary even—so wicked did they appear in her eyes—to warn her child against them; and her answer was so uncompromising, that both her uncle and his wife agreed that she must be out of her senses, and that Henry must be left at the boarding-house on Sundays.

Mrs. Layton was most undoubtedly right in interfering to prevent her son from doing what, as a Christian mother, she conceived wrong; but she erred in manner, and was incapable of judging as to his position; the result was, that poor Henry was thrown into more dangerous society than he would have met with at his uncle's house.

He began his occupations before eight, and with the intermission of half-an-hour for dinner, he continued on his feet until nearly nine at night—many were longer there; but his uncle had requested that for the

first year he might not be overworked. But to a country boy, the hours were long—thirteen hours; nay, fourteen, for his hurried breakfast and early walk were exertions—a breakfast amid a crowd of young shopmen, some, still heavy from low excitements—others ill, unable frequently, from over-fatigue, to rest during the feverish night, indulging in conversation vapid, if not worse; for how could it be otherwise, proceeding from soddened and unrefreshed minds.

Henry Layton thought that the young men looked ill and pale; and they told him he looked vulgarly healthy. His dinner was of necessity swallowed with haste, and in a dark underground room, where even at noon-day there was but little light; the food was plain, wholesome, and abundant—they had not sufficient time to eat it, and they returned to the heated atmosphere of the shop with decreased rather than augmented strength. The conversation of his companions here was at first unintelligible to poor Harry; they revelled in a species of cockney slang, which the ill-instructed mistake for humour; they had no time for reading, and if ever they had inclination, the routine had worn it away.

“Do you never read?” he inquired of a white-faced boy, about his own age, two mornings after his arrival.

“Yes,” was the reply, “the bills.”

“But books?”

“Spalding, Mitford, or one of the Co.’s even, would look pretty blank at us if they caught us idling over books.”

“But on Sundays?”

“Then I sleep precious long in the mornings, to make up for loss of rest; and in the afternoons get into the park, and finish with a row on the Thames, and a cigar or so, and porter, with some of the lads by the water-side. It’s the only day in the week we get a mouthful of air; for you can’t call this air,” he added, gasping to inhale the vapour and steam of the shop.

At first, fatigued and tired though he was, Henry went regularly to church; he spent a little of his pocket-money in subscribing to a petty-library, but finding he had no time to read, except on Sundays, he gave that up, and joined a penny newspaper-club, which his companions had established, and which enabled them to learn what did them no good; yet the portion of the young drapers who read even the newspapers, were called the “learned gentlemen,” by those who, more actively sinful, spent their Sabbaths so as to ensure “long hours” of illness and remorse.

Henry at first trembled, and prayed; but by degrees habits were undetermined, and then principles. Habits are the evidence of principles, and when they change, be sure there is great danger of what will follow. Perhaps it was seeing that his uncle took little notice of him; or perhaps the partners to whom he was consigned forgot him; but he was soon kept as late as any of the others, and then by degrees he sought artificial stimulants—suffered as most boys do at first, a martyrdom, by cultivating the cigar nuisance, which has grown to such a pitch lately, as to render the streets of London during evening almost as offensive, if not as disgusting, as the streets of an American city. And then came cards—“a round game,” just to rest themselves; at first, stealthily, in their bedrooms, and then at a cheap tavern—the servant at the house where they lodged bribed to let them in at all hours. So that the

warm open-hearted boy, thus exposed before the good had sufficient power to exclude the evil, rushed headlong into vices, which it becomes the duty of an employer or a master to frustrate, by seeing that not only religious and moral instruction, but rational amusement growing out of information, is provided for those who devote the *long hours* to their service. It may not be "in the bond" between man and man; but in the bond between God and man it is written, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

Everything, however, connected with trade, is on a much better footing now than when the widow's son entered a "first-rate house." One of the best signs of the times is a sort of moral sympathy, running through the classes of society. No one who wishes happiness to the world, would for a moment desire to see the fences of station and form overthrown; but it is a wise thing to *look over them*—to ascertain how the rich can best benefit the poor, and achieve the belief that we have all the great heart-beatings of Nature in common. I know we all *say* we believe it so to be; but we do not always act as if we had faith in the truth of our own words.

Henry's uncle said he had done more than his duty by the boy; and he thought he had. He had thundered a load of reproaches and abuse at him more than once, when his inattention to business was complained of by his master; he had altogether neglected the boy's defence, that sixteen hours' daily confinement had nearly killed him; and retorted that he still made time for dissipation. Henry's natural bravery of spirit resented this; but resented it unworthily—his right principles had been undermined. Alas! when this is the case, where will the evil terminate.

In the quiet and solitude of the country Mrs. Layton laboured, and prayed; she had done, she hoped, her duty. At first her son wrote regularly and frequently; she deprived herself of her only luxury, tea, to pay for his letters. They were sometimes cheerful enough, though he complained of being chained to the counter, and not knowing what it was to breathe fresh air. She knew too little of the world to trace the root of the evil—the current of life rendered stagnant and impure by over-work, from which a refuge was sought in feverish dissipation. After the lapse of a few months, his patient industrious sister, Jane, received appeals for money, which, after one or two supplies, she had not to give. At last his mother was rendered almost frantic, by a letter from her uncle, complaining of her son's wilful conduct and evil practices. In an agony of grief she wrote to him, and the reply was from another hand, saying that Henry was dangerously ill. Some benevolent farmers (men of few words, but generous deeds) subscribed a slender purse—slender for her necessities, but abundant when it is remembered that it was filled by their privations; and in a day and a night the curate's widow was once more sheltered by the same roof that sheltered her child. "No wonder he should be ill here!" she muttered to herself, as she ascended the narrow stairs of the lodging-house; "no wonder that he should be ill here!" Poor woman! that atmosphere was rife with the perfume of the heather, and the breeze of the mountain, in comparison with what he had breathed in the superb, but ill-ventilated shop.

There, upon a couch, close and confined, but not what could be called uncomfortable, lay her child—the shadow of the healthy country

boy of the past year; his joy at seeing his mother was full and natural; he wept in her arms, and fell asleep like an infant, with his head on her bosom. Nor was he awakened by the tears which, despite her efforts to prevent them, dropped upon his cheek. After a time her eyes wandered round the chamber, searching for that well-remembered picture; but she could see nothing of it—the little chest of drawers was littered over, so that she could hardly distinguish one thing from another. At last he moaned, and turned round in his sleep, and his head rested on the pillow; and then she softly began arranging, as all persons accustomed to order invariably do, from an idea that those to whom they minister must be more comfortable if things are well placed. The Bible was on the old-fashioned window seat, covered with dust; a piece of panel—old oak panel, was lying on the drawers; she saw it was marked with figures, a rude and profitless account—cigars, beer, washing, and a stanza of a song: she lifted it to inspect it more closely. Could it be! Was it possible! Had he, indeed, been so lost to every good and gracious feeling, as to have converted his father's picture to such a purpose—to have written the evidence of his short career of thoughtlessness and folly on the reverse of those melancholy but expressive features! Could he have so desecrated the silent monitor—the record of him to whom he owed his existence! She could hardly believe that she really looked upon the talisman in which she so trusted, and which it had wrung her widowed heart to part from! In the sorrow—the more than sorrow—the bitter and deep anguish of her feelings, an appeal to her Heavenly Father burst from her lips; in that short moment, the volume of her son's course was read aloud to her full heart; in a moment she knew how he must have changed—how lost to the true and sacred things she hoped dwelt within his soul—knowing nothing of the weariness of his long hours—knowing nothing of the temptations of society, or the over-boiling of pent-up spirits running riot to destruction, despite fatigue, if not properly guided, and in his case being entirely left to find what vent they might, without sympathy or direction—knowing no more than a simple, pure-minded woman could know, in a far away border village—she roused at the insult offered to the object of her love and respect, and felt her heart harden towards her child; but short indeed was the existence of such a feeling—briefer than while I write this single word! For when she looked at the bed, there, sprung up from his damp pillow, he knelt—his hands clasped, his lips apart, the dense, deep, hectic of shame burnt into either quivering cheek—while his lips moved, like lips that have no voice. And when the voice did come, it seemed to come, not from his present, but his former self.

If the state in which she discovered her husband's picture had revealed to Mrs. Layton her son's past career, so had her attitude, and countenance, and emphatic appeal to her God for strength, so unconsciously uttered, revealed to him his own worthlessness and sin.

He never lived to breathe again his native air, or *prove* the sincerity of his amendment; nor did his sister ever again press to her heart the brother for whom her hopes were once lofty—most lofty; for though the curate may be termed, in the language of a pompous world, "humble," a power above pomp has delegated him the minister of salvation. Such she hoped to have seen her brother.

"Mother," said the boy, "if the hours had not been so long, I

should have done as you told me—continued my readings, and kept on with my education; but at ten or eleven I was too tired to do anything. And yet I wanted a change, and instead of going straight to a home where there was no one to welcome me, I used to walk with the other lads about the streets. Boys without homes are to be pitied, mother. And when I was obliged to stay at business longer hours still, I thought it so hard and unjust after the promise, that I did not care what I did. Saturday night I have been from eight in the morning till twelve at night—how could I get up to go to church? And then in the evening, it was so fresh and pleasant to walk in the park, or row on the water; and we always had a ‘treat’ after it, and often took too much, and thought it fine and manly to swear and swagger. We forgot the road to God’s house, and there was none to tell us of it.”

The widow’s finger was lifted to point to her husband’s picture, but she suffered it to close again into her hand, and said nothing, until after a little pause she inquired, “Did your uncle never tell you to go?”

“No, he never goes himself; only sometimes his daughters.”

“And your master?”

“No, mother—no one.”

“A world without a God!” she thought; and strange did it seem to her who could fancy no service but HIS. “Men,” she continued to think, “expecting due and honest service from those who are suffered to forget THE LAW, and then punishing for what has grown out of their own sinful carelessness. Oh, better that he had toiled in the fields, and knelt in the country church, on the sweet Sabbath-days, than be sent here to long hours of slavery, and left to such dire temptation.”

Much was her poor boy’s rest disturbed during the longest hours a mother knows—those spent in watching by a child’s sick bed—by the entrance of the lodgers at all hours of the night; and yet more than one crept stealthily in, to inquire after Harry, and leave a little offering—a bunch of grapes—an orange, or a cake, for the poor sufferer. Her uncle also came; and to him she complained of the long hours of labour, and spoke of the sinfulness of Sabbath-breaking; and he laughed, and said she was mad to suppose that masters were to study the convenience of those they paid. And he roughly bade him make haste and get well, and not lie there in idleness.

Fever brought its attendant delirium, and the boy would talk about prices and measurement, until, quite exhausted, he would exclaim, “Oh, the long—long hours!”

There were, however, no more “long hours” for him; and the widow, stricken in heart, bowed to the earth with grief. She returned to her village, the very shadow of the shadow she had so long been—she returned ALONE; and placing the Bible in its old place, and hanging the picture on its old nail, her daughter entered, and found her praying. Jane hesitated to disturb her, though she longed to talk about him who was in his grave, and she stood at the door, weeping. Finding her mother did not stir, she called to her; there was no motion—SHE WAS DEAD!

ORIANA AND VESPERELLA; OR, THE CITY OF PEARLS.

BY JOHN HAMILTON.

CHAPTER I.

IT was on a beautiful autumnal evening, many many centuries ago, when golden evenings were more frequent, and in more common use than now, that Auressa, the far-famed Queen of Day, as she was termed in her childhood by her mother, her nurses, and the women about the court, in token of her exceeding loveliness, ordered her little page to take the state chair of ivory and gold, in which she sat on great days, and place it in the secret orchard, wherein none but the queen ever before entered.

"Come hither, my page," said Auressa, solemnly. The page approached, bowing to the ground, not more than sixteen times, as his royal mistress disdained all ceremony in her favourites.

"Listen to me!" continued the queen. "The sun is now about to set, and its level beams are stretched all over the tops of my orchard trees. Go thy ways, adown the path by the adamant wall (for this great lady had walls to her garden of the most precious materials, and steps to her terraces of solid agate); lie thee quickly; and when thou comest to the little wicket that faces the setting sun, unlock it with this small key, and enter into the orchard. Look not back at the sun, for that may be dangerous, and must cause delay. When thou art within the walls, and under the branches of all those wondrous trees, I charge thee, as thou valuest thy life, not to gather any of the fruit, which will brighten at thy advance, and incline to the very hand, as it should seem; to invite thee to gather it. Harken not to the singing of the numerous birds, which will shake their precious feathers in the sun, and fill the air with the most ravishing music. Pause not by the side of the brook, in which the fish glide of so splendid dye, that thy feet will never quit the margin, and thou wilt die there of very gazing. But I charge thee to pass straight on with the beams of the sun, till far before thine eyes rises a green mound freckled with the richest flowers that ever were beheld. On the very top of the mound thou wilt perceive an apple-tree of most surpassing beauty, and in *full blossom*, even on this *autumnal* evening; walk steadily up to it, but set not foot upon the mound, and listen whether a bird be not murmuring the most silver and quiet music among the blossoms. If it be thus serenely singing, and the sun's light be brooding on the trees, then call to the bird, and say, 'Sweet Silverwing! my mistress bids thee blessing, and would know if the evening of the day and the hour be yet come.' The bird will sing thee an answer in notes, which will sound like words. The very moment thou hast obtained that answer, linger not at the green mound, nor touch the fruit, nor gaze at the fish, but, swiftly wending the way thou camest, make fast the gate and return for my gold and ivory chair. I charge thee to place this seat of my state in sight of the blossoming tree, and then to bring unto me the key, having first locked the gate of that magic orchard."

Thus did Auressa briefly direct her little page, who was ever most

mindful of her wishes, and who now felt that, by the tone of the queen, the mission which she had committed to him was of no ordinary import. He declared his readiness to obey her, and promised the utmost attention to the several cautions which his gracious mistress had so tenderly given to him. He took from her hand the key, which glittered so exceedingly, that he could hardly bear to look upon it, and putting it carefully in his girdle, courteously bowing himself away from the Lady Auressa, went to fulfil her mission.

The queen sat herself down, and leaned her beautiful forehead,—beautiful, although it was touched with many years,—upon her fair long hand, and the heavy clusters of her rich raven hair fell around her fingers like bunches of the darkest grapes round the white marble pillars of her greenhouse. Her eyes, which, if anything, were blacker than her hair, and far more brilliant, looked with a deep light that was full of the most thoughtful and sweet melancholy. Thus sat she, absorbed in sad reflections, the while her page was absent on his way to the magic orchard; and all the words that escaped her lips during this her quiet and lonely musing were, “Silverwing, O Silverwing! pr’ythee be silent.”

When the page had donned his little cap, first having plumed with his tiny hand the falcon feather with which it was decked (for pages as well as ladies love to look the comeliest, even though no eyes should happen to see them), he hurried down the path by the adamant wall, and stopped not till he came to the gate, as described by his mistress. The sun was setting opposite to it; but he listened at the keyhole before he opened it, to make sure that he was right; and within, he could plainly hear thousands of birds making the air tremulous with their exquisite singing. He applied the key to the gate immediately, and the wicket opened at a touch.

The mellow beauty of the sunlight on the highest branches, the extraordinary golden distance seen far between the trunks of the enchanted fruit-trees, the splendid foliage, in which nestled the ripest of fruit, the smooth and soft beams of the evening, streaming like a tide of magic water through the stems of the trees, the divine melodies of a million tuneful bills, more sweetly cadenced than the falls of fountains, or the dreaming music of the summer winds,—all these burst upon the young intruder with an almost overpowering effect, and would have lulled his senses into a dull, yet fatal apathy, if he had not, in stooping to pick up the key, which in his delight he had dropped from his girdle, suddenly remembered his lady’s mission, and all those cautions which her tongue had so strenuously urged. He put the key carefully and safely again into his girdle, and did exactly as his mistress bade him.

On arriving at the mound, he looked up—for he had not trusted his eyes with a free sight till then—and beheld the apple-tree of most comely growth and full of blossoms, exactly as it had been described to him by Auressa. The flowers around that green hillock, on which the tree grew, scented the air so strangely, that he could have for ever lived on the odour. The soft low murmuring of the bird, however, stole on his ear, and revived the sense of his duty in his heart; and he lost no time in calling out, in those very words which his mistress had framed—“Silverwing! my mistress Auressa, the queen, bids thee her blessing, and would know if the evening of the day and

the hour be yet come?" The page started at the mere music of his own voice—for in the hollow shades of the orchard his words caught a mellowness of tone perfectly enchanting, and came back upon his ear fairer than when they left his lips. He heard the bird flutter, as though it were greatly agitated in the branches—and the blossoms trembled, and for an instant lost that delicate and pink hue which is as the blush of Spring—and all the singing-birds in the other trees ceased their harmonies. The silence in that beautiful place was quite awful; and it was even rendered more so by the solitary song of the magic bird, who, in notes of the tenderest sorrow, sung as follows:—

"Silverwing sayeth,
The evening is come;
In vain the queen prayeth
To respite the doom.
The tree is in blossom,
The hill is in flower,
Tell to thy ladye,
This is the hour!
This is the hour,
Waning,—serene;—
This is the hour!
Poor queen! poor queen!"

The echoes of the orchard caught the last words, and doted over them with a melancholy delight, as though they would never have to utter words more; so that, in the distance far around, "Poor Queen!" was repeated by numerous airy voices, which appeared to be carrying the doom, as they died away, to far-off shades and lonelier pastoral places.

The page, having received this strange answer, turned him round, and wended, as fast as his terrified feet would aid him, toward the gate by which he had entered. The birds sang again, but more hurriedly and madly; the trees were restless, but still burthened with glowing fruit, and the water of the brook pulsed along in a sort of silvery agitation, which, if anything, heightened its charm—much resembling, as a poet of that time remarked, beauty in distress.

The page locked the gate carefully when he quitted the orchard, and on the instant, all the common world, with its old noises, its old music, and its old sights, came comfortlessly and coldly upon him, and took the place, in his mind, of that scene of enchantment from which he had just issued. He hurried to the palace, lifted the chair, which to his astonishment was now lighter than one made of rushes by the hands of children, and took it to the spot his lady had commanded. He placed it full in view of the tree; and having again secured the wicket, made the best of his way to the presence of his mistress, whom he found unaltered in attitude—save that her raven hair was now disordered and thrown richly back, and her eyes were looking forgetfully, yet in reality full of memory, along the heedless air. The silken robe of the queen lay as silently around her as though it had no living form within it, and one hand reposed upon it as white as the most stainless snow, and in which no vein in its blue wanderings swelled with life.

Auressa weeted not of the page's approach; and he paused a minute

or two, doubting whether he ought to intrude upon so utter a reverie of the queen; but when he heard her lips murmur in the most dreaming sadness, "Silverwing, O Silverwing! prythee be silent!" he knew in what troubled stream her thoughts were bathing, and therefore ventured to break gently in upon her melancholy musing.

"Madam!" said the page, respectfully, "I have placed the chair before the tree—and there is the key—as you desired."

"Ah!" said the queen, starting convulsedly from her seat. "What, my page, what says the bird? Hath it spoken to you? or are the blossoms still in the bud, and the feathered singer silent?"

"Lady," replied the page, "the bird hath heeded my words, and sent to you an answer." And here he gave the song in the very words which the bird had chosen.

"Then take my silken scarf!" exclaimed the queen, with a look of placid tenderness, "and wear it for thy mistress' sake." And so having said, she kissed her page, and hung the scarf upon him. "And go thy ways to the nursery of my two daughters, and command them before me. Charge them to put on their hoods and their walking attire, and to place what few jewels they have of their own, (for mine may not serve,) and instantly to seek my presence. No time must be lost. And do you, my little servant, having fulfilled this my mission, hie quickly to the palace gate, mount a steed which you will there find ready caparisoned, and fly this place. Let not Oriana and Vesperella, my daughters, delay an instant."

The page, in utter astonishment, would fain have entreated some explanation, but he knew the decision of his mistress, and dared not to put a word of question or surprise unto her. He looked in her face, but a firm though sorrowful resolution was there; so he kissed his lady's hand and left her presence in search of her two young daughters.

He searched far and wide, in garden and chamber, in hall and terrace; at last he found them. An aged nurse was reading to them in the nursery one of the old books of marvels with which the palace abounded; and so intent were Oriana and Vesperella on the wonders of the story to which they were listening, and so wrapped up was the dame in the simple old language, far older and simpler than herself, that the page scarcely wished to disturb the picturesque group in their innocent employment. The young ladies sat over their samplers, working sundry pretty and romantic devices; and every now and then lifting up their sweet and surprised eyes and looking silently at each other, or at the nurse, as the story became more wondrous and more intricate. And the old crone travelled slowly adown the huge dark pages, and turned each large leaf with a solemnity commensurate with the magnitude of her history. Wonder had followed wonder; leaf had rolled over after leaf on that autumnal evening, when the page spoke, and broke off a pastime never more by them to be renewed.

The nurse instantly closed the heavy book, and thrust her spectacles up to her forehead, that she might the more distinctly look upon the intruder. The young princesses at the same time lifted their eyes from their samplers, with a half-vexation at the interruption, till Vesperella saw that it was the page, the sight of whom was a sure fore-runner of smiles on her cheeks. She instantly put down her work;

and tossing back her hair, which had gradually fallen like shadows over her face, owing to the bending and intent posture in which she had been working and listening, she called the little page to her, and kissed him, as though he had been her brother. Vesperella quite forgot her displeasure; and leaning over the child, while her taper hands played with his curly and flaxen hair, she asked him, in a soft and pleasant voice, the purport of his coming, and hoped, with many kisses, that he had not waited while they were lost in the nurse's romances.

But Oriana could not so easily soothe away her distempered thoughts, for her proud heart had been dreaming away to the time of those aged marvels of her aged attendant; and she angered at the entrance, even of a child, marring, as it did, her visions of lofty state and splendid bearing. She frowned upon the boy a frown that might have suited older brows than those of Oriana; and when Vesperella prettily chid her for such her unseemly behaviour, she turned coldly from her sister and busied her agitated hands with the half-neglected sampler.

"Nay, my Oriana!" said that gentle princess, "it is not a meet time to chide the child now. And nurse will put her thread-paper in at the leaf, and pursue the tale of that haughty cavalier on the morrow morn. Wilt thou not, sweet nurse?" continued the artless Vesperella; and she leaned her light hand on the rich, brocaded, and solid shoulders of the old dame, whose importance deepened as it was fathomed, and who now gathered up a solemn visage; and only by dint of long entreaty was persuaded to surmise a continuance.

The page suddenly remembered that time was wearing away; so without further explanation, he told the message of the queen-mother to the two princesses, and urged them not to delay fulfilling it, as much might ensue a failure. Oriana sprang from her seat, cast aside her soiled and unfinished work, and with eager hands, rifled her own drawers and those of her sister for the required treasures. She chose a casket; and in it carefully set her necklace of diamonds and rubies, (given her by her fairy godmother, in the days of her childhood;) her earrings of costly emerald, (too large ever to be worn;) her armlets of perfect adamant; her bracelets of the richest pearl; and rings most rare and out of number. She managed to pack away even a light rich lace dress; and laughed with loud delight while she ransacked the little treasury; and at intervals tried on some of the ornaments, and admired herself with much artful and idle pride. The old nurse was pressed into the search; but she performed her task with a sad alacrity, for her mind had not yet reached the comprehension of all Oriana's bustle. Nevertheless, she pocketed an old ring of cat's-eye pearl, remarking easily that it was a vile old bauble, and not fit to be seen in the drawers of a young lady, much less on the fingers of the handsomest princess of the morning.

The page hurried them continually, although Oriana heeded no persuasion to haste; and the old crone dropped sundry trinkets on the floor in crafty confusion and profitable eagerness. But poor Vesperella wept from very surprise and sweetness of disposition. No word of the little messenger could awaken her to the care of her jewels, or the preparation as desired by the queen her mother.

"Why must I prepare, now the sun is setting, to quit the palace?—

What need for hoods and walking attire? The rather would I sit quietly at my sampler!" exclaimed the distressed princess; "or listen to some fairy history from the lips of my dear nurse; or read of the jousts of brightly appparelled knights, and the loves of chivalry."

The page soothed her with light comfort. But Oriana laughed, almost scornfully for one so young, at the distress of her sister; packed up Vesperella's jewels in her own casket, under the pretence of carrying them for her; and at the same time silencing the old nurse with a precious ring, which the latter received with that kind of cautious apathy which is directly born of selfish consciousness. The jewels and lace being pretty closely stored in Oriana's casket, she desired the page to lead the way to the queen; and he, remembering that some time had elapsed, hastily lulled the heart of Vesperella, and led her in his hand through the long galleries, and down the sombre, polished, and echoing staircases, to the chamber of the Queen Auressa.

Oriana danced proudly and insolently before the party at times; and would often linger to turn over the several ornaments, and to admire her own eyes, as reflected in certain of the most brilliant jewels. She adjusted her tucker with very many airs of self-delight (for princesses in those days wore tuckers), and she parted her luxuriant hair with a hand proudly conscious of its own beauty. The nurse was left far behind on a glossy old staircase, poking her slow hands down the dingy arras for safety, rustling her way in most expansive brocade, and dotting the broad brown steps with her silver-buckled high-heeled shoes, when Oriana bounded like a haughty deer into the chamber of Auressa, her mother; and Vesperella followed like a timid fawn that catches fright even from the rustling of a leaf, or the melting of a wave.

The queen was again found subdued with thought, and her face was buried in her white clenched hands. She arose at the entrance of her daughters, being aroused by the noisy joy of the heedless Oriana. The sun was much lower in the western sky; its decline depressed the heart of the queen; and tears began silently, like the dews, to glimmer in the dark eyes of that sorrowful lady. Oriana held her casket close to her bosom, and looked out from the window into the court-yard of the palace, humming to herself part of an old ditty about cruel hearts, while Vesperella ran to her mother and folded her in her tender and affectionate arms, bearing away the tears from Auressa's eyes even on her own sweet cheek.

The queen, at sight of her daughter's sadness, recalled her resolution; and motioning the page to quit the palace as she had before desired, she took Vesperella in one hand and Oriana in the other, and quitted her chamber. The page found the waiting steed, and with great grief departed from the gate. From that hour, he was never more seen.

Auressa walked slowly, majestically, and silently adown the path by the adamant wall, leading the drooping and astonished Vesperella like a lily by her side, and checking with a firm hand and a haughty, though sorrowful, frown, the thoughtless levity and heartless haste of the proud-spirited Oriana. They arrived at the gate, which was opened by the queen's key, and soon were they all walking over the soft grass of the magic orchard.

JOHN MANESTY,

The Liverpool Merchant.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OZIAS AND MANESTY — THE SUSPECTED MERCHANT'S INDIGNATION AND ALARM.

ERE long the fit passed over, and he was on his way to Manesty's office. He found him there occupied as usual, and was greeted with the wonted grave welcome.

"I would be alone with thee," said Ozias. "See thou to the Scripture which is written in the second verse of the nineteenth chapter of the first book of Samuel."

Manesty, well used to such style of conversation, opened, without any surprise, the Bible, which always lay upon his desk, and soon found the passage referred to. In spite of his command of feature, a cloud visibly came over his countenance, as he read the ominous verse: it is the warning of Jonathan to David:

"But Jonathan, Saul's son, delighted much in David; and Jonathan told David, saying, 'Saul, my father, seeketh to kill thee: now, therefore, I pray thee, take heed to thyself until the morning, and abide in a secret place, and hide thyself.'"

"What means this?" asked Manesty, with perfect composure. "Come into my private room. Speak out," continued he, on arriving there—"no one can hear. What does this mean?"

Something seemed to choke the utterance of Ozias, for he remained in silence. He had again recourse to the Bible; and pointed out to Manesty the second verse of the seventh chapter of Micah:

"The good man is perished out of the earth; and there is none upright among men; they all lie in wait for blood; they hunt every man his brother with a net."

"Truce with this nonsense," said Manesty, pushing the sacred volume aside with far more impatience than it was his wont to display, especially when that book was in question. "Nonsense, I say," continued he, checking himself, "for even the holiest things may so be used, and so intruded out of place, as to transfer to themselves some portion of the slight which is due to him who intrudes them. Speak, man, whatever you have to say. Speak it out, Ozias—speak it out in the name of the Lord!"

"As I am so adjured," replied the Moravian, "I will speak. I have come to talk to thee about the sailor, who was found drowned six months ago."

"What! are not people done with him yet?" said Manesty, somewhat peevishly. "I thought all that was settled long since."

"I did not think that *all* was settled," said Ozias; "but be it so. All, at least, appeared to be settled in the eyes of man. Thy name was coupled with that of the sailor."

"Absurd!" cried Manesty. "No voice dared lift itself to accuse me of anything so atrocious as being concerned in his death."

"No voice was lifted up. Hath no voice spoken, not being lifted up? But be it so. It was known that this man had heavily accused thee, and borne the accusation before the elders. That it was proposed to look into the root of the matter on the next day, and that the morning found the sailor vanished, never more to be seen until the waters cast him up a corpse. Nor was it forgotten that he who proposed the investigation, in a spirit of brotherly love towards thee and thy good name, was seized at thy suit at the very moment it was to have been made, and thrown into bondage. And it was thought, too, that the hasty despatching of the 'Juno' to the coast of Africa, with mariners on board, who, he said, could confirm his testimony, was an act of precaution, not of accident."

"And it is thought, I suppose, now," said Manesty, "that while I am sitting in Pool-lane, I am personally directing the brigandage and freebooting which yesterday's advices inform us is going forward on that same coast. Nobody regretted the disappearance of this drunken Rabshakeh more than I did. I was sorry to find that any one could have been so absurd, any brother Christian so uncharitable, as to impute to me crimes which all Liverpool, I may say all the mercantile world, knew it to be physically impossible I could have committed; and the exposure of the falsehood of this fellow's ravings, though certainly not at all necessary to the clearing of my character, would have done me the service of checking, if not envious thoughts, yet spiteful tongues. That he was drowned, it is true. Is that an unusual occurrence, or one to be wondered at, when we consider the drunken and reckless habits of our mercantile sailors. Here," said he, taking up a newspaper—"here we have, in the *Courant* of last Saturday, accounts of no less than four of them found drowned, just as this Blazes was—all of them proved to have sallied forth, as he did, in a state of intoxication from the low public-houses on the quays. The wonder is, that such accidents, as they are called, do not occur in a tenfold proportion. And if any of those poor men who perished through their own folly and intemperance last week had, while that self-imposed madness to which they owed their death, been raging upon them, insulted, as it is very likely they did, persons of wealth or station, is it just or reasonable, consistent with common sense or common Christianity, to impute their fate to the men against whom they had loosed their unruly tongues?"

"It would not," said Ozias. "It would be very much at variance with justice, reason, sense, and Christian feeling. And be it so. But——"

"As for the brig 'Juno,' I know nothing about her," said the now somewhat excited merchant. "Perhaps the fellow who spoke knew no more, and flung out the first name of an African vessel that occurred to his maudlin memory at random. But I *did* inquire about her, nevertheless; and I found that on the very day before this Mr. Blazes was blurting his impertinent nonsense she had been purchased by the house of Bolt, Shackell, and Co., of Fetter-lane, London, and by them freighted in a few days, and sent to her original destination. I have no connexion, as you are well aware, with that firm. The few accidental dealings we have had together in the course of business were anything but friendly; and unless I was endowed with the gift of prophecy, as it seems I am suspected of being possessed of that of ubi-

quity, how could I have had anything to do with a transaction, the most material part of which was over before this trumpery accusation was made; and the whole business, in all probability, concluded before any advices from Liverpool, arising out of the affair, could have reached Gravesend."

"It may be so," said Ozias, who had listened attentively; "and be it so! But——"

"Pardon me for a moment, Rheinenberger," interrupted Manesty, "and I am done. As for Habergam, you know I had, in reality, nothing more to do with his case than to regret the arrest and to cancel the debt. It all arose from the zeal of Robin, excited to anger against the poor man by what he had heard from you. He took advantage of my momentary absence, and engaged Shackleford to sue on some obligations which I had passed to him, in the ordinary way of business, and on which I should not have dreamt of proceeding if a shilling's worth of them had never been liquidated. The heavy bills which I had in my own desk were not proceeded upon, because Shuckleborough would not have dared to take such a liberty as to use my name in any such transaction; and when I came back I released poor Habbakuk at once, gave him fresh credits, and never, to the day of his death, pressed him for a farthing. My books shew that I am a loser by him, to the amount of 5000*l.* and more. There are not many merchants in Liverpool, or anywhere else, Ozias, as you well know, who would have acted towards Habergam, or others in his situation, as I did. I mention this, not out of vainglory, or for the carnal seeking of men's praise. God forbid! But I have not yet so conquered the old man within me as not to feel it hard that what to others would be imputed as of merit, should be, in my case, set down as matter to swell dark and degrading suspicion. I really thought I was not to have heard another word about the thing."

"It may not be so," said Ozias—"thou must hear more—much more. What thou hast said is well of sound; and for myself, I endeavoured to dismiss the charge from my thoughts, and resolved to keep it from passing my lips. What I endeavoured, I could not always do. What I resolved, I have done to the present hour. Now I must speak, and for thy sake, John, would that my tongue had any other office!"

He then detailed, in his own style, the story with which our readers are already familiar, and the manner in which he had obtained it. The beguiling of the drunken man from the place where he had taken up his quarters for the night, by sending in the name of the pirate with whom he had in all probability sailed, to which an instant obedience was given—the ready recognition of the stranger as the person with whom he had identified Manesty—the reference to a quarrel in the morning—the assumption of drunkenness, which shewed that the whole character was assumed—his retreat into the corn-store—his personal appearance, middle age, grey hair, tall, stout figure, the scar on his forehead,—all seemed to point out the man. Manesty heard Ozias to the end attentively, but quite at ease.

"Is this all?" he said, composedly, when the Moravian ceased to speak. "Now, Rheinenberger, I should be ungrateful indeed if I did not feel infinitely obliged to you for the trouble you have taken, and the interest you display. It may be fitting, too, that I should be on

my guard against that bloodhound Oglethorpe, who does not value an oath at a straw. But is not this a very slight and silly collection of evidence? Are there no sailors of my size, and frame, and years, to be found in Liverpool? Is a scar on the brow, or a grizzled head, a thing to be wondered at? What is there remarkable in a man skulking into my open yard to sleep off peradventure his inebriety? And what reliance can be placed on the powers of observation of this butcher's boy, whom you describe as stupid and doltish? Had not the former piece of absurd slander reached your ears, you would not have applied any part of this pot-house conversation to me."

"Would that those ears had been closed with grave wax," said Ozias, "before they had heard it. Would, too, that if others should hear it, thou wilt find an audience as unwilling of belief as I! But be it so. Be warned, nevertheless. 'Vainly is the net spread in the sight of any bird.' So let it be with thee."

"I shall take sufficient care," said Manesty. "Have you told me all?"

"All. Nay, I omitted to say that, as I followed Oglethorpe, I saw him enter thy corn-store, in the lane; and after prying all about, he took some of thy people into the next-door alehouse, and gave them something to drink. I do not know what conversation he had with them, because I feared being discovered if I entered the house, the master of which, though now among the most sinful of backsliders, was formerly one of the united brethren. I suspect, however, it was somewhat connected with the store, for as they returned one by one, I noticed that each pointed to a door and a window on the right-hand side."

"A door and a window?" asked Manesty, quickly. "What right-hand side?—as you go in from the lane?"

"Yes," said Ozias; "and even now, a quarter of an hour before I came to thee, I saw Oglethorpe meddling about the same door, and pushing at it, as if he desired to push it open."

"The devil he was!" said Manesty, rising in the extremest haste, and ringing the bell with so much violence as to snap the rope. "I am damned, but *this* must be attended to!"

Paying no attention to the looks of Ozias, which were aghast in horror when he heard such unaccustomed sounds, Manesty ordered the servant, who was in immediate attendance, to send for Mr. Shuckleborough at once.

"Let him come," said his impatient employer, "without delay, leaving off whatever he may be doing. Here is business indeed! I be —"

"John," said Ozias, "is this the language of a Christian?"

"Is it the language of the——. Here, Robin," said he, as Shuckleborough hurriedly entered, "go to the lane, and open Mr. H.'s door with this key; see that everything is right there—that the padlocks of the chests are not disturbed, and that the door by the window is secure. There is a large picture against it. I have my reasons for wishing all things right there. And if you see Mr. Oglethorpe hovering around, turn him off the premises in any manner you think best; and take care to let our people about the corn-store know that I positively forbid them, on pain of immediate discharge, to hold the slightest

communication with him, or anybody like him. Go at once, Robin. Go, man—go—go this moment.”

There was no need of a second bidding. Shuckleborough immediately departed, and Manesty and Rheinenberger were again alone.

“It is enough,” said the Moravian, mournfully. “I need no more. How is the faithful city become a harlot; it was full of judgment—righteousness lodged in it; but now——” and he hesitated.

“Murderers!” said Manesty, fiercely; “finish the quotation from Isaiah without scruple. Why should you not speak what I see you think.”

“I cannot control my thoughts,” replied Ozias; “but I can control my speech. If my thoughts should be wrong, great would be my joy. But if I see not altogether astray, not to me will be left the final judgment, so far as anything on this earth can be called final; of the judgment above, it is presumptuous to think.”

“Cut the matter, then, short, at once,” said Manesty, “and answer bluntly a blunt question. Do you, or do you not, think that I murdered this young man, Blazes?”

“My thoughts,” returned Rheinenberger, in a tremulous voice, “do lie that way. May the Lord——”

“May the Lord give you something like common sense! Leave to me the task of justifying myself before a human tribunal, if brought to answer charges supported by evidence not sufficient to hang a dog. Were I, in reality, afraid of anything of the kind you hint at—why butchers’ boys are neither incorruptible nor immortal.”

A fearful thought flashed across the mind of Ozias. “More guilt,” thought he—“more blood!” But the expression of his sentiments, if he meditated any, was broken off by the entrance of Shuckleborough, who had lost no time in executing so welcome a commission as that of bullying a bum.

“Here, sir,” said he, “is the key of Mr. H.’s room. God bless my heart, but I felt an all-overness when I went into it. It is near ten years since I was there before; and I looked to where the old gentleman used to sit for near thirty years, never missing a day, except the Sabbath. I almost expected to see his little sharp, cunning face, peering through his shagreen rimmed spectacles over the books, and the everlasting shake of his silvery head. Ah! what a different head has the family of Hibblethwaite now; or rather, I should say tail, not head, for poor Dick has long been dragging through the mire.”

“Are the chests safe?” asked Manesty, who was by no means anxious to hear any more of his clerk’s reminiscences.

“Quite, sir,” replied Shuckleborough, “as safe as locks and padlocks can make them. They are good strong sea-chests, too. I do not remember that they used to be in the room in old Mr. H.’s time.”

“And the door by the window?”

“Bolted and double-bolted; locked and double-locked. ’Gad! it struck me, too, that I had not seen that door in former times. When was it——”

Manesty, who had no intention of satisfying Shuckleborough’s curiosity by taking any notice of his fishing questions, merely asked him if he had seen Ogletorpe.

“Yes,” said the clerk, with much exultation. “I saw the vagabond, sure enough, and he felt me; for I kicked him out of the yard.”

Shuckleborough did not hint that this act, which he certainly performed, was not a deed of a very desperate valour, as he had at his immediate command fifty stout draymen, and other aides-de-camp, who would have speedily reduced Oliver to a mummy, had he offered the slightest resistance to their *chef d'état major*.

"He was pimping about the old door of the old lumber-house, which has not been opened, God knows when; and when I caught him, he was kicking at it with all his might, as if he had a wish to kick down the crazy old concern—and I do not think it would take much to do that. 'So,' says I to him, 'Hallo! you fellow, Oglethorpe, what are you after? Ain't you content to be a bum, without turning burglar as well. Kick for kick is fair play at football,' says I; so I gave him one that he wont forget in a hurry. Well, he talked a great deal of impertinence, and threatened an action; at which I snapped my fingers. 'An action for what?' says I; 'for kicking off the premises a varmint I caught in the fact of trying to break open one of my master's doors.' 'Well,' says he, with all the impudence in the world, 'maybe I wont demean myself to stoop to such rubbish as you—I'll be after your master; and maybe, when next I come to break open that door, I'll use the crowbar of the law.' 'I tell you what, my man,' says I, 'do you see that sack of corn weighing up to the top-loft of the store; now, when it comes down again, if I find your ugly face about the yard, I'll take care that it will not return the next time loaded with a sack of corn, which is a good and valuable thing for beast and man, but with the dirty carcass of Mr. Oliver Oglethorpe, which is neither good for man nor beast—and that will give him a taste of what dangling on a rope is, to season him against he comes to the gallows.' 'If you talk of the gallows,' says he, 'you had better look nearer home.' So I could not bear this any longer; and I beckoned to Geordie o' Bobs—they call him Greesly Geordie in the yard. And he came running up at once; and when Oglethorpe saw him stretching out his arms to catch and hoist him, which he would have done as easy as a cat would shake a mouse, he sheered off in a minute. But the vagabond did keep lurking about, nevertheless, whatever he wanted; because I met him just this minute, and he said he had seen me through Mr. H.'s window, and that he knew what brought me there, and he would be soon there after me. I cannot make out what the blackguard means."

"It is of very little consequence," said Manesty, who had been thoughtfully silent during his head clerk's rigmarole narrative. "You have done what I wished, and you may now look after the business of the office."

Ozias also had preserved a profound silence, but his thoughts lay in a far different direction from those of his companion. When Shuckleborough had left the room, he lost not a moment in speaking.

"My soul," said he, "had been communing, John, with the Lord; and I have wrestled with him for thee in silent prayer. If thy hand in the death of this young man—nay, keep thy temper, O my brother, I am not thy judge, nor am I to set myself in the seat of the accuser—I speak to thee as if thou wert my brother indeed, the son of mine own mother. Seest thou not in what a net thou art enmeshed—a net hard to unwind from, if thine innocency were as spotless as are the wings of a dove—and to that (which will, I plainly see, soon

be thy most pressing temporal concern) thou must heedfully look. In that, I doubt not, thou art better of counsel than I; perhaps, however, one less interested than thyself might more coolly advise—but be it so. But, John, in my silence, sad visions came over my thoughts of what is of deeper import than the judgment, just or unjust, the vengeance, swift or slow-footed, of man—sad visions came over my thoughts of thy soul's estate. Shake this world from off thy heart, on which it sits with so heavy a weight; and if bloodguiltiness——”

“Nay, Ozias,” said Manesty, “I have heard all this before, and have no need of turning my counting-house into a conventicle. If I were to reply to thee in the same strain of canting rubbish, have I not an answer ready at hand? Are you not a predestinarian? Do you not know that all my course of life, and all thy course of life—the course of life of all the sons and daughters of man, was laid down from the beginning of things, that we are strictly bound children of what the pagans called Fate, or Necessity; or, as our Scriptures figuratively express the same doctrine, by saying that we are vessels of clay in the hands of the potter. Is not this the faith held by your founder, Zinzendorf, and testified to in all the churches of the *Unitas Fratrum*?”

“It is sad to hear these sacred things profaned to such uses,” said Ozias, with a sigh. “The holy Count pryed not into the secrets of the Lord, and did not pretend that he was in his councils; neither does the church in which thou wast reared—that which is called of England. Wisely does its seventeenth article caution men against the over-curious consideration of such subjects; and too truly does it predict that it will lead the carnal-minded to despair, or recklessness of living. Hath it not done so with thee?”

“I rather think not,” said Manesty, with a sneer. “My manner of life is orderly and decorous, and it will take some spell more potent than anything which nurse or priest has taught, to drive me to despair. Nay, one of the most gifted of the preachers, even he who is known by the name of Aminadab the Ancient, assured me that I was one of the elect; and that, therefore, being in a state of grace from which I could not fall, I never could lapse into sin; or that if I did, salvation was rather the surer, as God would thereby be able to manifest the absoluteness of his power in raising a sinner to glory.”

Tears stood in the eyes of the deeply-shocked Moravian.

“Thou art lost,” he said, mournfully; “thou art lost, O my brother! Sooner would I have heard from thy lips the oaths and execrations which they lately uttered than this. They are a lesser profanation; but this is hopeless indeed. That Aminadab well knoweth the letter of the Scriptures, is true—the spirit of the Scriptures, I fear me, hath never been vouchsafed unto him. And that I have often heard him powerful in prayer, and eloquent in exhortation, is also true. But the power of his prayers is that of fear, not love; he looks in the face of the Almighty to find there frowns, not smiles; and his eloquence is that of rage and threatenings, as if he were the blood-dipped headsmen of an avenging, not the white-robed minister of a comforting God; as if it were his mission to dispense the wine of the wrath of the Lord, not those contents of that blessed cup which were shed for the salvation of all. Poor worm! and is it he who can sit as a judge upon election and reprobation? Is his the right hand on which he is to range the sheep, and the left hand for the goats? How knoweth he

that thou art elect? From what storehouse doth he draw out indulgences for sin? Weak is the reed on which thou leanest. Alas! my brother, the enemy hath hold of thee, and thou art lost indeed!"

"So be it, then," said Manesty, rising impatiently; "there has been quite enough of this twaddle of theology for one morning. Have you anything further to say to me?"

"Very little. I came in peace, and I part in peace; and words of reproach thou wilt never hear from me. What has passed in this chamber this morning will never escape my lips. My suspicions or surmises may be groundless, but I thought it fitting to tell thee what might be of great concernment. Come what will, my power is weak, but such as it is, be it at thy command here and elsewhere. If it were meet that thou shouldst wander abroad, and abandon the pursuits of commerce—nay, be not impatient—I can place thee with a godly brotherhood in Connecticut, where, remote from temptation and annoyance, thy life may glide smoothly away in penitence (and the best among us hath many a stain upon his soul) and in usefulness, among pious prayers, and the sweet harmonies of peace-inspiring hymns. May God be thy guide. I shall never forget whose was the hand, which, when I staggered on the brink of ruin, saved me from the precipice; nor, when my wife and children all but wanted bread, whose was the hand by which it was supplied. Fare-thee-well."

"I suppose," said Manesty, stepping after him with unruffled brow into the outer office—"I suppose, Rheinenberger, we shall meet, by and by, on 'Change."

But the Moravian answered him not, and departed.

THE CABIN BOY.

(From the German of Nicolaus Lenau.)

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

I.

THE wild—the foaming horse,
Darts through his winding course;
Urged by the goading spur, he hies
With slanting body, storming along;
Thus sinking and falling the vessel flies
As they sink and fall, those billows strong;
While yielding to the mighty wind,
The mast is o'er the side inclined.

Now creaks and groans to the roaring sea
The ship by her heavy burden press'd,
As she hurries on, and knows no rest.
The seaman shouts right joyfully;
There at the helm the steersman stands,
And he turns the wheel with pow'rful hands;
He watches the compass so gently shaking,
While thoughts of joy in his heart are waking.
In silence he counts his money o'er;
Now hears the distant fiddle sounding,
As girls that the sailor love are bounding,
Joyous and free upon yonder shore.

Along the deck our captain walks,
 Rejoiced to see once more his home;
 Now up—now down—he proudly stalks;
 Now to the sails his glances roam;
 With their precious burden of winds they swell,
 And he smiles, for the sight has pleased him well.

The ladder shakes, but from rung to rung,
 Cheerful and brisk, yon lad has sprung;
 And now he has reach'd, in his joyous haste,
 The highest sails on the tow'ring mast.*
 The rope from which he hangs is weak,
 It snaps in twain—what a fearful shriek!—
 Into the flood he has fallen—down.
 Over him are the billows thrown.

Vain, ye sailors, is your endeavour
 To save the youth—he is gone for ever;
 The waves are darting upon their prey;
 Barking like hungry beasts are they;
 One in its rage the boy has swallow'd,
 Quick in its track the rest have follow'd;
 Round the ravenous one they in envy crowd,
 With their foaming throats, and their roaring loud.

And now the sun ascends the sky once more—
 Hush'd are the winds, the noise of waves is o'er;
 The mariners at leisure meditate,
 Mournfully, on the changes of their fate.
 Calmly the sea—old murd'rer—looks upon
 The sky, as though no mischief it had done.

II.

In his warm embraces spring has borne him—
 From his arms relentless fate has torn him,
 Plunged him deep into the boundless main;
 Over him and all his young hopes roaming,
 Coldly roll the waves of ocean foaming;
 He shall never see his home again!

Or did spring with joyful tidings send him—
 Did he for his messenger intend him,
 When he let him fall from his embrace?
 Do the joyous mermaids flock around him,
 In the coral-fields, where they have found him—
 In that dimly-lighted resting-place?†

In their souls are fear and joy combining?
 Are they in thy dripping ringlets twining
 Shells, fair boy, like garlands of the rose?
 Do not reefs of rock already tire them?
 Does not some deep-longing now inspire them
 For the earth, when Spring his lustre throws?

* Here, in the original, follow two lines, consisting of the nautical names of the sails—

“Den Lüftefanger, den Wolkenraser,
 Den Mondespflücher, den Sternengraser.”

As I did not know how to manage these “air-catchers,” “cloud-scrappers,” &c., and they were neither necessary nor ornamental, I omitted them.—J. O.

† Verliess, literally a “dungeon;” but “resting-place” is as much in keeping.—J. O.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS OF EPHEBUS.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

IN the second year of the reign of the Emperor Decius (A.D. 250), seven noble youths of Ephesus were imprisoned for allegiance to a then persecuted faith, in the most westerly of those towers which strengthen, at irregular intervals, the Hellenic portion of the wall of Ephesus, built by Lysimachus of old, and which stretches across the heights of Mount Coressus, from the gates called Magnetidæ.

Although no expressions of fear or dismay escaped their lips, or allowed themselves to be manifested in their actions, still traces of anxiety were discernible in their countenances; for an imperial galley had arrived that day in the harbour, and had attracted them to the grated windows of their prison. Immediately below, were numerous arches and vaulted tombs of rough stone-work, cased with marble, and belonging to the pagans; but beyond this, the prospect embraced a vast extent of groves and woods, of public and private gardens, and country seats of rich Ephesians, which stretched down to the sea-shore, except where interrupted by the dwelling-houses and mansions of the town of Phygela; while at a still greater distance, and beyond the placid bay in which the Cayster poured its swan-bearing stream, were to be seen the glittering houses of Claros, backed by rugged mountains, which curved round in bold promontories to breast the waters of the ocean. A flood of golden light rolled over valley, woods, and distant hills, and lent to them, and to the boundless expanse of sea beyond, a degree of splendour and magnificence, which did not fail to have some effect even upon the disturbed minds of those who thus gazed from their rock-lifted prison, upon a scene then without a rival in the world.

"The prophecy of the Apostle Paul, who was imprisoned within these very walls," observed the elder of the seven, more in resignation than in sorrow, "'after my departing shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock,' has met its fulfilment."

"There is a melancholy satisfaction," remarked another, "in suffering within walls so sanctified; but as in those young days of a disputed faith, the mercenary opposition of the silversmith Demetrius failed in impeding the progress of truth, so surely has Christianity little to fear ultimately from the persecutions of Decius."

"I should entertain less apprehension with regard to the results," again observed the eldest, "were it not for the want of zeal and firmness which exists in the bosom of the church itself; but the number of the chosen is few, and it is to be hoped they will not be found wanting. Such sacrifices are not only necessary to the fulfilment of prophecy, but also to the great ends of Providence. It is obvious that the present moment is one pregnant with results. Paganism and Christianity are now fairly opposed to one another; it is no longer a faith disputed in the school of Tyrannus, or publicly scoffed at in the gymnasium. Before this persecution began, the temples of the heathen were not more crowded than was the church of Christ; and if a sacri-

fice must be made to ensure a victory, let us not, as of yore, be rebuked for having left our first love, but let us suffer and faint not."

"It is strange," interrupted a third, by name Jamblichus, who had somewhat less faith, and was consequently more dispirited than the others, "that the number of the chosen should be seven. It is the same number as that of the sons of Sceva the Jew, who abjured the evil spirit in the name of Jesus, and yet believed not, and were overcome."

"Seven," replied the eldest, "is a mystical number, and on that account it is the more evident that we are selected for some great purpose. The seven stars were the angels of the seven churches, which were again revealed to John by the seven candlesticks, and of which the church of Ephesus is one and the first. It was necessary that one innocent child should fall to save the seven heroes of Thebes; let us pray that the fall of seven sons of Ephesus may save its credit and renown."

"The great temple of the fire-worshippers at Ecbatana," observed Jamblichus, "had also its seven walls of seven different colours, marking the seven great heavenly bodies, and the climates in which they revolved."

"Seven," again said the eldest, in a tone of rebuke, "came of God, and is a divine and astronomical law. Six days shalt thou labour, but the seventh, rest."

The heavy tramp of soldiery ascending the steps here interrupted the conversation. The guard entered the prison, and commanded the young men to follow. The imperial warrant had arrived, and a great example was to be made to the stubborn Ephesians. The young men listened to their doom, but blanched not; folding their tunics, whose broad open borders declared their noble birth, each tied around his head a kerchief, which had come from the Apostle Paul's person, and then issued forth in silent procession.

Their way led at first eastward, along the foot of Mount Coressus, by narrow and crooked streets, crowded by Jewish and pagan multitudes, of whom some reviled, but others grieved. But arrived in the Agora, an equal number of Christians disputed the crowding of the whole open space. Many of those present were also at that moment under accusation, and had only the indulgence of a convenient time to prepare an answer to the crime imputed to them; some, affrighted at the spectacle now presented to their view, were considering by what amount of pecuniary sacrifice they might reconcile in some measure their safety with their religion; or were inwardly resolving on a hasty flight to avert a similar calamity. There were even some few who had made the atonement of penance, and renounced the faith which they professed; but these kept aloof from the crowd, and their abashed and anxious countenances too clearly betrayed their inward remorse and misery.

As the young men approached, those present who stood steadfast to their faith hastened to salute them by kissing their hands, or their garments, and so zealous was the crowd in this last token of love and respect, that it was with difficulty the guard could make a way. The deputies from Rome sat with the magistrates under a rich portico and colonnade opening upon the market-place, and alarmed at the silence

which, like that which precedes a storm, pervaded the crowd, they motioned the soldiers on, and the mournful procession moved towards the gates of Magnesia. Passing without these, the difficult ascent of Mount Coressus was next commenced by a steep and well-worn water channel, down which trickled the only stream flowing from these hills into the plain; and here and there a step cut in the solid rock assisted their way, till they gained a spot where strewn rocks and tangled shrubs rendered the ascent still more laborious, and in the midst of which was a cave, whither the seven of Ephesus were ushered, before the whole assembled city.

Disembarrassing themselves of their arms and heavy accoutrements, the Roman soldiers now busily engaged themselves, tearing huge masses of rock from where they lay in their beds of myrtle, ivy, and box, carrying them to the mouth of the cave, and piling them one upon another. The youths stood unappalled at the entrance, looking for the last time down upon the scene of all their early affections and worldly ties, while the assembled population contemplated on their part from below, the sad spectacle, which was thus presented to their view.

Ephesus was at this period in all its glory. The Ionian sea in its blue depths and boundless expanse was not a more magnificent object than was that city with its tranquil harbour, its beauteous edifices, its mighty temples, and its far-extending walls, climbing rocks and precipices. The ancient traffic with Lacedemon, and the Isles of the Ægean, had been extended to the Adriatic, to Rome, Sicily, and Carthage. Ephesus, under the paternal government of the Cæsars, was in the enjoyment of all the arts of peace, and the luxuries of an extended commerce. It was the emporium of the whole peninsula of Lesser Asia, and the costume of a hundred different nations might be seen within its walls.

Immediately below the rock was the more crowded part of the city, with its open market, and well-built theatre; while behind this the Corinthian columns, forty feet high, and six feet in diameter, of the temple of the Olympian Jupiter, rose above the surrounding buildings, bearing architrave, frieze, and cornice, of the most beautiful finish and perfect workmanship. From this temple, one straight, wide, and open street, near the centre of which was the tomb of Androclus, led downwards to that famous edifice, the admiration of people of all nations, the labour of two centuries, and in the erection of which the arts of Greece, and the contributions of all the states of Lesser Asia, had assisted—the temple of Diana of Ephesus. Raised upon a base thirty or forty feet high, and approached by a grand flight of steps, this splendid structure overlooked the whole extent of the harbour; and its vast wings, which contained the innumerable chambers, dark apartments, and substructures appertaining to the mysterious rites of paganism, stretched out to the west from each extremity of the central colossal mass, which was fronted by a hundred and twenty-seven granite columns,* (the gifts of devout monarchs,) each sixty feet high,

* Gibbon says marble columns; but at Aiasaluk, the Turkish town which has arisen upon the ruins of Ephesus, there is a ruined marble mosque, supported by four gigantic granite pillars, said to be remnants of the Temple of Diana.

and of Ionic order, while the building itself was cased with white marble walls, in which the utmost elegance of detail was combined with simplicity, strength, and imposing magnitude. Close by, but within the sanctuary, which had been confined by the Cæsars to a stadium in extent, was the spring of Hypelæus, to which devotees and refugees alike repaired for refreshment.

But the eyes of the seven did not rest on these proud edifices of a triumphant paganism. There arose beyond the rugged heights of Mount Prion, distinguished by its ancient walls and marble quarries, a gentle eminence, on which stood the simple Basilica, sacred to the apostle unto whom the Ephesians were baptized, before the advent of St. Paul, and close by was the open sepulture of the Virgin. The church of St. John was then a most simple edifice of solid brick-work—a mere parallelogram divided into nave and aisles by columns, with a semicircular tribune in lieu of chancel, and whose only external pretensions to architectural ornament were rows of blind arches, where windows ought to have been. Around this edifice were scattered the humble dwellings of the Christians, and the spot possessed an interest in the eyes of the youthful martyrs, which evoked their humanity in many a silent tear and ill-suppressed sigh.

Evening was now creeping on apace, the sun was rapidly sinking in the horizon, as the wall increased in height, and the united labours of twenty Roman soldiers had nearly accomplished the work of shutting out from the world the seven youths of Ephesus, as the last rays were lingering upon the loftier buildings of the city, lending a deeper and more solemn hue to the gorgeous scene which lay at their feet, and which they were never to witness again.

At this moment, the vesper of the pagans came hymned upon the evening breeze by a hundred sweet voices. The priestess of Diana was approaching the temple with all her train, a hundred beauteous virgins clothed all alike, in snowy silken robes, buckled with silver clasps, and azure scarfs embroidered over with stars, their hair knit up in curious tresses, and crowned with silver crescents. Each held a silver bow in her left hand, and in her right an arrow drawn from the embroidered quiver, which hung by silken cords to her side.

As the priestess advanced through the inner court, the maidens, who lent lustre even to her superior charms, opened their ranks and made a lane, through which she passed towards the altar, adorned by the masterly sculptures of Praxiteles, who had selected his subjects from the favourite legends of the place;—the birth of the divine children of Latona; the concealment of Apollo after the slaughter of the Cyclops; and the clemency of Bacchus to the vanquished Amazons. Arrived at this point, she approached the silver chair, placed above the perpetual meteorite, “the stone which fell down from Jupiter,” (Acts, xix. 35,) and, depositing her bow by her side, became seated. Her upper vesture was of blue silk, glistening with stars of gold, and girt to the waist by serpents; beneath was a robe of silver tinsel, fringed with gold; and her hair was bound up like a coronet, and set with diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones, surmounted by a golden crescent.

Sphere-like, the maidens encircled the living Diana, and offered on one knee their devotions and the incense of their sweet voices:

“Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
 Now the sun is laid to sleep;
 Seated in their silver chair,
 State in wonted manner keep,
 Hesperus entreats thy light,
 Goddess, excellently bright.”*

For a time the noble youths were overcome by the splendour of the scene before them, and by the soft sounds which came mellowed by distance. It was, however, but the momentary enchantment of oblivion. Recovering themselves as from a stupor, they, by a simultaneous impulse, burst forth in the praise of the God of the Christians, in those glorious words of the Psalmist King, “Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto thee.” It was a long hymn of tribulation, swelling into a song of joy, consolation, and triumph; and ere it was finished, the temple, priestess, and virgins, were to them for ever entombed in silence and darkness; the whole city was wrapped in the mantle of night, and the soldiers had departed from their accomplished task.

The darkness of the cave was so dense as to be almost palpable. A thick flagging vapour pervaded it. The rivulet seemed to creep by with a dull murmuring sound, which lulled the senses to slumber. No noises, such as were wont to mark the neighbourhood of the great walled city, could be heard; a heavy weight pressed upon their eyelids, and forgetfulness stole over all their faculties. One after another, the youths sank upon the ground, and fell into a deep, unbroken slumber.

Two centuries, all but a few years,† had elapsed, when the slaves of Adolius, removing stones from the mountain side without knowing it, let the light of the sun into the cave, and the seven sleepers awoke. After the first feelings of astonishment at the novelty of their situation were over, and prayer and meditation had restored the memory of past events, it is not surprising that after so long a fast the feelings of hunger began to make themselves paramount over all other considerations. After some discussion, pressed by the urgency of the call, it was determined to draw lots, as to which of them should descend the mountain, and endeavour to penetrate into the town by stealth, till he could meet with some friendly Christian, from whom he might obtain provisions.

The chance fell upon Jamblichus; and a few more stones being removed from the aperture, the Christian of the last century made his way amid tangled shrubs and rude rocks to the side of the mountain, whence he was to descend upon the highway, which leads between Mount Coressus and Mount Prion, from Ephesus to Magnesia on the Meander. But previous to commencing his bold venture, he for a moment stopped to contemplate the city he was about to enter; and then he might have been seen, although the atmosphere was clear and

* “Cynthia's Revels.”—Ben Jonson.

† Two Syriac writers, quoted by Asseman in his *Bibliothèque Orientale*, tom. i. p. 336, place the resurrection of the Seven Sleepers in A.D. 425, or 437. Their Greek acts, according to Gibbon, which Photius had read, assign the date of the 38th year of the reign of Theodosius, which may coincide either with A.D. 439, or 446. Incidents in the history of Christianity succeeded one another so rapidly at the epoch in question, that a difference of a year or two is of much importance.

bright, rubbing his eyes, as if the mist or drowsiness of the cave still hung upon them. Looking again, it appeared as if a change had come over the scene—the city of Ephesus was there, but altered, and scarcely recognisable; Mount Prion stood before him in all its changeless ruggedness; but instead of the modest Basilica, on the Virgin's mound, there arose then a magnificent cathedral, of proud bearing and vast magnitude; on the other hand, the great temple of Diana was no longer to be seen;* while a line of brick wall stretched along the foot of Mount Coressus, extending from near the theatre, westward, to the port, and enclosing the Agora and its mansions between the theatre, and where the temple had been. For the first time, a sense of something miraculous, and surpassing understanding, came across the Ephesian's mind. He did not dare to examine further, but continued his descent, his heart beating tumultuously, and his feet trembling beneath him. On gaining the road, there were but few people there; and those, to judge by their costume, were merchants from some distant country; to his annoyance, however, it appeared that they viewed him with doubts and curiosity. Hastening along, a still greater surprise awaited him, for, turning an angle of the road, the gates of Magnesia appeared before him, surmounted by a colossal cross. It was difficult, amid so many wonders crowding on him at every step, to restrain from ejaculations, but fear compelled him to silence. Within the city, he scarcely knew his way; old shops had disappeared, and new ones sprung up in their places; the streets followed new and different directions; and above all, amidst the great crowd moving about, each in the pursuit of his own avocations, he did not meet with a face he knew, or a single person whom he could determine to be a fellow-Christian. Fatigued and awed, he resolved upon making a purchase of bread at a baker's shop, and returning to his companions. With this view, he approached the nearest, and tendered, in exchange for the bread, a golden coin, having on one side the head of the Emperor Decius, and on the exergue, the inscription, "ΕΦΕΣΙΩΝ ΠΡΩΤΩΝ ΑΣΙΑΣ ΤΗΣ ΙΕΡΑΣ ΚΑΙ ΑΥΤΟΝΟΜΟΥ." The baker, examining the coin, and looking at Jamblichus, said, "Young man, your dress bespeaks you a stranger; wherefore do you tender a coin no longer current?"

Jamblichus felt faint, as he distinguished, with difficulty, from an unfamiliar language, the meaning of the inquiry.

"The coin," he answered, with a broken voice, "was good yesterday; what has occurred that it should not be so to-day?"

"Such a coin has not passed in Ephesus," observed the baker, "for nigh two centuries; and I suspect your intentions are about as honest as your disguise of dress and language, and your manners, would indicate them to be."

A crowd had been quickly attracted by the discussion, and still more so, by the appearance of Jamblichus; and some among them suggested that he had found a treasure, and wished to impose upon the good Christians of Ephesus.

"You are no Christians," said Jamblichus; "for if you were, you

* The temple was burnt by the Goths, in their third naval invasion of Lesser Asia, about A.D. 260.

would scarce dare to own it. Your dress and language bespeak you of a different race."

It was too much for an always excitable mob to have it supposed that there still existed pagans in the peculiarly sacred and Christian city of Ephesus, and they called out lustily, "To the magistrate—to the magistrate! Away, away with the pagan impostor!" The crowd re-echoed the cry, and Jamblichus was hastened along by a resistless mass of people, increasing every moment in numbers.

If under the milder rule of the Byzantine emperors, and the establishment of Christianity as the religion of the state, the abuse of the military spirit had been much subdued, and violence suppressed, it was only to be supplanted by an artificial system of tame and ceremonious servitude, out of which occasionally popular feeling broke with an unrestrained licence and overwhelming vehemence. The attendants at the porch of the chief magistrate of the city refused admittance to what they considered as a madman borne along by the crowd. The baker held out the Roman coin in vain, till impatience broke the bounds of decorum; and the clamour of the people made itself heard within the walls of the palace, and then Jamblichus was hurried into the presence.

"Whence do you come?" said the governor, viewing the Roman Ephesian with a contempt not unmingled with wonder. The youth hesitated for a moment; but twice had the great apostle to the Gentiles enjoined the Ephesians to put away lying, and to gird their loins with truth as part of the armour of God, and he determined at all risks to abide by that injunction.

"From the cave in Mount Coressus," he answered, with modesty, but firmness; and the statement was followed by a confused murmur, which ran through the crowd at the lower end of the apartment.

"Do you live there? or have you found a treasure in the cave?" inquired the governor, astonished at the youth's dialect.

"I was put there last night, with six other noble youths of Ephesus, by order of the emperor; and my name is Jamblichus," answered the accused. The governor smiled incredulously; but the public devotion of the age was impatient to exalt the saints and martyrs of a now triumphant church; the murmur in the crowd grew louder and more distinct. "A miracle—a miracle!" was called out, and repeated from mouth to mouth, till it quickly spread over the whole city. The aged primate, Memnon, followed by several bishops—for the first synod was supposed to be still sitting—issued from his palace to see a living martyr. Rich Ephesians and merchants of the city crowded to the governor's residence, and it was hastily resolved to clear up the mystery by a visit to the cave.

Once more all Ephesus was collected in front of that rugged mountain—once more thousands of eyes strained themselves to discover aught but the same perpetual alternation of rock and verdure, the same overflowing fountain, trickling peacefully down the hill side. It was with difficulty that the attendants of clerical pomp and civil power could force a way through the enthusiastic multitude. Hundreds threw themselves at the feet of Jamblichus, to kiss the hem of his garments, or to be sanctified by being trod upon; and the women wept for joy at the doors and windows of their domiciles.

The labour of tearing rocks and stones from their long resting-places to men roused by the most powerful incentives of curiosity and superstition, was but that of a moment; and what had taken the Roman soldiery hours of toil to accomplish, was undone by the sinewy Christians in a few minutes. The chief men of Ephesus stood, within a most brief space of time, in the presence of the six young nobles of the reign of Decius. Their dress, their appearance, the long loss of a cavern sacred only to legendary lore, and now suddenly disclosed to them, and the deep faith of the age, ripe for any miracles vouchsafed in favour of the church, left no doubt as to the reality; but if there had been any, the sequence of events would have destroyed such at once; for, as if guided by a holy impulse, the youths arose, and advancing towards their brethren, blessed them in the name of the Almighty God and of his Son, their Saviour and Redeemer. The proud prelates knelt before youths of nearly two centuries of existence; and those on the rock joining in prayer, were seen by the multitudes in the city below; and one loud "Hallelujah!" proclaimed the amazing discovery from the Cayster to Mount Prion, and seemed to rend the skies in twain. When the witnesses arose from prayer and benediction, the seven sleepers had sunk peaceably into eternal sleep.

It is, perhaps, to be regretted that the seven youths were thus taken away without giving the light of their experience upon the apparently simple question, as to the twofold nature—one person and two natures—of the Son of God. It might not have been so acceptable to the Monophysite primate of Ephesus, or to Christians, who worshipped Mary as the mother of God, to have announced this fact, as it became afterwards to the primates of Rome, who also originally held the Monophysite, or one incarnate nature doctrine; but if the nature of our Saviour had, like the Trisagion, been thus miraculously revealed to the church, the scandal of the second synod, the martyrdom of Flavian, and the siege of the cathedral of Ephesus, might, perchance, have been averted; and what disorders, burnings, pillagings, and murders, might not have been spared to an early Christianity?

A hundred and seventy years after this miracle vouchsafed to the people of Ephesus, and the tradition of which exists in the writings of James of Sarug, or Batnæ, as recorded within half a century of its occurrence, the great leader of a new doctrine adopted the story into his koran, as having taken place in the land of the origin of Islamism, amid the rock dwellings of the Edomites, in the mysterious city of Idumea, the Petra of the Romans, and which is called by Abul'feda, Ar-Rakim, the name used for the cave by Mohammed.

The Arab prophet has been reproached not only with thus adopting a Christian legend, but also with a want of taste and ingenuity in the choice of fabulous circumstances with which he has adorned the ancient tradition, when incorporating it into the holy book of the Moslems. Certainly the respect of the sun, who altered his course twice a day that he might not shine into the cavern, was more worthy of classic mythology than of a worship of the unity of the godhead; and the care of God himself, who preserved the bodies from putrefaction by turning them to right and left, is weak and puerile; but the picture of the watchful dog, however opposed to Ovid's idea of the cave of sleep, which no dog ever came near, is upheld as poetical by the high authority of Edmund Spenser:—

“And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye
 Watching to banish care their enemy,
 Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleepe.”

The story of the Seven Sleepers has been adopted by all the nations who profess the Mohammedan religion, from Bengal to Africa; and by many Christian nations, the names of the Seven having been introduced into the calendars of the Greek and Roman churches. The author has visited another cave, to which the legend is attached. It is situated in a beautiful rocky glen, in the valley of the Cydnus, a few miles north of Tarsus, the former rival of Alexandria and Antioch, and the birth-place of the Apostle Paul. Another traveller, Colonel Rawlinson, has also found the same tradition attached to the Persian ruins of Shahabad, formerly one of the great capitals of Susiana, and a Nestorian metropolis, and which is watered by some magnificent aqueducts, excavated at an immense depth in the solid rock.

If the universal belief, so easily yielded to this legend, has been ascribed to the genuine merit of the fable, so also the causes of its extensive propagation may be sought for in its inherent beauty. As it has been truly remarked, we imperceptibly advance from youth to age without observing the gradual but incessant changes of human affairs, so, in our larger experience of history, notwithstanding the claims of some to a monopoly of philosophic views, the imagination of every person is accustomed to unite the events of distant epochs by some mental graduation. But if the interval between two remarkable eras, such as occurred between the fall of paganism and the establishment of the Christian religion, could be suddenly annihilated, the effects of a new state of things, upon the eye of a spectator, who still retained a lively and recent impression of the old, would furnish materials for a fable which would possess permanent claims upon sympathies as far spreading as the human mind.

THE ELLISTON PAPERS.

(Second Series.)

EDITED BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

Preliminary remarks—The Royal Circus—Dr. Busby—Miss Sally Booth—Rival Columbines—Remarkable disturbances—Copy of a Protocol—Court of King's Bench—Conviction of parties—Mr. W. Phipps—His emphatic, monitory letter—Effect on Elliston.

IN pursuance of these papers it will be necessary to state, that the line of circumstantial biography will be so far departed from, as occasionally to intermit passages in the recollections of our subject, which, though indispensable as component parts in the future publication of a Life, would be too multifarious for the few remaining appearances we shall make in the present miscellany. The more remarkable and extant features of Elliston's professional career will henceforth alone be noticed. We shall beg to carry the reader down the main current of our history, without noticing the many tributary streams by which,

from time to time, it will be swollen; nor shall we pause to survey the various points of incidental interest, which would detain the traveller, who looks forward, without doubt, to more substantial satisfaction in other excursions on the chart of AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE.

We trust it will be permitted us to say, that the records of Elliston are replete of events likely to excite amusement; and it is with an anxiety of purpose, which we hope may atone for our weakness in execution, that we have taken this scheme of setting before the reader that which, we believe, may best recompense him for any attention he may concede to the remaining pages reserved to us in this journal.

We prefer rather to omit a few facts than to cramp the many. "Crowding a multitude of incidents together, in a narrow space," says a popular essayist, "approaches the early painters, who in the same picture, put David offering himself to fight, David throwing the sling, and David cutting off the head of Goliath." We will receive, therefore, for the future, no greater number of documentary guests than can conveniently sit at this monthly table, but with the assurance, that, on renting an establishment of our own, (for we are here only a lodger,) we shall have the happiness of inviting the full body of our acquaintance.

The Royal Circus having undergone thorough repairs and extensive alterations, Elliston commenced his season (1810) on Easter Monday, under all those flattering prospects of success, which he was fairly entitled to entertain. The amphitheatre, which had hitherto been the arena of equestrian exercises, was now converted into a commodious "pit" for spectators; stables into saloons; and the mangers themselves into stalls of a far different office—namely, "choice fruit and lemonade." The empire of the Houyhnhnms was, in fact, entirely at an end. Apollo and the heavenly Nine appropriated the ceiling amongst them, elevating the thoughts of the spectator from the dung of Augeas to the azure of Olympus, whilst Bacchus and the laughing Ariadne participated an expansive proscenium, which glittered in the choicest symbols of intellectual banqueting. To this new house, Elliston gave the name of "The Surrey Theatre."

The entertainments on the opening night commenced by an address—a poetic rhapsody—the child of Busby, and the adopted of Elliston. The manager on his entrance was, of course, saluted by the firing of applause, which, as he proceeded with the poetic lines, so greatly increased, that, in his spirit of enthusiasm, either despising the trammels of laboured rhyme, or burning to exhibit himself in the fulness of his beloved faculty, he suddenly cast poor Busby aside, and in a true *Ellistonian* speech, accomplished, with an hundredfold effect, the midnight labours of the bewildered Doctor. The poetry was conventional, but the speech was special; and though the unhappy rhymester was sadly shorn on the evening in question, he had the satisfaction of viewing himself at full length in the newspaper columns of the following morning.

The "Beggar's Opera" was the principal piece—Mrs. Garrick (formerly Miss Gray) sustaining the part of *Polly*. A bellipotent melodrama succeeded, in which there was a vast multitude in arms,

and the cremation of the citadel, though it nearly choked the audience, had no power in stifling the huzzas of the people.

Early in this season, Miss Sally Booth—so long a favourite with the public, made her first London appearance on these boards. The “Beaux Stratagem,” converted into a burletta (!) introduced this lady in the part of *Cherry*—Elliston himself, of course, filling that of *Archer*. This barbarous crotchet placed upon the drama, under certain licences, was in this instance complied with by great skill and considerable taste. Some delightful melodies were furnished by Mrs. Elliston, whilst the “Musical Catechism,” between *Cherry* and *Archer*, produced a very rapturous *encore*; the rubric of the bills always announcing it in red letters.

The success of this dramatic transmutation induced a second of a similar nature; and some weeks subsequently, the “Bold Stroke for a Wife” was as adroitly invigorated with a decoction of music, and Mesdames Centlivre and Elliston the joint patentees of the *nostrum*.* The great praise which was due to the management takes but little, however, from the condemnation of such legal restraint.

But this course of harmony was now suddenly invaded by an event which rendered the present season of the Surrey Theatre one of the most remarkable which had yet occurred. “The season of love was no more,” and discord and heart-burnings, equalled only by the memorable O. P. insurrection on the plains of Covent Garden, in the year preceding, now agitated the extensive territory of St. George’s Fields.

On the production of his pantomime, the spirited manager had engaged, as *Columbine*, a Miss Giroux, a sparkling brunette, “of foreign aspect and of tender years.” This young lady made her appearance accordingly, and the Surrey *Terpsichore* soon kindled a *tendre* amongst the “pretty fellows” of Nelson Square and Melina Place. Elliston, at this period also, had enriched his company by the services of a Miss Taylor, a lady inferior neither in personal attractions nor graceful accomplishments, to the magnetic Giroux. She was, perhaps, more of the Sylphide than the Muse. Giroux might have been *Apollo’s*; Taylor the beloved of *Oberon*.

Elliston being desirous of turning this “double cherry” to the best market, and believing the peach-blossom Taylor would, perhaps, be more than equally attractive with the olive Giroux, invested her on a certain night with the diadem of pantomime, and Miss Taylor appeared for the first time in the part of *Columbine*.

Nelson Square and Melina Place were now in a state of positive insurrection. This was an usurpation to which they could not for a moment submit, and they at once determined to vindicate the rights of the dethroned queen. On the night in question—that of the fair Taylor—the *Girouites* assembled in considerable force, and securing the first rows of the pit, and the most advantageous position in the boxes, prepared themselves for the coming struggle.

The adherents of Taylor were on this night comparatively few, for

* As an instance of the evil example of such proceedings, we would mention that a few years after the above representation at the Surrey, this same play was again converted into an opera, and brought out at Drury Lane Theatre! Braham sustaining the part of *Colonel Feignwell*!

they had been taken by surprise; but no sooner was the curtain raised for the commencement of the mystic scene, than a cry of "Giroux!—Giroux!" sufficient to "tear the cave where echo lies," resounded from all quarters of the theatre. This evidence of unlooked-for hostility soon awakened the *Sybarite Taylors* to resistance. Worthy the cause, and the more inspired by the odds against them, they repelled, with triple tongues, this furious onset, and the very building was shaken to its base. The strife was now carried on in downright earnest. The opposing parties, no longer satisfied by words, sprang on the benches, and crowded on the parapets of the boxes, giving the clearest indications that they were prepared for any result. The belligerents were in their element, and in his element was Elliston himself; for in the attitude of a speech he was speedily before them. But the honeyed words of *Ulysses* were here of no avail. Like the *Pythian* responses, his words were ambiguous, and his promises unsatisfactory. Still more exasperated were both parties, and the curtain fell in universal confusion.

On the second night a fearful renewal of difference took place. Taylor was still in the bills, and the adherents of Taylor considerably multiplied. The parties now contended under distinct leaders. One Thomas Barratt, a knight well worthy the blazonry of our poor history, marshalled the array on the side of the dazzling Taylor, while another, Michael Slater, not less in heroic beauty, mingled the gallant hearts which beat for the glory of Giroux. The rising of the curtain was again the telegraphic notice for the general onset. The *G's* and the *T's* went at it, pell mell. "O. P." was now completely eclipsed in "G. T." Hats bore the impress of their favoured initial; and no two letters of our time-honoured alphabet ever before came into such awful collision. To it they went; and history must accord them a page to the latest posterity. Now were the *Guelphs* triumphant, and now the *Ghibellines*; yet neither the Pope nor the Emperor could account two such lads of metal as Michael Slater and Thomas Barratt!

"Nor Dindymenian, nor the Pythian priest,
Were with such fury by the gods possess'd;
Nor Bacchantes, nor Corybantes so,
When on shrill brass they iterate the blow."

To descend, however, from the stilts into which pantomime has elevated us, hostilities were thus carried on, night after night, with equal violence and improving method. On each succeeding evening, some new device, by one party or the other, was projected; nay, such was the excitement, that bursting the cerements of the theatre, it extended far beyond its walls, and, like the exhalations of a tanner's yard, impregnated the astonished neighbourhood. The arrival of either The Giroux or The Taylor, at the stage-door, was a signal to their appropriate partisans, who hailed their own "bright particular star," as she descended from the hackney-coach. "Taps" and "spirit shops," were tributary in the cause. The "House of Call for Painters" had emblazoned The Giroux, and "The Duke's Head" had been sacrificed to The Taylor. Placards, handbills, pasquinades, and acrostics were in merry circulation, while an itinerant song, founded on "The Rival Queens," collected a roaring auditory around the Obelisk. Amongst others, we submit a copy of a precious protocol:—

"SURREY THEATRE.

"Miss Giroux, deeply deploring the display of a spirit in this theatre which, however flattering, is by no means calculated to serve her who is the object of it, presumes publicly to declare, that she has neither personally nor otherwise, encouraged any hostility to the professional pretensions of a young person, called Taylor; nor has she acted in any way which might tend to lower her (Miss Giroux) from her high elevation in public opinion. Miss Giroux takes the liberty to request, that the enlightened portion of the British public, which does her the honour to approve her performances, will add to so proud a distinction, the favour of abstaining from all unseemly contest, nor

'Mix with hired slaves, braves, and common stabbers,'

but allow, at once, Mind to triumph over Matter!

"N.B. Miss Giroux is not aware, that in this generous nation it is disreputable to be either a Jew or a foreigner; but attempts having been made to fix on her the *stigma* of both, she hopes it will not be deemed impertinent to state that she is neither. Miss Giroux is by no means a Jew, and has the happiness, moreover, of being born an English young lady."

But a question will naturally arise, What was the manager about this while? The truth is, these nocturnal revels contributed materially to the health of the playhouse exchequer: the theatre was full, and full prices were paid nightly, and though the manager could not countenance such proceedings, (which his numerous speeches are as many evidences to shew,) yet he had not, at this time, displayed that vigour of purpose so peculiar to him.

But now considering that the moment had arrived, in which if he did not interfere, some one else would; or being desirous of accomplishing that moral triumph, which had animated Giroux—namely, "mind over matter," he pompously stated that, on a certain night following, he would himself "give judgment in the case." The attitude he assumed for the purpose was consistent with this judicial language; for on the ensuing Tuesday, when presenting himself on the stage for the purpose of judgment, not quite "sober as a judge," he turned towards the prompter, and with a dignity which was positively superlative, exclaimed, "Bring me a chair!" This demand was heard by a burst of merriment from the auditory, and when, obedient to the order, the prompter appeared, bearing in a stately arm-chair, into which the manager sank with the severity of a Wedderburn, it was perhaps the most powerful stroke of burlesque ever witnessed.

The court, however, was soon in the utmost confusion. The plenary indulgence which had evidently been the devotion of the manager, and the dissatisfaction which the "judgment" was giving to all parties, renewed the contest, and most wofully augmented the effects. The rattling chandeliers now responded to the crackling benches; and as neither force could claim a victory over the other, they both united in the common cause of pillaging the country. These scenes being repeated on future nights, the manager was at length brought to his senses. The mock tribunal gave place to a court far beyond a joke;

the case was removed from Surrey to Westminster, where in July the Attorney-General applied for a rule &c. against the leaders of the fray. The two Columbines in the hands of Sir Vicary Gibbs and Lord Ellenborough, must have produced a quiet scene, by no means unamusing to the other gowns in the Court of King's Bench. The trial did not take place until the following May, when, on the conviction of the parties, the annexed document was published:—

“SURREY THEATRE.

“Whereas a criminal information has been filed in the Court of King's Bench against us the undersigned, Michael D. Slater, of the parish of Lambeth, and Thomas E. Barratt, of the same parish, for the part taken by us in the riotous proceedings which occurred at the Surrey Theatre, in the months of May and June last, under which we now stand convicted, and are liable to be called upon to receive judgment; and whereas Mr. Elliston, the proprietor of the said theatre, has declined to accept any payment from us, towards compensating him for the heavy expense which he has incurred, and the serious loss which he has suffered by such riotous proceedings, but has, at our entreaty, consented to abstain from bringing us up to receive the sentence of the Court, on condition,

“First,—That we should make a public acknowledgment of our sorrow for such offence; and,

“Secondly,—That we should subscribe a sum of money to the fund for the relief of the distressed Portuguese, in the following proportions:—that is, that I, Michael D. Slater, should so subscribe one hundred and five pounds; and I, Thomas E. Barratt, twenty one pounds.

“Now, in pursuance of such conditions, we do hereby publicly express our deep and sincere contrition for the offence of which we have been guilty, as well by the disturbance of the respectable audiences collected at the said theatre, as by the injury done to the property and profits of the proprietor; and we do declare ourselves in a high degree obliged to Mr. Elliston for the forbearance, by which he has relieved us from the severe consequences which might have followed the imprudences we have committed.

“M. D. SLATER,

“25 May, 1811.

“T. E. BARRATT.

“Witnesses:

“W. E. ALLEN, New Bridge-street,

“Solicitor for Prosecutor.

“SAML. VINES, Lincoln's Inn,

“Solicitor to the Defendant Slater.”

At about this time, Elliston received the following from Mr. Phipps:—

“Having denied myself to you lately, on one or two occasions, you may be led to suppose I have some cause for offence. Such is indeed the case—and I have held much debate with myself, whether I can consistently now communicate with you in this manner. But I address a few words to you with the same sense of humanity as might urge me to extend a hand to one perishing by the road-side.

“Believe me, my friend, you are becoming—have become, the shameless victim to a passion, which has, alas! but little more to do in accomplishing your utter destruction. That destruction will be no single ruin, and the sin consequently in fearful proportion. It will be destruction of a mind naturally endowed by higher properties than fall commonly to the share of men—the abuse of advantages far greater than many in your profession have ever been blessed with—utter desolation in the most affectionate bosom that ever beat for a husband’s honour—and an example to children, whereby pollution will take possession of their minds in place of the seeds of early wisdom. You are publicly—you are universally known as intemperate—the vice dishonours you as a companion, and puts a brand upon you as a public man. I have not seen you on one occasion, in the clear, manly, possession of your faculties for the five last interviews I have had with you; and if you think I now take a violent liberty with that which is your own affair, you must look on it as the incision of the knife, the only arrest to the gangrene which will destroy you.

“As heartily as I have received you as my friend, so will I distinctly throw you off, if these things are repeated. This is not the first time that I have used this language; but I have been willing to believe the verbose confessions you once made to me, proceeded from a vigorous resolution to amend. I do not wish vexatiously to recall to your mind the favours you have received from me, by my advice in your complicated concerns; but in addition to the difficulties which such concerns must necessarily throw on him who undertakes their investigation, I will not add the unthankful perplexities of seeing my labours rendered abortive, by the madness or stupidity of habitual ebriation.

“Your habit has led me most reluctantly to this conclusion; and the scene which took place at the house of a common acquaintance, on the 15th of this month, has called forth the present letter. Elliston—I will not beg the question with a man in your critical position—you have not a moment to lose—your respectability is expiring—your energies declining—your estate wasting—and your very hopes are themselves becoming hopeless.

“What was it that first gave me delight in your acquaintance, and which afterwards made me seek your confidence? (for I acknowledge both these)—it was your extraordinary industry—your interesting energy—your evident talents—and your amiable family. The last will never lose their claim upon me, for unfortunately that must increase, as my sense of the former is fast vanishing.

“Had I first known you in these latter days, I should have avoided you with studied caution; and in saying this, believe me, I speak only the sentiment of all respectable men. Think not that you gain anything by the loud laugh at a coarse jest—the reward is as worthless as the achievement itself is despicable.

“Of particular circumstances, there is one I would notice before concluding. You have hinted lately, I believe, at my carrying some communication or other to Mrs. Elliston. That is not the case—and I regret it is necessary for me to assure you that it is not so. Mrs. Elliston has twice called on me under evident distress—great, very great, mental anxiety. Once she called, after the day of your opening, and again about three weeks since. These were occasioned by your

absence from home on the whole of the two previous nights, without either notice or the most careless explanation. She might have deemed that some accident or business had detained you, but she had too evident grounds for belief, that she had more reason for sorrow in the cause of your estrangement, than a broken shin or protracted pantomimes. Of your distinct errors, our only conversation was—on that subject, which, like the daylight, is clear to all.

“I do not trust that I have not wounded you; on the contrary, I hope I have deeply probed you. If I am not of weak resolution myself, you will never again receive such a letter as this from me; for you either will not require it, or if you do, it must proceed from some other hand.

“God bless you!—and in that I would say, God bless you by timely reflection!
W. PHIPPS.”

The language of this letter produced a deep impression on the mind of the truant. Elliston was obviously abashed—crestfallen. He knew how just the imputations had been, and he felt how sincere and disinterested was the man who had urged them. At about this very time, also, Elliston received another of those mysterious epistolary favours from *Invisibline*,* alluding, in equally strong terms, to that same scene of dissipation and riot, which had formed part of Mr. Phipps' accusation. This, if not tending to his deeper depression, at least multiplied his perplexities. The “whereabouts” of this *Invisibline*—the machinery by which she directed her operations—and the nice accuracy of her intelligence, more and more bewildered him. He was now suddenly visited by one of those violent calls of righteousness and reformation, which have more sincerity at the moment than steadiness of purpose—a sense of holiness, like love, far too hot to hold; and Elliston now turned towards Stratford Place, regretting, perhaps, that the days of mortification were past, for, like Blaise Pascal, he would at that moment have bound himself in an iron girdle, or put on the hair-shirt of a penitent of La Trappe. Certain it is, he returned to his wife in a temper of submission as little worthy respect as his late engagements had been of imitation. But he returned to one whose soul was as generous as her affections ardent. This excellent woman, like the gentle *Amelia*, received the penitential *Booth* with cheerful forgiveness, while Warner Phipps, like the good *Dr. Harrison*, looked on with the sincere hope that so fair a beginning would be consistently maintained.

Elliston, as we have noticed elsewhere, was subject also to chronic attacks of a religious nature. He would occasionally turn to his Bible with the zeal of a very Baxter, which, if he had in part commuted for some portion of the reformer's fortitude, might have been wholesome. But like the blue lights of his own playhouse, his zeal threw around but a momentary glare, and presently left the scene in deeper darkness than before. Unsteady as was his temper, there was no wilful hypocrisy in Elliston; indeed, so thoroughly was he imbued with every sense of the *moment*, that his excellency on the stage was materially owing to it,—for at each impersonation, the very spirit of the character so thoroughly passed into him, that he could not but be the identical creature he appeared.

* The reader is referred to Chap. XIV. of “Memoirs of Elliston” for some account of “*Invisibline*.”

A JAR OF HONEY FROM MOUNT HYBLA.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

NO. II.

ALLAN RAMSAY'S "GENTLE SHEPHERD."—THEOCRITUS.—HYLAS.—MOUNT ÆTNA.

A CORRESPONDENT of great taste and acuteness, who is a passionate lover of the highest kinds of poetry, has remonstrated with us on the praise we gave in our first number to the "Gentle Shepherd" of Allan Ramsay. He accuses him of "barbarous diction," and a "patois," and of having "no more truth of representation, either in character or circumstance, than Pope in *his* pastorals, or than the most ideal presentment of fable." He says, there are "no gentle shepherds in the world,—no peasant labourers who sit under trees, and languish and sing songs about their mistresses;"—that the "only mistress they glorify is the landlady of the 'Fox and Goose,' who sells the best beer, bacon, and 'backy;'"—that if we are to have "falsifications of life, (and he, for one, delights enthusiastically in pastorals,) let them be done with grace and high imagination,—in the style of Fletcher, Jonson, Milton, and the rest;"—that "the 'Gentle Shepherd' is, after all, a copy of Theocritus—herdsmen singing for a flute as a prize;"—that the hero of it is "a fellow, amorous of a child" just entered on her teens—"between twelve and thirteen! diverting the mind of a juvenile from her sampler;"—and finally, "that to be snatched from the commonplaces of life" in order to "ride on the curled clouds" or "penetrate the solitudes of a poet's imagination, is good;" but not so to leave the busy facts of society, merely to get on the "platitude of a barren table-land."

The reader will agree with us in thinking that these objections are well put; and that supposing the grounds on which they proceed to be what they are stated, they would settle the question at once. The writer is obviously no commonplace objector. In his own walk, in fact, we know him to be a man of genius; and as a reader, he comes from a beautiful world of books, where it is no wonder that being intoxicated with the nectar of the gods, he is a little jealous of seeing its cups approached by the bowls of water, however clear, served up by the "Gentle Shepherd." He loves them so truly, however, and to such cordial purpose, that in his last letters (for he was so much in earnest as to write four) a friendly misgiving came over him with regard to the vehemence of some of his phrases, in consideration of the opinion entertained of Ramsay's pastoral by a brother enthusiast in old poetry, and accordingly he finishes his correspondence with an abundance of courtesy and respect, so modest, indeed, as to render us unable to quote it, either in justice to him or to ourselves. We should not mention this circumstance, but for thinking that he would desire us to do so. No man has a greater right to express what he thinks, and in some respects we have not done justice to the way in which his objections are put. It would have been necessary to print his letters *verbatim* to do so, and this he would not have approved. One quotation, however, must not be lost. In protesting against the

youthfulness of the heroine, he declares it to be "treason to the buxom glories" of what he once heard an old woman call "*the human sex*." This admirable involuntary compliment to womankind beats the famous vindication made by Mistress Slipslop of the dignity of the "frail sect."

With all our respect, however, for the poetical taste and reading of our correspondent, we cannot help thinking, that in the present instance his objections are not so much founded upon a thorough inquiry into the claims of the party condemned, as upon long habits of partiality for greater poets. That Allan Ramsay can compete for a moment with Fletcher and Milton, as far as poetry in the abstract is concerned, we never meant, of course, for a moment to imply. We hold him also to be, in the same respect, far inferior to Theocritus; nay, to the ideal part of the pastoral genius of the author of the "*Aminta*." And yet this does not hinder us from still thinking the "*Gentle Shepherd*," "in some respects," the best pastoral that ever was written.

The accusation of writing "a barbarous diction" and a "patois," as far as it is applicable to Ramsay, might be brought against Theocritus himself,—nay, has been. He himself introduces a man bantering the dialect, in his "*Syracusan Gossips*;" upon which, one of the good women very pertinently observes, that she hopes it is "lawful for Dorians to speak Doric." The gossips of Sicily spoke a Greek a little different from that of the gentlefolks of the court of Alexandria, which the poet describes them as visiting; yet it was not a patois, neither is Scotch. It was a genuine Greek dialect, as the Scotch of Ramsay was a dialect of Saxon; and by their very remove from the more courtly tongue, both had a rustical air so much the fitter for the rustic muse, and no more unpoetical on that account, than haystacks and glens are unpoetical because they are never met with in towns. The remark that there are "no gentle shepherds in the world,—no peasant labourers who sit under trees, and languish and sing songs about their mistresses" is a singular instance of forgetfulness in a critic so well acquainted as this gentleman must be with the writings of Burns and others,—Clare, for one, in England. Burns, to be sure, did not "languish" much, but he sighed to some purpose, and unquestionably sat under trees, "meditating his rural minstrelsy." He took for his crest a linnæ in a bush. And though he glorified the landlady of "*Tam O'Shanter*," it was not for her beer and tobacco. As to the love for a girl just entered in her teens, we are to suppose that Allan's young female friends were among the maturest in the land, which makes all the difference, it being well known that some females are as old at thirteen as others are at eighteen, and some no older at twenty. The one case is not as common as the other, certainly; but still it is not so uncommon as to excite astonishment. We knew an admirable woman, who was married at fifteen. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu wrote love-verses at twelve; and the last age beheld an eloquent passion entertained for Goethe by a girl only a year older. The "pinafore" is sometimes very obviously in advance. In other instances the gown itself is behindhand.

The gist of the question, however, lies in the ideal part of it. "If we are to have falsifications of life," says our friend, ("and I, for one," he continues, "delight enthusiastically in pastorals,") let them "be

done with grace and high imagination;" if we are to be "snatched from the commonplaces of life," let it be in order to "penetrate the solitudes of a poet's imagination," and not merely to get on the "platitude of a barren table-land." Now, all art is more or less ideal, otherwise it is no longer art, but mimicry or wax-work, and does nothing for us but present our commonplaces over again; but our correspondent does not consider, first, that all classes of life and conditions of nature are capable of ideal treatment, as long as they are capable of fancies and affections; and second, that all fancy and affection—the latter in particular, when it is young, is full of the ideal, every lover, the very homeliest (if he is a lover at all), making a goddess of his mistress, and desiring to express his love, if he could, in a poet's tongue. Burns, and many of his correspondents, or satellites,—Ramsay, and many of his, such as Forrest and Thomson,—were peasants and mechanics of a poetical nature, able to express it; they said of their Jennys and Peggys what every Scotch lover in humble life desired to say of his, and hence their popularity. Hence the monument erected to Burns in his native place—hence the poems of the Ettrick Shepherd—hence the facts asserted by Lord Woodhouselee respecting Ramsay's pastoral, that it is "universally relished and admired by the class whose habits it describes," because it is "in unison with their *feelings*;" and that "there is not a milkmaid, a ploughboy, or a shepherd, of the Lowlands of Scotland, who has not by heart its favourite passages, and can rehearse its entire scenes." In other words, it is the truth of their own hearts and best habits a little elevated by song, as they themselves are elevated when they most feel, and most would speak. Do we suppose that no love is real but that felt by gentlemen who frequent taverns instead of "ale-houses"? or that no tears are shed, except over graves attended by white handkerchiefs? Assuredly, our correspondent is one of the last men who would make any such assertion; and it is to the deduction necessary from the admission which follows, that we beg to refer his own sensitive and unbogoted nature for whatever else might be said on this part of the subject.

There are, in truth, two sorts of genuine pastorals—the high ideal of which he speaks, and which is justly to be considered the more poetical, and the homely ideal as set forth by Allan Ramsay and some of the Idyls of Theocritus, and which gives us such feelings of nature and the passions as poetical rustics not only can, but have entertained, and eloquently described. And we think the "Gentle Shepherd," "in some respects," the best pastoral that ever was written, not because it has anything to equal it, in a poetical point of view, with the abundant, delicate, and imaginative fancies of Fletcher and Milton, but because there is absolutely, upon the whole, more faith and more love in it, and because the kind of idealized truth which it undertakes to represent, is delivered in a more corresponding and satisfactory form than in any other entire pastoral drama,—in fact, has no alloy whatsoever to its pretensions, *such as they are*,—no failure in plot, language, or character,—nothing answering to the coldness and irrelevances of "Comus," (as groves of "myrrh and cinnamon" upon the banks of the Severn,) nor to the offensive and untrue violations of decorum in the "Wanton Shepherdess" of Fletcher's pastoral, and the pedantic and ostentatious chastity of his Faithful one. It is a pure,

healthy, natural, and (of its kind) perfect plant, sprung out of an unluxuriant but not ungenial soil,—not hung with the beauty and fragrance of the productions of the higher regions of Parnassus,—not waited upon by spirits and enchanted music—a dog-rose, if you will—say rather, a rose in a cottage-garden, dabbled with the morning dew, and pulled by such a lover as our correspondent would have been, had he been a peasant instead of a gentleman, to give to his mistress “at the waking of the fold.” Would he have allowed, in that case, that his only mistress was the “mistress of the Fox and Goose”? Assuredly, he would have tolerated no such want of faith in what some wiseacres are pleased to treat with contempt as “delusions of youth,” (as if age had no delusions of its own, or any half so good; or as if the only proof of anything whatsoever were not in its effects upon us while they lasted, instead of being in our inability to receive them afterwards, perhaps owing to our own faults.)

Allan Ramsay's poem is not only a probable and pleasing story, containing charming pictures, much knowledge of life, and a good deal of quiet, sly humour, but in some respects it may be called classical, if by classical is meant ease, precision, and unsuperfluity of style. His diction is singularly straightforward, seldom needing the assistance of inversions, and he rarely says anything for the purpose of “filling up”—two characteristics of writing, the reverse of vulgar and commonplace,—nay, the reverse of a great deal of what pretends to be fine writing, and is received as such. We confess we never tire of dipping into it, “on and off,” any more than into Fletcher, or Milton, or into Theocritus himself, who, for the union of something higher with true pastoral, is unrivalled in short pieces. The “Gentle Shepherd” is not a forest, nor a mountain-side, nor Arcady, but it is a field full of daisies, with a brook in it, and a cottage “at the sunny end,” and that we take to be no mean thing, either in the real or the ideal world. Our Jar of Honey may well lie for a few moments among its heather, albeit filled from Hybla. There are bees, “look you,” in Habbie's How; and Theocritus and Allan shake hands (as our correspondent truly intimates) over a shepherd's pipe. Take the beginning of Scene ii., Act i., both description and dialogue—

“A flowrie howm between twa verdant braes,
Where lasses use to wash and spread their claes;
*A trottin' burnie wimplin' through the ground,
Its channel pebbles shining smooth and round.*
Here view twa barefoot beauties, clean and clear,
First please your eye, next gratify your ear,
While Jenny *what she wishes discommends,*
And Meg, with better sense, true love defends.

“JENNY. Come, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green,
This shining day will bleach our linen clean:
The waters clear, the lift unclouded blue,
Will make them *like a lily wet wi' dew.*

“PEGGY. Gae far'er up the burn to Habbie's How,
Where a' the sweets o' spring and simmer grow;
*Between twa birks, out o'er a little lin,
The water fa's, and maks a sing and din;
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
Kisses, with easy whirls, the bordering grass.*

We'll end our washing while the morning's cool,
And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
There wash ourself; 'tis healthfu' now in May,
And sweetly cauler on sae warm a day."

This is an out-door picture. Here is an in-door one quite as good,
—nay, better.

"While Peggy laces up her bosom fair,
With a blue snood Jenny binds up her hair;
Glaud by his morning ingle takes a beek;
The rising sun shines mottly through the reek;
A pipe his mouth, the lasses please his e'en,
And now and then his joke maun intervene."

We would quote if we could—only it might not look so proper, when isolated, as it does in the context—the whole song at the close of Act the Second. The first line of it, alone, is worth all Pope's pastorals put together, and (we were going to add) half of those of Virgil, but we reverence too much the great follower of the Greeks, and true lover of the country. There is more sentiment, and equal nature, in the song at the end of Act the Fourth. Peggy is taking leave of her lover, who is going abroad:—

"At setting day and rising morn
Wi' saul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask o' Heaven thy safe return
Wi' a' that can improve thee.
I'll visit aft the birkin bush,
Where first thou kindly tauld me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst unfald me.

"To a' our haunts I will repair,
To greenwood, shaw, or fountain;
Or where the summer day I'd share
Wi' thee upon yon mountain.
There will I tell the trees and flowers
Frae thoughts unfeign'd and tender,
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart that cannot wander.

The charming and (so to speak) natural flattery of the loving delicacy of this distinction—

"By vows you're mine, by love is yours,"

was never surpassed by a passion the most refined. It reminds us of a like passage in the anonymous words (Shakspeare might have written them) of the fine old English madrigal by Ford, "Since first I saw your face." Perhaps Ford himself wrote them, for the author of that music had sentiment enough in him for anything. The passage we allude to is—

"What, I that loved, and you that liked,
Shall we begin to wrangle?"

The highest refinement of the heart, though too rare in most classes, is luckily to be found in all; and hence it is, that certain meetings of extremes in lovers of different ranks in life are not always to be attributed either to a failure of taste on the one side, or unsuitable pretensions on the other. Scottish dukes have been known to meet with

real gentle-shepherd heroines, and everybody knows the story of a Countess of Exeter, who was too sensitive to survive the disclosure of the rank to which she had been raised.

To return to Theocritus. The great Sicilian has as many homely scenes as Allan Ramsay himself, and others much homelier;—pastoral poetry having originally been the identical village banter which gave rise to comedy; nor did the manners of his time enable him to anticipate the sentimental part of the love of the modern poet, except in the remarkable instance of Polyphemus; otherwise he had quite feeling enough to have done justice to the heart of the purest affection, and far more poetry for its imaginative adornment. In his *Idyls* on the subject of Hercules, he has shewn himself a great poet. He is always one true to nature, without any such admixtures of excess and irrelevancy as are not seldom to be found in most of the greatest modern poets. The following picture of Hylas and the water-nymphs, appears to us unsurpassed by ancient or modern, in a certain combination of minute literal painting with imaginative beauty. It is Greek of the most Grecian kind, bodily and naked; all the loveliness is impressed by the material and visible; and yet the general feeling, and the delicate image of the falling star, give it a relationship to Milton himself. Hylas goes to fetch water for the drink of Hercules, and shortly describes a well:—

Ταχα δὲ κραναν ἐνοήσαν
 Ἥμενω ἐν χωρῷ· περὶ δὲ θρόνα πολλὰ πεφυκῆ,
 Κυανέον τε χελιδόνιον, χλοερόν τ' ἀδιαντόν,
 Καὶ θαλλόντα σελίνα, καὶ εἰλιτενῆς ἀγρωστὶς·
 ὕδατι δ' ἐν μεσσω Νυμφαὶ χορόν ἀρτισδόντο,
 Νυμφαὶ ἀκοιμητοὶ, δύναι θεαὶ ἀγροιώταις,
 Εὐνικά καὶ Μάλις, εἰρ' θ' ὀρώσῃ Νυχτεία.
 Ἦτοι ὁ κωρὸς ἐπείχῃ ποτὼ πολυχανδέα κρῶσσον,
 Βαφαὶ ἐπείγομενος· ται δ' ἐν χερὶ πασαι ἐφυσαν
 Πασαῶν γὰρ ἐρῶς ἀπάλας φρενὰς ἀμφεκαλύψεν
 Ἀργεῖω ἐπὶ παιδί· κατηρίπε δ' ἐς μέλαν ὕδωρ
 Ἀθροός, ὥς ὅκα πυρρός ἀπ' ὠρανῷ ἠρίπεν ἀστὴρ
 Ἀθροός ἐν ποντῷ.

And straight he was aware
 Of water in a hollow place, low down,
 Where the thick sward shone with blue celandine,
 And bright green maiden-hair, still dry in dew,
 And parsley rich. And at that hour it chanced
 The nymphs unseen were dancing in the fount—
 The sleepless nymphs, revered of housing men;
 Winning Eunice; Malis, apple-cheeked;
 And, like a night-bedewed rose, Nichea.

Down stepp'd the boy, in haste to give his urn
 Its fill, and push'd it in the fount; when, lo!
 Fair hands were on him—fair, and very fast;
 For all the gentle souls that haunted there
 Were drawn in love's sweet yearning tow'ards the boy;
 And so he dropp'd within the darksome well—
 Dropp'd like a star, that, on a summer eve,
 Slides in ethereal beauty to the sea.

But Hylas, though the story is told by a Sicilian poet, is not a Sicilian story; and therefore, as our intention in these papers was to confine our subjects to the region that furnished the contents of our Blue Jar, we say nothing further of it. We have been led, it is true,

into a long digression on the subject of Allan Ramsay; but as the "Gentle Shepherd" may, in some respects, be regarded as a descendant of the muse of Theocritus, we have persuaded ourselves that the reader would think it not altogether so foreign to our purpose as might be supposed. At least, he may regard us as a musician, who happening to introduce into some remarks on the music of another country a commendation of that of Scotland, and being told that the Scots had no music, they exclaim, "How! the Scots have no music!" and so proceed to give some specimens of it before he went on with his proper subject. Our design was to touch on any such prominent points in the history and territorial character of Sicily, real and fabulous, as should furnish occasion for a beautiful quotation from the poets, accompanied or followed by some native story. Our second number, we fear, will have disappointed readers who expected us to proceed in working out this design; and indeed we should be fairly ashamed of postponing a complete specimen of it to number three, if we did not hope that Allan's "barefoot beauties" would plead for us by the wayside. We intended to proceed in chronological order, beginning with the mythological period, and so coming down through ancient and modern times, and Saracen and Norman story, till we gave some of the latest anecdotes in connexion with Mount Ætna, the ever-present shadow throughout them all. We accordingly touched upon Mount Ætna in our exordium, and with this *oldest inhabitant* of the island (for there has ever seemed to be a spirit in it beyond the common bodies of mountains) we will again, with the pardon of the reader, commence.

Did Ætna exist before the human race? Was it, for ages, a great lonely earth monster, sitting by the sea with its rugged woody shoulders and ghastly crown; now silent and quiet for centuries, like a basking giant—now roaring to the antediluvian solitudes, vomiting forth fire and smoke, drivelling with lava, then silent again as before—alternately destroying and nourishing the transitory races of analogous gigantic creatures, mammoths, and mastodons, which preceded nobler humanity? Was it produced all at once by some tremendous burst of the earth and ocean? some convulsion, of which the like has never since been known,—perhaps with all Sicily hanging at its root? or did it grow, like other earthly productions, by the accumulations of time, and its own energies, inward and outward? In whatever way it originated, and however the huge wonder may have behaved itself at any period, quietly or tremendously, nobody can doubt that the creature is a benevolent creature,—one of the securities of the peaceful and profitable existence of the far greater and more mysterious creature rolling in the shape of an orb round the sun in midst of its countless like, and carrying us all along with it in our respective busy inattentions. We do not presume to inquire how the necessity for any such evil mode of good arose. Suffice for us, that the evil itself works to a general good purpose; that the earth apparently could not exist without it; that nature has adorned it with beauty, which is another good, and fertility, which is another, and grandeur, which is another, elevating the mind; and that, if human beings prefer risking its neighbourhood with all its occasional calamities, those calamities are not of its own willing, nor of any unavoidable necessity, nor perhaps will exist always. Suppose Ætna should some day again be left to its solitude,

and people resolve to be burnt and buried alive no longer? What a pilgrimage would the mountain be then! What a thought for the poet and the philosopher! What a visit for those who take delight in the borders of fear and terror, and would love to interrogate Nature the more for the loneliness of her sanctuary!

We shall have more to say of his High Mightiness in our next. (What a proper title, by the way, would that be for Mount *Ætna*, and what a strange one it is for a Dutchman!) Meantime, after being loud again of late, and shewing its fiery terrors, the mountain is again silent, and the bees (haters of noise and smoke) resume their labours at its foot to supply Blue Jars with honey,—even as we, at the feet of these our lofty retrospections, would fain leave a sweet taste of Nature in the mouth of the gentle reader.

JAMES'S LATE ROMANCES.*

“THE writing of a romance is like taking a walk with a friend, with whom we intend to go on talking of this thing or that which we have laid out before us, discussing some kindly difference of opinion, giving a long account of what has happened since we last met, or employing our time in any other stated manner without considering the rest of the world in the least degree. Scarcely have we gone a hundred yards, however, when we encounter some troublesome fellow who seizes us by the button. A little further on a stranger saunters up, and asks us his way. Beyond that again, another friend meets us with important news, and perhaps a third turns round with us, and walks to the end of the journey. So that—without taking into consideration all the occasions on which we ourselves stop to gather a flower, or admire a prospect, or to knock down some acorns from the oaks above our heads—we are sure to be interrupted about fifty times in pursuing the original subject of our discourse, and may think ourselves very well off if we get to the end of our story at all.”

We have copied this passage at full length from one of Mr. James's recent novels; first, because no man alive ought to know better than himself what writing a romance is like, and many readers may be pleased to know what an author to whom they owe so much entertainment feels and thinks about his own labours; and secondly, because the comparison, though not applicable to all romance-writing, pretty accurately describes the course which our excellent novelist has evidently pursued in working out several of his later conceptions.

Mr. James, describing this excursion of authorship, dwells on the number of departures from the first simple purpose “laid out before us,” the unexpected interruptions at odd turns of the road, the delays and dallings to which the walk is everywhere liable; but he says nothing of the common result, both in the rambler's case and in the writer's—weariness: limb-weariness, brain-weariness. That is, possibly, because he never yet felt the sensation.

* 1. *The False Heir*, 3 vols. 2. *Arabella Stuart*, 3 vols.

Not a hint does he throw out touching the aching head, the jaded spirit, the intolerable sense of fatigue felt to the very finger-tips, by hosts of authors, mortal and immortal. That is, because he enjoys the happy—the enviable faculty of being ever untireable.

Yea, from that pleasant distant hour in which he first dipped pen into the black pool, to this moment, when insatiable romance-readers everywhere are wishing it may not soon be dry, he never seems to have dreamt of turning back, of stopping short, of flinging himself down on some pleasant green bank of fame, or by the golden rivulet of profit, and confessing himself tired.

There is no such word in his vocabulary. His literary “walk with a friend” winds all sorts of ways amidst all sorts of difficulty; but at the end of it, though it proved twice as long and devious as he had anticipated, he is as fresh as when he first set out, and is, moreover, perfectly ready, the moment he has apprised his friends of his return, and said, “Here I am!” to start off again upon another ramble, perhaps in an opposite direction, and with any acquaintance who happens to come in the way.

How many are the novelists and romancers—(if we are wrong in the guess, still it is no disparagement to them, and will be easily forgiven,)—how many who must have felt, on some occasions, when in the middle of an involved, and, so to speak, an obstinate and sulky story, a dreadful misgiving, a sinking of the heart, a fatigue of spirit doubling the united weariness of the two immortal little wood-babes. The readers of their ever-welcome pages—those eternal new novels which might have been a luxury, if procurable, on a long winter evening, to Adam and Eve, but which are become as absolute necessities to their sons and daughters—we, who profit by their labours, have, as Lear says, taken “too little care of this.” When does the most grateful and considerate of us, as we read on, chapter after chapter—expecting, as a matter of course, to be enraptured anew at every turn of the story—pause to consider the causes of our disappointment, and look at a failure in the narrative, here and there, (such things will betray themselves,) in its true light! As we drop upon a flat dull part of the story, and fall, as one may say, through a hole in the ballad, when is it that, instead of going off to sleep or tossing the book upon the sofa, to be sent back to the library, we say wisely and feelingly—

“Ah, now, here the author had a touch of his old enemy, rheumatism—or, perhaps, his dinner wasn’t ready, and he wanted it—or, perhaps, he had had it, and was half-dozing—or, possibly, his wife *would* come into the room, not to interrupt him for one single minute, but just to run over, in the most undisturbing manner imaginable, the heads of a little quarter-of-an-hour’s story, about the people she had met in the morning at the other people’s.”

Still less do we ever say to ourselves, “All this tediousness, this dull prosy level, is excessively interesting, for I am sure it means something; it is part of the design—it is essential to the working out of the plot—the romance would be nothing without it; very dreary it is to be sure, but then it leads to brilliancy. How dull it gets, it is quite exciting.” No, we give our kind provider no such credit; we will not bestow a thought upon the art which he has exercised in introducing repose, that we may afterwards enjoy; we at once bring in a verdict of

"tedious," and lay our hands upon our honest bosoms, like an enlightened British jury.

Mr. James, however, whatever may be his share of the tediousness incidental to writing of every order, never laid a claim to the sympathy due, though not given, to the heartaches and headaches of authorship. He seems to have nothing in common with those authors who are for ever "wishing in their souls that the second volume were finished," or "thanking their stars that such a chapter is done." He goes at once to his work, and does it; and although, as he says, he may gossip on the way, or take a more intricate course than he intended, he comes to the end unflinching, and never, in a fit of distaste for the pen, threatens to write no more. Most romancers, except James, are in the habit of announcing their last work three times before their career is half over. But James's "last novel" simply means—not the one that came out in June, but in July.

However disposed some readers may be to welcome an attractive author as often as he can make his re-appearance on the scene, it must be owned that the constant labour tries his power unfairly, and puts his attractiveness to a perilous test. Yet it proves much for the elasticity of our author's mind, as well as for the popular taste for light historical reading in this age, that he finds again and again an audience, and continues to write as fast as any of us can read. He might do more justice to his large stores of information, derived from more than one or two languages, we suspect, and collected by rapid yet laborious search in many libraries, if he gave himself more time, first to choose, and then to arrange his subject; and he might produce more finished books than his later productions are considered to be, if he wrote less hastily, and adopted that severe system of condensation which is costliest in point of thought and time, but much the cheapest and most enduring in the end. And yet, while his books, with all their occasional diffuseness and prolixity, admit of being run through as easily as they seem to be produced, it appears hypercritical to object.

Again—and this involves an admission which our remembrance of the glowing, graphic, picturesque scenes in which so many of his romances abound, prompts us to make with grave conscientiousness—it is doubtful whether the most ardent admirer of Mr. James's writings is not influenced, to the prejudice of some of his productions, by the rapidity and fluency of his pen—whether they are quite in a position to do full and ample justice to them, when their author produces them with such ease. But this, at least, is not less than certain, that his depreciators are influenced, consciously or not, as it may be, according to the quarter, by the prolific qualities of his imagination, and the abundance of his resources. If any of his recent works had made their appearance at intervals of a couple of years, instead of coming forth two in a twelvemonth, they would have secured a very different kind of examination, and ranked perhaps in a far higher scale of merit—the works themselves being exactly the same, spirit and letter.

Take the "False Heir" for example. We know not what degree of favour it may have attained in critical or general circles—among the two parties which, in commercial language, (now becoming almost the only language of the day,) are styled producers and consumers; but of this we are confident, that if not injured or interrupted in its

course by a speedily-following competitor from the same pen, or if not at first partially blocked out of its fair chance by a predecessor with the same family attractions, it would be classed with the tales which none would willingly let die.

We are here reminded of a marked virtue in Mr. James as an author. He is always direct and intelligible; his style is sufficiently ornate to suit his themes, but it is not overlaid, and rarely, indeed, obscure. This is one cause of his great popularity. But what we would more particularly say of it is—that it is English. Though writing tales of all ages, he has no affected quaintness; though possessing exhaustless stores of reading, he is infected with no dry pedantry of manner, and though borrowing his subjects from many lands, and filling his pictures with foreign characters of every rank that real life or the page of history can supply, he is himself English all the while. At the outset of this spirited and impressive tale, the “False Heir,” although the subject is derived from the annals of France, he parenthetically apologizes to the reader for using needlessly a French expression. Here is a touch of simplicity and good sense that ought to make some of the mawkish interlarders of their native language blush. The “beg pardon for using a French expression” ought to be recorded among the new *Curiosities of Literature*, collect them who may.

How agreeable and how animated is this opening; the characters at once interest; and they are grouped with the feeling of a painter and the knowledge of the dramatist. Some excellent portrait-painting, seen especially in the production of Louise Pelet upon the scene, shews with what skill and distinctness he can accomplish what he does not in every case think proper to attempt. Jean Marais is a far more important agent, and all through the story he pursues his course to the reader's wonder and amusement. We make his acquaintance as a most easy, calculating, bluish rascal, who puts one in terror somehow, and yet renders himself agreeable to us; and he wins upon us gradually, until we are uneasy when he is off the scene; and although he happens to have a small foible or two to answer for, such as stealing cash from a drawer and forging a document, we are quite willing to believe that the money was virtually his own, and we know that the forgery was the fruit of his zeal and devotion to others without hope of benefit to himself. And so, when his young master holds out his hand to him as a friend, we recognise a just feeling, and could embrace the scapegrace of a valet ourselves.

St. Medard is another finished and consistent sketch; and, in this work, most of the characters are interesting, for none of them are overdrawn. If they are the children of romance, it is the romance of nature; the “mingled yarn,” good and ill together, is the stuff of which most of them are made. The story is extremely interesting, it has scenes of tender as well as of terrible effect, it is embellished with clear and forcible descriptions of natural beauty, and interwoven with its lighter interests are some brief discussions upon belief and immortality, which are managed with equal point, delicacy, and impressiveness.

“*Arabella Stuart*” (the latest work) is, on the other hand, a romance of English history, as the name of its gentle, dignified, and suffering heroine indicates. To every one acquainted with her touching

letters, the character and fortunes they illustrate, and the hollow court-mockeries which contrast with the dark and bitter reality of the misery they worked, the subject will occur as one of the fittest that could have been chosen. That the time is one over which Scott had travelled, is no objection; nor that he had once depicted King James, affords no reason why a later limner should not give us the truer and less flattering likeness here drawn. There remained, besides persons and events connected with her name and history, the Lady Arabella herself to delineate and bring spiritually before us, for the first time; and the spells which previous writers had partially raised, by dimly unveiling the sad and lofty picture, inspiring equally pity and terror, Mr. James's story has effectually sealed. Bold essays in the delineation of character, and minute acquaintance with all the varieties of manner, pastime, and moral habitude, belonging to the period, whether in courtly or in general life, are among the often-practised qualities exemplified in this narrative. Clouds weigh heavily over some portions of the scene; but in its leading outlines it is bright, picturesque, and animated.

A DREAM ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

(AFTER DINNER.)

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

DISAPPOINTED—but that is a weak word to begin with——

Disgusted at not being invited to dinner, somewhere or other, on New Year's Day, I dined in my study, solitarily, but not sparingly,—for a sense of ill-usage, however it may be accounted for, always makes me deucedly hungry. Some people are apt to try the tongue on such occasions, working it very hard; but I invariably feel an inclination to take to my teeth.

Anger and appetite having at length subsided, I drew a large chair to the fire, and by way of beginning the new year well, in a lofty resentment of the wrong and neglect I had endured, began to meditate on my many virtues. I may here state at once, that it was my full intention to muse on other people's merits afterwards; however, as the event turned out, I found my own too numerous.

Modesty, which I naturally place conspicuously at the head of the list, will not permit me to go into an enumeration of them here—nor is the page long enough; but of course it was impossible to avoid noticing that beautiful frankness of character, which has impelled me on all occasions to acknowledge my own talents and good qualities; that love of fair-play which prompts the detection and exposure of every demerit that may deform a friend; that principle of temperance seen in an aversion to festival-dinners and parties, which so often impair the health and corrupt the taste; my probity, fidelity, and independence—also my continence, fortitude, and other characteristics not essential to be specified, though as deservedly celebrated.

I hastily, and without a particle of conceit, ran over in my mind the

many instances of disinterested service rendered, and of self-denial shewn; and then wishing myself, in a temperate bumper of port, a happy new year, I proceeded to turn the first evening of it to a laudable account, by taking down a volume of the most moral, serious, and devout of all our charming essayists, and losing every thought of the world, whether in-doors or without, in the tranquil and measured mazes of a dissertation on Self-knowledge.

I had not been reading, as it seemed to me above ten minutes, during which time I had seen, in the moral dissertation, my own simple character defined and sounded to its very depths, when, by slow and insensible degrees, I became possessed of a different kind of consciousness, and felt myself borne, softly, silently, and indeed without perceptible motion at all, quite away from the world as it is, and from men as they are—from my fireside, from profligate London, from earth; whether along railroads immeasurable, on a flying cloud, or through tunnels under the seas; until, at length, to a stop I came, and dropped stunned.

But insensibility almost immediately gave place to a clear and entire comprehension of all within and around. I opened my eyes, and saw everything at a glance; understanding by inspiration my new condition, and the extraordinary scene before me.

I was in the heart of a city, grand, vast, and populous as London itself, and for London it might have been mistaken, had not intuition whispered to my heart the appalling secret, which hope in expiring accents vainly pronounced to be incredible. *It was too true.*

What was? Listen. I was in a country—in the very capital of it, whence there was no escape—in which the Vices alone were sanctioned and upheld by law and usage, and the Virtues were mercilessly put down by the state, and punished by the severest legal enactments. Guess my amazement, my consternation. In this city, all the bad passions, all the evil propensities of man's nature, were protected and encouraged by the legislature—developed and practised in the best society. On the other hand, all the gentle emotions, all the fine sensibilities, all the virtuous deeds to which humanity is so conspicuously prone, and to which my own nature in particular was so unerringly inclined, were prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law.

There, before, behind, around me, were countless habitations, streets branching in every conceivable direction, crowds thronging them all, as in the city I had left; life, bustle, toil, strife, confusion, made up the new scene as the old; but yet what a change was over all. How shockingly, how sickeningly unlike were my past and my present!

The faces that passed me in rapid multitudes wore the most diabolical expression: hate, revenge, jealousy, envy, malice, darkened or lightened on their visages, as the flashing eye or the scowling brow chanced to be called into requisition by the demon dwelling in their hearts. The citizens in gigs and carriages were principally assassins; but of the swarms that thronged every spacious avenue on foot, scarcely one was meaner than a thief, or below the rank of a slanderer, a mercenary, or an apostate.

And there stood I in the midst, trembling in every limb, and not daring to think, even for an instant, upon the virtues that lay concealed within me—upon the pure and generous propensities which I had never

controlled, and knew not how to uproot—upon the kind and noble deeds of which I had been guilty, or the exalted sentiments which marked me out for instant and inevitable destruction.

Oh! how bitterly did I now lament that I had not made a better use of my time in the great metropolis! How deeply did I regret, now that it was too late, my insensibility to the lessons to be learnt in London, and my early resolution to abandon myself to a course of virtue! But vain, most vain, was it in my present condition, to look back upon my unsullied and misguided youth, or weep over the influences of good company!

Culprit as I was, I naturally dreaded every instant to be seized by the officers of injustice, and delivered for condign punishment into the hands of the law; but, luckily, as I glanced at a shop-window, I saw my visage frightful with horror. Happily this proved my protection; and ugly as sin, or at least as hideous as some of her children around, I mingled with the throng, proceeding up one of the principal streets of the city. Approaching the entrance to an open space, I saw that preparations were making for some public ceremony; that the citizens were hurrying thither, with more rapid strides; that the crowd was becoming prodigious, and that extraordinary excitement pervaded the multitude. I ventured to inquire of a shopkeeper, who, though evidently a robber, did not seem to have yet worked his way to the easy achievement of murder, what the people had assembled for?

"Why, where have you been," he said, "that you haven't heard? There's a man going to be hanged this morning for the crime of gratitude; and as that's an offence not often committed in this city, it increases public interest. Besides, being of so black a dye, the law enjoins quartering."

Hanged for gratitude! The blood left my face—my heart throbbed violently. Alas! it was my own favourite virtue. Oh, how I had practised it from early youth! Guilt was so apparent in my manner, that I should have been detected at once had I not been instantly borne from the spot by a sudden pressure of the crowd.

Agitated and apprehensive as I was for my own personal safety, I yet could not forbear scrutinizing the looks of the criminals there congregated in countless numbers. Nor could I help being struck most forcibly by the discovery, that amongst them were many, very many, who, however they aimed at concealing their amiable dispositions, were sound at heart, and might have passed for life-subscribers to a philanthropic asylum. I overheard a remark, that these were the occasions when all the virtue, not lodged in gaol, invariably came forth from the back lanes and blind alleys of the town in which it lurked.

"At an execution," said a wretch at my elbow, "you are sure to catch plenty of the honest, the humane, and the incorruptible; but I begin to think, that instead of curing them of their weaknesses, the sight only confirms them more and more in their honourable courses, and drives the love of good into them deeper. Hanging the best man alive will do little good in these days."

From that dreadful scene I hurried as fast as possible, and found myself in a less populated part of the town. Here was a wretch lying by the wayside in great torture, having been ridden over by a cab,

belonging, as it was said, to a highly-distinguished brute connected with the Corporation. Conscious as I was, both of my own innate virtues and the danger they exposed me to,—unwarned by the terrible example of the execution—(compassion, like gratitude, was made a capital offence)—I yet could not help casting upon the prostrate sufferer some looks of sincere pity. Such is the insidious, the obstinate character of virtue, when it has once taken possession of one's heart!

But those looks had nearly cost me my life. A dark suspicion was evidently kindled in a by-stander, who had noticed my countenance: terror instantly drove all tenderness from it, and a timely scowl, with a tolerable grin of contempt, which I put on upon the instant, again saved me from menaced danger.

Moving away quickly, I observed a quiet-looking coffee-house, and immediately entered it. Here I found newspapers on the table: "The Precious Rogue's Advocate;" "The Burglar's Gazette, and Daily Commercial Pickpocket;" "The Family Assassin, and Independent Private Defamer;" "The Lie, No. 140,629;" "The Vagabond, a Journal of Fashionable Life," and several others. Looking into these, I found a vast collection of curious news. In the report of criminal proceedings, there was the trial of a notorious philanthropist, who was charged with secretly corrupting the citizens, doing good with the most impudent privacy, and basely seducing several hitherto respected ruffians into the paths of virtue. He was convicted, upon the clearest evidence, of having pursued a long course of benevolence with shameless activity, and his Dishonour the Chief Judge, addressing the philanthropist at the bar, sentenced him to imprisonment for life.

Quibbles, it might be noticed, prevailed occasionally in the courts of injustice. An offender, tried only for a misdemeanor, (the perpetration of some very insignificant act of casual charity,) called witnesses to his character, who satisfactorily proved that he had committed, only a fortnight before, not less than twenty-seven robberies in a single day. This testimony, so greatly in his favour, was just turning the scale, and an acquittal was generally anticipated, when the counsel for the prosecution rose, and obtained, not only a conviction, but an aggravation of punishment, on the ground of industry, a merit clearly proved against him by his own witnesses.

So, in another case, where the offender received an excellent character for general cruelty, he being charged with some little act of compassion, which was manifestly inadvertent, the prisoner pleaded extreme drunkenness as his excuse; but this plea the opposing counsel turned against him, by reminding the jury that drunkenness was happily a vice that naturally led to vice, and that there was, consequently, less excuse for the virtuous deviation of the prisoner.

There were accounts, also, of proceedings in the ecclesiastical courts. I read an interesting report of a suit in the Inconsistory Court, the husband against the wife, for divorce, on the ground of modesty. The allegations in support of the appellant's case were very strong, and left little doubt of the criminality of the wife, who put in a counter-allegation of conjugal fidelity on the part of the husband. The advocates on either side argued the case ably; but the husband's alleged fidelity was disproved by a score of affidavits duly filed; and the constitutional virtue imputed to the wife being clearly proved to have been practised

by her throughout the whole period of cohabitation, the court granted the divorce as prayed.

Turning to the report of proceedings in the great legislative assembly, I was struck with a speech in contempt of patriotism, and in advocacy of the sponge as a national paymaster, and was curious to know who the orator was; but unhappily the speech purported to have been delivered—in the words of the report—"by an eminent miscreant whose name we could not learn."

Again, in an account of a public meeting, I found the speakers applying similar complimentary designations to each other, which, nevertheless, sounded strangely to a strange ear. Thus, the report contained such phrases as—"The atrocious scoundrel who has just sat down,"—and "The profligate villain retired amidst loud cheers."

The miscellaneous intelligence I had not time to read, but there was no deficiency of it, in paragraphs with side-heads; as for example, among the "Occurrences"—"Shameful Integrity;" "Contemptible case of Contrition;" "Generosity detected;" "Disgusting effects of Temperance;" "Noble instance of Treachery;" "Infamous Capture of a Villain," and others of a like kind.

So among the "Accidents," there were—"Lamentable Escape of a Benefactor;" "Distressing Calamity—Destruction by fire of the house of a popular Incendiary."

Presently, the room, which was almost empty when I entered, began to fill, and my heart died within me as I surveyed the evil countenances around. I assumed, as I best could, an air of desperate villainy; and to one who now entered the box where I sat and placed himself opposite, I even mustered courage to offer the morning paper—inwardly quivering, as I reflected that in such a city as that, even common civility might be punishable at the treadmill.

My companion took it, however, with an air of courteous ferocity, and asked if there was any news. Answer of any kind was not easy, for fear almost tied my tongue; yet I assumed, considering the weight of innocence under which I laboured, a very creditable air of low depravity, and lamented that there was to be found in the morning paper an account of the "Deplorable spread of virtuous and enlightened Principles," together with a case of "Shocking Conscientiousness in High Life," that argued ill for the country.

"Ah," returned he, in a voice that sounded like the creaking of a prison-door, "virtue's moving on, and breaking into the very capital of the land. It's only law that can stop it. Our legislators are inactive, government must get to work. I remember the day, when there was hardly an honest upright man in the metropolis; and now—why almost half the people one meets have got some little bit of good or other sneaking about their hearts."

Emboldened thus, I ventured another word or two, and was again answered, instead of being seized by the throat; when at that moment we were joined by a third, who, being known to my companion, proceeded to give us a lively account of a scene from which he had just returned. A schoolmaster had been standing in the pillory, and had been pelted to death. I shuddered as he described the horrible barbarities of the mob, and sympathy flowed through all my veins; yet I contrived to look joyful and savage as I inquired the crime of the schoolmaster.

"Crime!" cried the indignant immoralist; "that word is hardly strong enough. Why, he's been teaching the boys their prayers, and ordering them never to tell lies!"

Before my shuddering fit was well over, this worthy departed with his paper to another box; and quoting the complimentary language of the newspaper, while I told the actual truth with impunity, I remarked to the meek saint who remained—

"Now, that friend of yours appears an atrocious rascal."

My companion turned upon me a shrewd, scowling look—"I would not have you be too sure of that. Of course, we all flatter ourselves that we are despicable villains; and, for my part, I own the truth with candour—(yes, I admit that *I* have a little infernal grain of honesty somewhere in my composition that won't come out of me;) he *was* once, decidedly, an abandoned scoundrel; but that's gone by; take my word for it, he's no worse than he should be. I've long suspected him of several little virtuous practices in secret. He affects the tremendous rogue, to be sure; but observe me—you seem fresh from the country—we have an over-supply of hypocrisy in the city; it is the only vice we can get too much of. Real villany is rare among us; I trust nobody."

Whilst I was inwardly admiring, he corrected his too general censure. "Stop, I'm wrong. My eye falls at this moment on one that may be trusted. There he is, in the box on the other side, reading the third edition of '*The Lie*,' wet from the press. Now a blacker heart than his you won't find—it has no red spot anywhere. Ah, *he* is indeed a notorious miscreant."

And he offered, with obliging brutality, to introduce me; but, as he went over to shake hands with his infamous and valued friend, some weakness of my nature prompted me to make for the door, and I was again a wanderer in the streets of the City of the Vices.

As I passed along, dreading lest some keen suspicious eye should detect any amiable characteristic of my nature, I began to meditate on the imperative necessity of becoming abominably vicious as speedily as possible. To return to my former state of being was impracticable; and to live where I was, inexperienced in profligacy, and undistinguished by crime, was equally so. But how plunge myself into guilt!—how escape the dreadful rigour of the law, by rendering myself a criminal! I turned my restless glances on the shopkeepers. Any one of them, I was quite satisfied, could readily corrupt me, and shew me a trick or two worth knowing, if I could but worm myself into his acquaintance; but how could I expect the very worst of them to perpetrate a good-natured action, and injure his character and reputation, merely to oblige me. Rather might I expect him to give me in custody the instant I had confessed, for the sake of the public rewards and honours bestowed on perfidy and cunning.

The pedestrians, and the great people in their gaudy vehicles; roguery, treachery, ingratitude—stabbing in the dark, or in the light, either—were basenesses, all practicable to them, and easy as lying; but in my own path of wickedness the obstacles seemed insurmountable. I looked upon the ineffable rascals with a sensation of envy. Once more did I feel acutely the loss of London. There I should have known at once how to cover myself with disgrace. No vice could

have come much amiss to me there. I could have taken in an acquaintance, libelled a neighbour, ruined my family!—something, even these would have been to begin with! But here——

One thing occurred to me. There were scores of schools—two, three, four, in almost every street. “Profligacy taught in six lessons;” “Knavery, on improved principles, illustrated in all its branches;” “Moral and religious habits effectually cured;” “Lying for the Million, a new class just opened;”—these inscriptions met my eye in every direction. And yet I shrank from entering myself as a student; I dreaded to disclose how exemplary had been my conduct—how much I stood within reach of the iron arm of the law.

Then this thought arose in my mind—I would begin by teaching myself some easy and achievable vice, that might obtain for me at least a recommendation to mercy in the event of betrayal. I summoned the evil passions to my thoughts. Envy, now—a detestable vice;—yes, I might work myself into a fit of envy and malice; but, alas! I had no successful friend with me, overshadowing me with his superior qualities. To what purpose, then, could it be to make a miserable display of envy! Jealousy, again;—well, I could be horribly jealous; but then I had near me no fond, faithful, uncomplaining wife: jealousy without truth and chastity to set it off, could be of no avail. Avarice! that sounded well at first; but I recollected it was an old-gentlemanly vice unfit for my years; and, besides, I had so little money to be miserly with: here, therefore, there could be no sufficient effect. Nay, in a poor man's case, the abominable vice would be called prudence, and set down against him as a virtue.

Thus musing and murmuring, I raised my eyes, and on the front of a flaring building right before me, read divers inscriptions touching cordials and compounds, choice wines and full-proof spirits. The very thing! Here I could make sure of a beginning; and vice might be afterwards obtained perhaps in any quantity. My mind was at once made up. While settling the important point, what particular infamy I should choose, as a perpetual connexion, I would devote myself to drinking—intoxication!

But as I entered, I must have struck my head against one of the giant barrels that lined the door-way; for, instantaneously, the scene changed, and then—seated in my own chair, I found my feet inside the fender, the fire out, and *one* glass of port diffused over the bottom of a quart decanter.

SONG OF THE SABBATH.

BY JULIA DAY.

LET the glad heart high festal keep,
Its weary labour stay;
Put off its care, forego to weep,
And joy in Glory's ray.

Let fair creation claim its praise,
And pilgrim faint its love;
Pure be its path, unstain'd its ways,
Reflecting light above.

Be this the Sabbath that we hold;
Away with mystic gloom!
From earth's wide sepulchre is roll'd
The darkness of the tomb.

Let the glad heart high festal keep,
Its weary labour stay;
Put off its care, forego to weep,
And joy in Glory's ray.

Our Library Table.

THE HIGHLANDS OF ÆTHIOPIA.

The Highlands of Æthiopia. By Major W. Cornwallis Harris. In 3 vols. 8vo. Longman and Co.—The distinguished traveller Niebuhr long ago described peninsular Arabia, briefly but accurately, as composed of a littoral band of low hot sands, and of a cooler mountainous interior; and the opposite coast of Africa presents the same features, only at times the level sandy outline of shore is broken up by volcanic eruptions, which have raised up rugged hills, scattered huge lava streams upon the plain, cut off bays and inlets of the sea, and even stopped great rivers in their course to the ocean, compelling them to lose themselves in the interior sands.

Such is the country which intervenes between Abyssinia and the Bay of Tajura, where the British mission to the King of Shoa landed. There is the bay itself, hemmed in by volcanic rocks, like an hour-glass; rocky ravines and narrow glens, most difficult of traject; salt and briny lakes, emitting sulphureous exhalations; parched sandy and clayey plains; and the great river Hawash, watering the fertile Mohammedan district of Aussa, and which never reaches the sea.

The journey through this littoral district, the narrative of which occupies the first volume of Major Harris's work, is the most amusing portion of the whole record. It is difficult, now-a-days, when a delicacy, not altogether consistent with a national spirit of enterprise, sets its face against exploratory expeditions with which any danger is connected, to get anything new and adventurous in the world of travel; but the excursion to Shoa here presented to us, abounds in hair-breadth escapes, and graphic sketches of savage life, and will still be read by some with the intense interest which was once given to the pages of Bruce and Mungo Park.

The long delays at Tajura, and the modes of over-awing the Arab Sultan Mohammed, form a characteristic introduction to the events which follow, and to which the momentarily arrested progress along the green-belted Bay of Tajura constitute a not-to-be-unanticipated sequel, till with the ascent into the hills, and scarcely thirty miles from the starting point, the climax of peril and adventure is already attained. By some bad arrangement, the journey was undertaken in the heats of summer, and before the party left the bay, two seamen of the attendant schooner, "Constance," had perished from exposure to the sun. Immediately on leaving the coast, and in the iron-bound waste of Tehama, the whole party was in danger of perishing from thirst, from which many were only saved by the exertions of a Bedwin Arab; but scarcely had they reached a brook of clear water, where they reposed themselves a second night, when, by clear moonlight, some murderers, without having even plunder for their object, stole into the encampment, plunged their creeses, or long knives, into the carotid artery of one Englishman and into the heart of another, also inflicting a deadly wound upon a poor Portuguese, and then retired from the havoc without even being seen. It is evident that the expedition was not yet prepared for the sort of people they had to travel amongst; and we have little doubt but that, at their subsequent detention at Killulloo, the guilty parties were among those very Eesah who, bearing the ostrich-feather in their raven locks, in token of recent bloody deeds, came there to laugh and mock at the brave but incautious white faces.

But while the tribes inhabiting the low districts were wild and savage, and the physical aspect of the country bore the same impress, there were redeeming points in the beauty and variety of the natural productions. Picturesque clumps of magnificent camel-thorns, of ancient growth, studded the face of the landscape, and, covered with golden blossoms, perfumed the whole atmosphere.

The myrrh-tree flourished on the hill side. Whole plains were covered with thick verdant bushes, interspersed with rich yellow grass, swarming with antelopes, hares, bustards, and florikin, whilst cedar-like trees stretched their long arms over flocks of guinea-fowl and partridges. Troops of ostriches scudded before them, raising clouds of dust on plains diversified by the tall nests of the termite ant. The long-horned oryx ranged in numbers. Lions, leopards, and hyænas prowled about the camp at night. On one occasion, a luckless leopard being detected in the act of stealing across the expanse, the natives pursued it from every quarter, and having hooted and hunted the terrified animal into a bush, transfixed it with thirty spears at once. Zebras and wild asses kept at a greater distance, near the hills, and on the banks of the Hawash were frequent elephants, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, and crocodiles.

This latter great river forms the boundary of Abyssinia and of the littoral country, inhabited by the wild Mohammedan and pagan population. The surface now begins to rise rapidly, and the change experienced we shall leave the author to express :—

“Every change in the soil and climate of Africa is in extremes, and barrenness and unbounded fertility border on each other with a suddenness, whereof the denizens of temperate climes can form no conception. As if by the touch of the magician’s wand, the scene now passes in an instant from parched and arid wastes to the green and lovely highlands of Abyssinia, presenting one sheet of rich and thriving cultivation. Each fertile knoll is crowned with its peaceful hamlet—each rural vale traversed by its crystal brook, and teeming with herds and flocks. The cool mountain zephyr is redolent of eglantine and jasmine ; and the soft green turf, spangled with clover, daisies, and buttercups, yields at every step the aromatic fragrance of the mint and thyme.”

It appears from the meteorological register kept at Ankobar, and printed in the appendix, that the climate of Southern Abyssinia is never so warm and never so cold as that of our own country. The range of the thermometer is from $50^{\circ} 2'$, its lowest, to $60^{\circ} 7'$, its highest. This fully accounts for what Gibbon calls “an extraordinary phenomenon, which has hitherto baffled the ingenuity of philosophers and *theologians* ;” the juxtaposition of a race with Arab features and olive complexion, with pure negroes with flat noses, thick lips, and woolly hair. The highlands of Æthiopia, which Humboldt compares to the lofty plains of Quito, require a race distinct from those below, and they are as distinct as though divided by a broad intervening sea.

Arrived in Abyssinia, the residence of the mission at the court of Shoa, which was prolonged for upwards of a year, is chiefly characterized by a long detention, previous to being admitted to audience, by the exactions and cupidity of a half-civilized community, by reiterated longings for European comforts, and by the undisguised hatred and jealousy of the Christian priesthood ; but these domestic evils were varied by an exterminating expedition against a Galla tribe, called Sertie, an elephant hunt in the wilderness of Giddem, a buffalo hunt on the banks of the Casam, and the failure of an attempt to visit the supposed active volcano of Fantali.

The mission exhibits, also, during the same long period of time, an occasional brighter aspect. The medical men were liberal of succour and assistance. By the exertions of the much respected Krapf, the missionary, (who is on this occasion for the first and only time alluded to,) the disconsolate groups of heathen captives, many with infants at their backs, taken in the invasion of the Sertie district, were, contrary to all precedents, liberated and allowed to return to their homes. A treaty of commerce was completed and signed ; and taking advantage of the king’s sickness, the embassy obtained the liberation of the brothers and blood relatives of the despot from the dungeons to which they had been consigned, by state jealousy, for nearly the third of a century.

The narrative of Major Harris, besides several characteristic national tales, which have not been at all improved by the Ossianic language in which they are given to the reader, contains interesting sketches of the King of Shoa, and of his court, of the conversion of Æthiopia, its religious wars, and the expulsion of the Jesuits, as well also of existing Christian remnants, and the present

state of the church, which appears to be little better than paganism. Long and careful details, as far as could be collected, are also given of the Galla and other tribes; and there is a valuable catalogue of extant MSS. in the Æthiopic and Amharic tongues, besides the calendar of the church.

There is no part of Africa, Egypt being excepted, the history of which is connected with so many objects of curiosity as Abyssinia. Albeit the descent of the royal house from Solomon may be as idle a story as ever monks invented to abuse the reverent ignorance of their lay brethren, still there is no doubt of the visit of the Queen of Sheba to the court of Jerusalem; nor is there any of the early conversion of an Æthiopian of high rank, under one of their queens, by Philip. The resemblance between the manners and customs of the modern Abyssinians and the Hebrews of old is so striking, that every traveller has represented them as affording in actual times a faithful representation of the Israelites in the days of Gideon and Joshua. Its peculiar literature, as well as its ancient Christian church, have been preserved in the midst of pagan and Mohammedan nations. The Æthiopians, who disputed with the Egyptians and Carthaginians the empire of Africa, had an ancient language cognate with the Syriac, the Hebrew, and the Arabic, but distinct from all, and having a character of its own, as exemplified by the late discoveries made on the coast of Arabia, of an Hhimyartic character, altogether unlike the Kufic, but bearing a striking conformity with the letters of the Ghiz, or the old Æthiopic of the version, and of other of the sacred books of the Abyssinian church, and which was the prevailing language probably many centuries before the time of Frumentius. But besides the Ghiz and the Amharic, there are many other idioms; as besides the Monophysites of the Alexandrian school, there are also sectarians of various persuasions.

Ruppell has also established two physical types as prevalent among the Abyssinians—a first type, which is European; and a second, which is more strictly Æthiopian. The first, according to M. D'Abbadie, is Shemitic, and the second, African, and approaches to the negro. These are all subjects, either above the calibre of the gallant major, or lost sight of in a great parade of language, but which demanded investigation and research similar to what has been given to the natural history of the country, by Dr. Roth, whose reports in the appendix reflect great credit upon their author, and convey much really valuable and available information.

It would be difficult to give an opinion as to the results which may flow from the mission, or from a communication thus opened with so remarkable and interesting a country. Such a communication has long ago been ably advocated by Mr. Salt and Lord Valentia, both travellers in Northern Æthiopia. Mr. Salt pointed out the now too well-known fact, that the nation and its religion are fast verging to ruin; and Lord Valentia expresses, in simple but earnest language, his belief that caution and moderation in introducing the purer forms of Christianity would meet with success.

Major Harris's total silence upon this subject, and upon the labours of Messrs. Krapf and Iseberg, shew that the Hon. East India Company's government gave instructions upon the principle which influence them in India; and it is, indeed, very doubtful, where there is such a broad hiatus to get over as a Monophysite doctrine, if it were not better if gradual civilization was allowed to precede religious interference. The author's total silence regarding the journeys of Dr. Beke and others, and the supposed expulsion of the British missionaries, is more remarkable and inexplicable. The produce of Abyssinia consists in gums, myrrh, balsam, drugs, gold dust, ivory, rhinoceros' horns, ostrich-features, choicest coffee, dry hides, sheep, ghee, civet, peltries, &c.; but how these are to be transported across the dreaded Tehama, when the Abyssinians will not venture a step into the country of the murderous Adael and Somaui, we are at a loss to conceive. One thing is certain: it is that the traffic in Christian slaves, thousands of whom are annually hurried away by rapacious and lustful Mohammedans to the markets of Tajura, Zeyla, and Barbera, demands immediate extirpation, and warrants great sacrifices to wipe away such a grievance from among our Christian brethren; another fact is,

that the fine climate of the Æthiopian highlands opens a comparatively promising field for further investigation. It appears that there exists a greater Christian kingdom, with a more powerful sovereign at its head, than that of Shoa, in the same mountains; and this, designated as Susa, or Sasou, would lead the way to the further regions, which conceal in their bosom the long-sought sources of the White Nile; and there can be no doubt, that from thence to the valley of the Niger, there is, crossing all central and intertropical Africa, a broad band of country, possessing a fertile soil, a delightful climate, and no doubt kingdoms and populations, unknown even by name.

The Comic Album, 1844.—Late in the Christmas season—but, perhaps, even more to be welcomed on that account, as calculated to prolong the time of jest and laughter, and extend the reign of Christmas into the Easter holidays—comes the *Comic Album*; bearing, both externally and within, in its arrangements of type and paper, its abundance of margin and appropriateness of decoration, evidences of Mr. Vizetelly's undiminished art in the discovery of "novel effects." Few books so well answer to their names; this is truly a comic "album," and has equal claim to its second title, "a book for every table." Many of the unnumbered designs are excellent; some are of French origin, and have a whimsicality of their own. It would be absurd to particularize points, in a case where, as you turn over the leaves, you are pretty sure to laugh equally everywhere. The "*Album*" opens with a graphically versified description of the royal trip to France, by Mr. A'Beckett, the satire of which "gives delight, and hurts not." Other humorists, in prose and verse, re-echo the strain, and, with almost unvarying success, aim at wit without personality. Who is Bon Gaultier?—not Mr. Lockhart, assuredly; yet he has succeeded in giving us a real ballad, "from the Spanish of Astley's," and it is entitled, *Don Fernando Gomersalez*. We must snatch a stanza out of it.

"Don Fernando Gomersalez, basely have they borne thee down;
Paces ten behind thy charger is thy glorious body thrown;
Fetters have they bound upon thee, iron fetters fast and sure—
Don Fernando Gomersalez, thou art captive to the Moor!

"On the twentieth day of August—'twas the feast of false Mahound—
Came the Moorish population from the neighbouring cities round;
There to hold their foul carousal, there to dance and there to sing,
And to pay their yearly homage to Al Widdicomb the King!

"First they wheel'd their supple coursers, wheel'd them at their utmost speed,
Then they gallop'd by in squadrons, tossing of the light jared;
Then around the circus racing, faster than the swallow flies,
Did they spurn the yellow sawdust in the rapt spectators' eyes."

Al Widdicomb orders Gomersalez to be brought before him, and decrees a trial of strength with his warriors—

"'Courses three within this circus 'gainst my warriors thou shalt run,
Ere yon weltering pasteboard ocean shall receive yon muslin sun."

Gomersalez vanquishes them all, but Al Widdicomb is treacherous, and is justly tumbled into the dust, by the exasperated Don. Now, then, Gomersalez has to fly for his life, his foes chasing him:

"Speed thee up the sloping spring-broad, o'er the bridge that spans the seas;
Yonder gauzy moon will light thee through the grove of canvas trees."

It is Astley's, and nothing else.

Adventures of Mr. Ledbury and his friend Jack Johnson. By Albert Smith, Esq.—These volumes introduce to our notice a writer whom we have never met before, in this form of publication. Mirth has but lately admitted him of her crew. Presenting himself, therefore, for the first time on any stage, or,

at all events, in connexion with those boards which inclose a three-volume literary adventure, the new performer is entitled to that cordial reception which good feeling and pleasurable anticipation always accord.

In this spirit we have read his "Ledbury Adventures," written to sketch the manners of certain classes of society "as they actually are." Of his characters—"if they are thought in some instances superficial, or deficient in deep knowledge of human nature, he would only beg his readers to regard the portrayal of them as they would the face of a clock"—if it give correct information, few people stop to inquire about the springs and wheels.

Without making a stop ourselves to examine this matter of clocks and character, we may remark that correctness in the one case is absolutely essential, in the other desirable or not, necessary or perfectly dispensable, just as it may happen. Correctness is, in the present instance, asserted—the author professes to sketch certain manners "as they actually are;" but if the claim to accuracy were far stronger than we honestly esteem it to be, it would not necessarily follow that his work would be worthier or more welcome, more clever or more amusing. We shall, for our parts, say nothing about the "actually are" of the matter, feeling pretty sure that whosoever should seek the company of Mr. Ledbury and his associates, with a view to correct examples of certain classes of society, would suffer disappointment. Yet, as the poet exclaims—

"Heavens, was I born for nothing but to write!"

So the sketcher of manners might exclaim, "Must I write nothing but correctness?" Comic pantomime and caricature, broad farce, and fun in every form, forbid!

It is quite enough, that these sketches of Paris and London life, in some of the middle and lower conditions of both, were written in periodical divisions, always with a view to some timely and peculiar effects, which the author, in his modest observations at the close of his story, likens to the twirls and sparkles of fireworks. They are not the less sportive, fantastic, whimsical, or brilliant now than at first; unless it is, that being here seen altogether, or in constant succession, instead of separately, one effect, by its superior sparkle, throws the other into shadow. The entire want of interest, as a story, is of course also felt more than it could be, when each scene stood by itself and boasted an effect of its own. Yet the characters seldom go to sleep, the author's animal spirits rarely flag; and the tone of droll and quizzical remark upon men and things is so sustained, and apparently so native to the writer, that it sometimes runs even into the few pages devoted to graver and more terrible doings. The characters indeed are generally on the move; and something like them may very possibly be seen, not merely supporting the whimsicalities of dialogue and event in stage farce, but even in the out-of-the-way corners and crooked avenues of real life. They include such people as Crinks, Rawkins, Prodgers, Pattle, Cripps, Grimley, Hoddle, Koops and Co. Queerly as these names sound, one seems to know the people by them. Among them are some excellent metropolitan monstrosities. The supper parties, and scenes of that description, are the liveliest; at these, the author seems as completely at home as Jack Johnson himself, who, however, is *sui generis*; but the best in point of ease and spirit, in a perception of the ridiculous and grotesque, in knowledge of the scenes portrayed, and in a power of painting them by a series of broad, careless touches, are the scenes of Paris life in Quartier Latin.

These volumes afford a proof that Mr. Albert Smith is the possessor of comic powers of delineating some of the features of life; but they do not prove that he has made his best—only his first—use of them.

Wanderings of a Journeyman Tailor through Europe and the East; translated by William Howitt, from the German of Holthaus. Mr. Howitt may reasonably plume his pen upon having given to English readers a real literary novelty—a genuine book of travels—by a genuine journeyman tailor. P. D. Holthaus is a native of Werdohl, in Westphalia; a veritable needleman; a

tailor of a non-sitting and ambulatory turn of mind; in one respect but a ninth portion of a man, yet, at a journey, more than nine men combined; who, some twenty years ago, conceived the idea of uncrossing his legs after his apprenticeship, and of "stitching" his way through some of the most celebrated parts of the world.

Tailors have, indeed, done notable things ere now, so connecting themselves with the great ends and objects of heroism and romance, as to deserve the distinction of having allied their names with the drama, and become the heroes of a tragedy; yet the enterprise of the craft has never been so signalized as in the trips which Holthaus has been bold enough to take in various great cities of Europe, Asia, and Africa, from 1824 to 1840. Indeed, the shoemaking trade has hitherto carried away the literary palm from all others, and a long list might be furnished of professors of that craft who, employing their intervals of leisure, or musing upon grave matters while plying the awl, have ranked their names with those which the world justly deems worthy of remembrance; but this celebrated and much-respected craft never made itself such a pair of seven-league boots as our Westphalian must wear, and it must frankly be owned that such a pair are without precedent.

The present translator, in a former work gave a curious exposition of the character of trade-guilds in Germany, with reference to young journeymen-wanderings on a first escape from the fetters of apprenticeship; but the desire was lodged in the heart of Holthaus still earlier in life. "To see the world," he says, "was his most living desire." His sad spirit said within him, "Wert thou but of years, that thou mightest travel!" And now behold he can further soliloquize, and comfort his still craving soul with such a reminiscence as this—"I have wandered several times through Germany, Poland, Hungary, and Wallachia; I was a long time in Buckarest and Constantinople; and undertook, with the money I had saved there, a pilgrimage through Egypt to the Holy Land; I kneeled at the birthplace and the sepulchre of the Saviour; stood in adoration on the holy Mount Zion, on Tabor, Golgotha, and the Mount of Olives; bathed in Jordan; washed myself in the lake of Genesareth; looked in vain around me on the Dead Sea for living objects; was in the worship of St. Joseph, and in many other holy places of which the Scriptures make mention. I returned to Constantinople, and betook myself through Athens, where I worked nearly a year, and thence through Italy, France, and Belgium, homewards to my Fatherland!"

Yes, he "works" as he goes!—there is the wonder. Tailoring and travelling go hand in hand with Holthaus through three-quarters of the world. He has no means of roaming but his cross-legged trade. Man, in various parts of the earth, would be to him an entirely unknown animal, if he had not the advantage of measuring him for a coat. He sits down at Constantinople, or on Mount Lebanon—"at Thebes, or Athens, when he will, or where"—and having dug up a little cash with his needle, dances as it were upon the point of it, and cuts capers through the air, till he lands in another famous and classical locality. Mr. Howitt exaggerates not in the least when he says "he literally *sews* his way from continent to continent."

We have only space for one recommendation to the reader—to read the little book, which is full of matter, and deserving on its own account, as much almost as on its author's. That extraordinary and indefatigable person is now stitching and strolling about Russia, whence he is to return soon with matter for a second work. It will be long before the world sees such another author of *his* cloth.

The Spirit of the Nation. Part II.—This is a series of political songs and national ballads, by the writers of the Dublin repeal newspaper, "The Nation." We shall not attempt to criticise them. They breathe the fiercest spirit of hostility to the principle of the union and the maintenance of English power in Ireland; they are steeped in bitterest recollection of every wrong and every kind of suffering endured by that ill-fated country for centuries past; and

they inculcate, in words that burn, lessons of redress, of freedom—too often, we fear, of vengeance—that might perhaps tingle even in colder ears than those to which they are addressed. But, as poems, they alike charm and surprise. They are wonderfully earnest, biting, passionate—all pathos now, now all fury—always musical and full of thought—seldom wanting either in sweetness or in strength. This, admiration is obliged to say. Who the writers may be, and what else they may have written, we know not; but never, in our recollection, were political songs poured forth with such profusion and power.

1. *Little Princes*, by Mrs. John Slater. 2. *The Nursery Rhymes of England*, collected by James Orchard Halliwell.—Two little books for the young, worthy of commendation from their elders. The first, in appropriate garb, presents a liberal collection of anecdotes of illustrious children of all countries; and Mr. Horsley has aided their effect by some very pleasing designs that can well afford the admission of a solitary exception. The second can boast of successful editions in the past, and will enjoy continued popularity while there is an ear left for infantine ballad literature, or a nursery to sing the songs in.

Prize Essay on Late Hours of Business.—The subject of late business hours generally has been handled with such justice of remark, and such true kindness of feeling by an accomplished contributor of our own—a writer who, in all she undertakes, has ever the purest and wisest moral ends in view—that in this place it is only necessary to call attention to this essay by Thomas Davies, which the Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel has graced with a suitable introduction. It is the result of a prize offered by the Metropolitan Drapers' Association. Mr. Baptist Noel rightly describes the simple and lucid production as one that exaggerates no grievance and indulges in no invective, while it unfolds "a great amount of human suffering which may easily be removed if those who become acquainted with its existence will only use their influence for that purpose."

Poems on Miscellaneous Subjects. By Robert Snow, Esq.—A circumstance which, though it is legibly intimated on the title-page, was unnoticed by us until the pen was newly dipped for a record of the calm pleasures which this volume of verse had brought us, forbids now more than the bare record. The poems are not printed for public distribution—for the evident, at least the only conceivable reason, that many of them relate to subjects of personal or family interest; but these are by no means the least interesting in themselves to thoughtful readers, or the least finished of the various pieces composing this tasteful and elegant addition to the treasures of the Lake-school. Mr. Snow, though apparently shrinking from a public competition with his fellow-poets, brings to his labour of love a high understanding of his great art, the feeling of a scholar, an ear nicely attuned, and a sense of the finest delicacies of verse. His volume is a tribute to the power of Wordsworth, and a token of the wonderful impressiveness of his poetry; it is already sufficiently within the pale of publicity to render our seizure of a passage or two no violation. The lines here given, however, are more Tennysonian in character:—

"ON REVISITING ETON, IN THE YEAR 1842.

"THESE the spires and these the turrets sons of Eton love to greet;
See beneath the row of lime-trees that low wall, our wonted seat.
See those benches; on the oaken wainscot graven, see that name;
See the thronging generation—'tis another and the same—
Beneath those elm-trees in the meadows musical with happy sounds
Of unbroken boyish spirits gambolling in ceaseless rounds:

And by the gallant river eddying onward, ever bright and deep,
 I seem to know the weeds and rushes, and the willow's graceful sweep;
 And I see the selfsame elm-tree under which in bygone years
 Me my parents left, a timid novice, drown'd in parting tears.
 Once more I greet its whispering branches: nay, the very clouds that fly
 O'er head away, like youthful days, seem moulded in a well-known sky.

"Comrades of youth's bygone season! comrades in the cheerful glade!
 May I shew what fearful tracks the wheels of circumstance have made?
 And, hand in hand, how time and space have sworn to sever you and me,
 And thrown between congenial souls a thousand leagues of land and sea?
 No: stronger feelings, stronger passions, in the interval have grown;
 I the changes of a lifetime in a few short years have known.
 Further, further, in the distance, Eton, waned thy hoary towers;
 Yet I clung to thy remembrance—rallied all my spirit's powers—
 For the ties that held me to thee worn and fray'd with worldly strife
 Might have snapp'd but for new blessings calling me to second life."

"Now 'tis comfort to address thee, Spirit of that ancient Place;
 Thee, the soul of England's glory, of her sage and warrior race!
 Spirit, now array'd in whiteness, now with shadows overcast,
 Come with precept for the future, with rebukings for the past.
 Since thy Henry ruled in Britain, year by year, and day by day,
 At the gates of thy renewing maim'd and fetter'd lies Decay:
 Thou outweltest, like thy river's stream, unperishingly rife
 With youth's blithe elements of motion, and invulnerable life.
 By the dignity of friendship—by the chastenings of the mind—
 By communications lofty—all that elevates mankind—
 Let me love thee like a parent—flee to thee and be at rest—
 To thy water-brooks betake me, like the hart by hunters press'd."

Records of Scenery, and other Poems. By the Hon. Julia Augusta Maynard.
 —Many poems in the elegant collection before us have been presented singly to the readers of this Magazine; our opinion of them may therefore be said to have been expressed in a manner that needs no reiteration now. Those with which they are here associated are in every respect worthy to be their companions. The opening poem, which runs to no great length, combines a number of graceful pictures and felicitous allusions, in smooth, harmonious verse; and in many of the remaining pieces there is a sacred and pious colouring thrown in, which indicates the possession of sensibility and religious enthusiasm.

The Prism of Imagination. By the Baroness Calabrella. Longman.—Book-beauty have we seen admired and extolled often and often; for art in recent years has been prodigal of its specimens; and great triumphs in the way of printing, decorating, illustrating, and binding have been achieved, first yearly, then monthly, then almost weekly. But we have never seen such book-beauty as this—never, indeed, anything that could momentarily compete with the splendour of this production as a volume. It is a blaze of beauty. The borders and ornamental titles are by Mr. Owen Jones. The brilliant colours, the glowing gold, by which the eye is dazzled and delighted, are the least features of their attractions, which comprise the charm of wonderful variety and invariable grace and elegance in the design. There is in each of the tales thus produced, sufficient literary beauty and moral value to reward the reader who can subdue his wonder and keep his eyes a moment off the margin; but, combined with the merits mentioned, we can easily imagine that the volume must prove a *pet*.

Saint James's:
OR
THE COURT OF QUEEN ANNE.

BY THE EDITOR.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

IN WHICH IT IS SHEWN THAT THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH HAD NOT
ENTIRELY LOST HER INFLUENCE OVER THE QUEEN.

AFTER enjoying for a few seconds the confusion into which the party was thrown by her sudden and unexpected appearance, and darting a scornful and indignant glance at Harley, the Duchess of Marlborough advanced towards the queen, and said in a tone of deep reproach, "Is it come to this, madam? Are my long and faithful services to be thus rewarded?"

"What mean you, duchess?" demanded Anne, vainly endeavouring to hide her embarrassment.

"Do not affect ignorance, madam," replied the duchess, contemptuously. "It will not avail you. I know how, and by whom Mr. Harley was brought here, and why. The scheme was worthy of him—worthy of his hypocritical ally; but unworthy, most unworthy of you. What must the object of the interview be, that requires to be clandestinely conducted? What must it be when the Queen of England blushes—ay, blushes—to be detected in it!"

"No more of this, duchess!" exclaimed Anne, angrily.

"Nay, I *will* speak out, madam," returned the other; "if they are the last words I shall ever utter to you. I will shew you how much you have been deceived by this double-dealing, insidious fellow, who stands abashed in my presence, though he dared just now to lift up his head loftily enough in yours. This miserable turncoat, I say, who now comes to you, would have been glad to make any terms with me. But I rejected his proffer with disdain. I would not use him even as a tool. In revenge, he has recourse to the vilest stratagems, and having reached your majesty by means which only *he*, or some one equally base, would resort to, pours his poison in your ear, which luckily proves as innocuous as it was malignantly and murderously intended. Let him deny this if he can."

"I *do* deny it," replied Harley, who by this time had fully recovered his composure; "most unequivocally deny it. Your majesty has now heard the duchess out, and I could not desire a better advocate for my cause than she has proved. Setting aside

her false and frivolous charges against myself, which I utterly repudiate and condemn, I would ask your majesty whether my complaint is not fully borne out by her present behaviour? Is her language towards you that of a subject? Is her tone that of a subject? Is her deportment that of a subject? What warrant has she for this intrusion? It is not for the Duchess of Marlborough to dictate to your majesty whom you shall receive, and at what hour you shall receive them. Neither is it for the duchess to thrust herself unasked into your secret conferences. If she knew I was here, and with your gracious permission, she should have carefully kept away. But I rejoice that she has come. I rejoice to be enabled to meet her face to face before your majesty, to tell her that she is wanting in gratitude and respect towards you, and to repeat my flat contradiction to her assertion, which I defy her to prove, that I have made any proposal to her."

"You lie," cried the duchess, transported beyond all bounds, and striking him in the face with her fan.

"Duchess, you forget yourself," interposed the queen quickly, but with dignity.

"I must crave your majesty's permission to retire," said Harley, almost white with constrained passion. "The duchess's tongue is sharp enough, as you have heard; but when she employs weapons which I cannot use, the contest is too unequal to be carried on further."

"I pray you remain, sir," said Anne, beseechingly; "and if the duchess has any desire to please me, she will ask your pardon for her violence."

"I am sorry to disobey you, madam," replied the duchess; "but till Mr. Harley retracts the falsehood he has uttered, I shall do no such thing. Ask his pardon, forsooth! Not I. Let him bear the blow as well as he can. He has borne as much ere now, I'll warrant, and in silence. But I have yet a word more for him. His presence at this clandestine interview, and the arts he has used towards your majesty, constitute a direct breach of faith towards the cabinet to which he belongs; and no honourable alternative remains to him, but to retire from it."

"I shall take leave to hold my post in defiance of your grace, as long as I can be serviceable to her majesty," replied Harley.

"Precisely what might be expected from you, sir," said the duchess; "but your dismissal will follow, nevertheless."

"Your grace's may possibly precede it," retorted Harley.

"An end must be put to this altercation," interposed Anne, peremptorily.

"I crave your majesty's pardon for the share I have been compelled to take in it," rejoined Harley; "and if I venture to prolong it for a few moments, it is because I think some explanation absolutely necessary after the scandalous remarks of the duchess. Whether I adopted unfair means to reach your majesty, you best know; but if I have not proceeded more directly, it has

been because you are so surrounded by the duchess's creatures, that such a course must have been unsuccessful. Of the manner in which this system of espionage is carried on by the duchess, your majesty can form an idea from the fact that the private interview you condescended to grant me to-night, has been disclosed to her. And now, madam, with your gracious permission, I will proceed with what I was saying when this interruption occurred. You yourself have admitted an anxiety to shake off the yoke which your too confiding nature has imposed upon you."

"This cannot be true, madam?" cried the duchess. "Give him the lie—give him the lie."

"Her majesty's silence is sufficient answer," replied Harley. "Does not your grace perceive that by your overweening pride—by your violence, and by your rapacity, you have alienated the affections of a too-indulgent mistress. Nothing but the good-nature upon which you have presumed has enabled you to retain your place. But I tell you in the queen's presence, and in her voice, that it is her wish—her command that you should retire from it."

"Ha!" exclaimed the duchess, with a roar like that of a lioness.

"Mr. Harley, you go too far," said the queen, much alarmed.

"No, your majesty," replied Harley, "I will take all upon my head. I will tell this imperious woman that her reign is over—that you are determined to emancipate yourself from her thralldom—and to be the great queen you ought to be, and are. A moment's resolution will do it. The step is taken. The scene you dreaded *has* occurred. Bid her leave the room, and surrender her places, and you are indeed mistress of your kingdom. Bid her go."

"That word will never be pronounced by the queen, sir," said the duchess, undauntedly.

"Your majesty's freedom hangs on a breath," whispered Abigail. "Recollect how much you have suffered."

"Duchess," said the queen in a voice of emotion, "I must——"

"Before you proceed, madam," interrupted the duchess, "let me have a word. I will not wrong myself by any comparison with the persons I have found in your presence. I hold them as nothing, except so far as your majesty designs to make them of importance. I will not remind you how unceasingly my energies have been devoted to your service—how, ever since you mounted the throne, I have had but one thought—the advancement of your glory——"

"With an occasional bye-reflection as to your own aggrandizement," remarked Harley, sarcastically.

"I will not remind you of my great husband's services in the field and in the state," pursued the duchess, disregarding the remark; "but I will confine myself to the friendship with which I have been honoured for many—many years, and which refers, not to public, but to domestic affairs. Our secret feelings have been

interchanged—our joys, our afflictions have been shared. We have each mourned—mourned in concert—a son lost. Love made us equals. Mrs. Freeman and Mrs. Morley were once dear to each other—very—very dear.”

“They were—they were,” said Anne, much moved.

“And shall it all be forgotten?” asked the duchess.

“It is Mrs. Freeman’s own fault,” replied the queen. “She has driven her friend to it.”

“She will make any atonement her friend pleases,” said the duchess, penitentially; “nay, more, she will promise not to offend again.”

“Is it possible!” cried Anne; “if such were really the case——”

“Such really *is* the case,” replied the duchess, throwing herself at the queen’s feet, who instantly raised her, and embraced her affectionately.

“Dear Mrs. Freeman,” exclaimed Anne.

“Dearest Mrs. Morley,” cried the duchess.

“This touch of affected tenderness has ruined all,” muttered Harley, with a significant glance at Abigail. “Madam,” he added to the queen, “I presume I may now retire. My further presence can neither be necessary nor desirable.”

“Before you go, sir, I must insist upon a reconciliation between you and the duchess,” said the queen. “Nay, duchess, you were wrong, and it is for you to make the advance. What, you hesitate? Will Mrs. Freeman refuse Mrs. Morley’s request?”

“That appeal is irresistible,” replied the duchess. “Mr. Harley, I was too hasty.” And she extended her hand to him.

“I take your grace’s hand as it is given,” replied Harley, advancing towards her. “This is a harder blow than the other,” he added in a low tone.

The duchess smiled triumphantly.

“Henceforth, all hostilities must cease between you,” said the queen.

“Willingly, on condition that this is the last private interview between your majesty and Mr. Harley,” rejoined the duchess.

“Willingly, on condition that her grace always maintains her present amiable deportment,” subjoined Harley. “Mrs. Freeman is infinitely to be preferred to the Duchess of Marlborough.”

“Peace being restored, I shall retire,” said the queen, smiling.

“What, without a word in private with your poor faithful Freeman,” whispered the duchess, coaxingly.

“To-morrow,” replied the queen. “I am too much fatigued now. This interview has quite exhausted me. Good night, Mr. Harley. Abigail will see you forth.”

So saying, and returning the secretary’s profound bow, she withdrew with her attendant.

The duchess and Harley regarded each other for some moments fixedly in silence.

"Either you or I must retire from this contest, Mr. Harley," said the former, at length.

"It is not for me to tell your grace which of the two it shall be," he replied. "But I have no intention of withdrawing."

"Then I know how to act," said the duchess.

"There is no chance of a coalition, I suppose?" he insinuated, in his smoothest tones.

"With you—never!" replied the duchess, contemptuously.

At this moment, Abigail returned.

"I wish your grace good night," said the secretary, bowing ceremoniously.

"Good night, sir," replied the duchess. "I will take care this is the last time you are seen here."

"Heed her not," said Abigail, as they quitted the room; "the queen is as much your friend as ever. Fulfil my injunctions respecting Mr. Masham implicitly, and you shall have another interview as soon as you please."

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

OF THE PROVOCATION OFFERED BY MASHAM TO THE MARQUIS DE GUISCARD AT THE SAINT JAMES'S COFFEE-HOUSE; AND OF THE CHALLENGE THAT ENSUED.

A deeper impression had been made by Abigail upon Masham than he cared to acknowledge. Having persuaded himself that he should think of her no more, he was vexed to find her image perpetually recurring to his mind, and in order to destroy the effect produced by her charms, he aggravated her coquetry, and heightened every vexatious circumstance that had occurred at the ball; but all would not do. He could not render himself indifferent to her, and her very capriciousness seemed to make her more attractive. A ride in the park having failed in distracting his thoughts, he repaired to the Saint James's Coffee-house, where he found the Earl of Sunderland conversing very eagerly with a gentleman of good figure, and remarkably intelligent countenance, who was well known to him as Mr. Arthur Maynwaring.

Descended from a branch of a very old Cheshire family, which had settled at Ightfield, in Shropshire, and connected on the maternal side with the ancient and important families of the Egertons and Cholmondeleys, Mr. Maynwaring was as much distinguished for his high-breeding and polished exterior, as for his wit, scholarship, and general ability. He was an admirable political writer; a keen satirist and critic; and his judgment on all matters of taste and learning was considered indisputable. Maynwaring was a member of the Kit-Cat Club, and accounted

one of its chief ornaments. His private income was but trifling, his estates being heavily incumbered; but he had recently received a lucrative appointment as auditor of the imprests from Lord Godolphin. He sat in parliament as member for Preston in Lancashire, and being completely in the confidence of the Duchess of Marlborough, frequently acted as her private secretary. His age was thirty-nine.

The earl and his companion looked up on Masham's entrance, and their manner convinced him that he himself formed the subject of their discourse. Nor was he wrong; for as he was passing on to another part of the coffee-room, Sunderland called to him, and said, "We were speaking of you, Masham, and I have been diverting Maynwaring with an account of what occurred at the palace last night."

"'Tis just the way Abigail serves every one," laughed Maynwaring. "And I have no doubt for all the encouragement she gave Guiscard, who has a right now to fancy himself the suitor elect, she will scarcely deign to notice him to-day. Who would be a slave to such a capricious creature?"

"Ay, who indeed?" echoed Sunderland, laughing.

Masham could not repress a sigh.

"For the credit of our sex, I hope you wont let her perceive that you care for her," said Maynwaring, noticing the other's emotion.

"If Masham feels himself in danger, let him absent himself from court for a few days," observed Sunderland.

"No, that would never do," rejoined Maynwaring. "A thousand jests would be in circulation at his expense, and he would never survive the ridicule. No, he must stay and boldly face the enemy. The true way to mortify her, will be to affect perfect indifference, and whatever lures she may throw out, whatever wiles practise, appear utterly insensible to them."

"I should be better pleased to pique her as she piqued me," returned Masham, "by paying attention to another."

"You are not master enough of yourself for that," said Maynwaring. "No, indifference, real or affected, must be your game. He is in love with her," he observed in a low voice to Sunderland, as Masham stepped aside for a moment.

"Evidently so," replied the other in the same tone. "If they meet, a reconciliation will infallibly take place. It must be our business to prevent it, till she is fully compromised with Guiscard. If we could but get him away for a week."

"Ah! but he wont go," returned Maynwaring, laughing.

"Again amusing yourselves at my expense, gentlemen," observed Masham, returning.

"I was merely observing to Sunderland," replied Maynwaring, "that I think Abigail's influence with the queen vastly over-rated."

"I'm sure of it," replied the earl; "Guiscard will find out

his error if he thinks to secure his own advancement by marrying her. When she weds, she will necessarily lose her place."

"Not necessarily, I believe," observed Masham.

"Oh, yes," rejoined Maynwaring. "But what matters it? The French adventurer will be rightly served."

"I should not mind her loss of place, if she had a heart," sighed Masham, "but she evidently has none."

"Not a bit more than Guiscard himself," replied Maynwaring, "so they will be nicely matched. Adsddeath! here comes the marquis."

As the exclamation was uttered, Guiscard, accompanied by Saint John and Prior, entered the coffee-room. As the newcomers drew near, Saint-John said, laughingly, "Good day, gentlemen; I've a piece of news which will delight you all, especially Masham. We are to have a marriage at court."

"A marriage!" exclaimed Maynwaring. "Between whom?"

"Between Monsieur le Marquis de Guiscard and the fair Abigail Hill," replied Saint-John. "Here he is, to receive your congratulations."

"Is it settled, then?" asked Masham, hastily.

"Mr. Saint-John is, perhaps, going a little too far in saying that it is actually arranged," replied Guiscard; "but I hope the marriage will not be long delayed."

"Accept our best wishes for the speedy completion of your happiness, marquis," said Sunderland and Maynwaring together.

"Sdeath, Masham," cried Prior, "why don't you offer your congratulations likewise? The marquis will be a great man presently, and it is prudent and proper to worship the rising sun."

"Let those worship it who like. I want nothing from him," replied the young equerry, walking moodily away.

"A disappointed rival!" said Sunderland to Guiscard. "Ah! marquis, you are a lucky fellow!"

"Deuced lucky!" cried Maynwaring. "You haven't decided yet for Whig or Tory, I presume?"

"Pardon me," replied Prior. "Guiscard is with us. And if Sunderland finds some one in his post within a month, he will know who placed him there."

A loud laugh followed this sally.

"Gentlemen," said Masham, returning quickly, and looking angrily round, "I should be glad to know the cause of your merriment."

"Ha! ha! ha!" was the general response.

"This young Masham thinks everybody is laughing at him to-day," said Sunderland. "On the contrary, my good fellow, we sincerely condole with you—Ha! ha!"

"Your mirth has but slight grounds for it, my lord," replied Masham, sternly. "You are willing to take Guiscard's word for his acceptance by Miss Hill. For my own part, I doubt it."

"How, sir?" cried the marquis.

"I more than doubt it," pursued Masham, loudly and emphatically,—*"I believe it to be wholly false!"*

The laughter was instantly hushed, and some other persons, who chanced to be in the coffee-room at the time, gathered round the group.

"Pshaw, my dear Masham," said Maynwaring, "you let your vexation at our friend's success carry you too far. Marquis, you will make due allowance for his disappointed feelings."

"Most assuredly," replied Guiscard; "I am willing to take no notice of the affront. Masham knows not what he says."

"You shall not get off thus, marquis," rejoined Masham, with increasing anger. "I repeat—deliberately repeat—that you have imposed upon this company."

"Mr. Masham hopes to cut my throat, in order to remove an obstacle between him and Miss Hill," observed Guiscard, with suppressed anger, "but I will try to disappoint him."

"You are quite in the wrong, Masham," said Sunderland, taking the young equerry aside,—*"on my honour, you are. Granting that this vain-glorious Frenchman has advanced more than he has warrant for, you will only give Abigail new cause for triumph by thus playing the Quixote for her. Allow me to reconcile matters. I can do so at once, without compromising you in the slightest degree."*

"I will only retract what I have said on receiving from Miss Hill's own lips a confirmation of the marquis's statement," replied Masham, sullenly.

"Pshaw, you know that it is impossible," said the earl. "Be reasonable."

The young equerry shook his head.

"Since there is no help for it, gentlemen, and since Mr. Masham is deaf to my remonstrances, I suppose you must meet," said Sunderland, turning round.

"Most certainly, my lord," replied the marquis,—*"most certainly we must meet. And I trust no one here will attempt to interfere. We are all men of honour."*

There was a slight responsive murmur among the company, and those who were strangers immediately withdrew.

"Mr. Maynwaring, may I count upon you as my friend?" said Masham.

"Unquestionably," was the reply, "though I confess I would rather assist to settle the matter in any other way. But since that may not be, I shall be happy to attend you."

"And I conclude I may calculate on you, Mr. Saint-John?" said the marquis.

Saint-John bowed.

"Where, and at what hour, shall the meeting take place, gentlemen?" he inquired.

"As early as is agreeable to the marquis," replied Masham, "and in Hyde Park, if he has no objection."

"Hyde Park will suit me as well as any other place," replied Guiscard, "and the earlier the better; because, as I shall sit up till the hour of meeting, I shall get to bed the sooner."

"That remains to be seen," rejoined Masham. "At all events, you may get to rest."

"These preliminaries arranged, gentlemen," said Saint-John, "I presume you can meet without annoyance to each other. And I therefore beg the favour of your company at supper to-night, as well as that of all our friends here. A few choice spirits have promised to come to me; and when I tell you I expect Mrs. Bracegirdle and Mrs. Oldfield, I am sure I need offer you no further inducement."

The invitation was eagerly accepted by all except Masham, who would willingly have declined it, but Maynwaring whispering him that his refusal might be misconstrued, he reluctantly assented; and, after a little further conversation, the party separated.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

OF THE ASSEMBLAGE OF WITS MET BY MASHAM AT SUPPER AT MR. SAINT-JOHN'S,
AND OF THE MEANS PROPOSED BY HIM OF ADJUSTING A QUARREL BETWEEN
MRS. BRACEGIRDLE AND MRS. OLDFIELD.

HAVING dined alone, and made such preparations as he thought necessary for the meeting of the morrow, Masham betook himself, about ten o'clock, to Saint-John's residence in Saint James's-place. The party, which was more numerous than he expected, had already sat down to table, but a place was reserved for him between Maynwaring and Prior, into which he slipped as quietly as he could. Most of the guests were known to Masham personally, and all by reputation; and as he surveyed the assemblage, which comprised many of the most eminent wits of the day, he could not but feel that he had little title to a place among them.

At the head of the table, as a matter of course, was Saint-John, who appeared in most buoyant spirits, and on his right sat a lady with a most fascinating expression of countenance, fine dark eyes of extraordinary brilliancy, and hair and eyebrows of the same shade. Though a brunette, her complexion had a rich bloom in it, and though in the maturity of life her charms had lost none of their attraction. Her smile was witchery itself, as thousands who had felt it make its way at once to the heart, could testify. This was the admirable actress, Mrs. Anne Bracegirdle, than whom a lovelier or more accomplished woman never trod the boards.

On her right sat a gentleman of very courtly appearance, and possessing handsome, smooth features, who paid her the most devoted attention, and who was addressed by her as Mr. Congreve. Next to Congreve sat another wit, but scarcely so polished in manner,

or so regularly handsome, though his features were fine and intellectual notwithstanding, and he was quite equal to the other in comic genius. Sir John Vanbrugh—for he it was—was conversing with an elderly man, who, notwithstanding a stoop in the shoulders, the total absence of teeth, and deep wrinkles in the cheeks, which defied the power of rouge and paint to efface, affected the air of a youthful beau, and wore a dress made in the extravagance of the fashion, with a point-lace cravat, point-lace ruffles, and a flowing peruke, while costly rings bedecked his fingers. In this antiquated figure, whose shaking limbs and bleary eyes seemed ill fitted for the revel, could scarcely be recognised the once-handsome, and still witty friend of Sedley, Rochester, Etherege, and Buckingham, the boon companion of the Merry Monarch himself, whose good looks and brilliant reputation had won him the hand of the young, wealthy, and beautiful Countess of Drogheda, and whose comedies are scarcely, if at all, inferior to those of Congreve and Vanbrugh,—namely, William Wycherley.

On Wycherley's other hand was a young man of rather prim air, and plain attire, but whose looks bespoke shrewdness and good sense, and whose name was Tickell. He was paying profound attention to the discourse of his neighbour, a handsome man, with a florid complexion, and a somewhat stout person, displayed to advantage in a suit of peach-coloured velvet, and who was no less than the illustrious Joseph Addison. The great essayist, who had not, however, at that time given to the world the full assurance of his unequalled powers, but was chiefly known by his travels, his poem entitled the "Campaign," and a trifling opera called "Rosamond," filled the post of under-secretary to the Earl of Sunderland, who had continued him in the office on his succession to Sir Charles Hedges, from whom Addison originally received the appointment. Addison's neighbour, on the right, was the gay, the social, the kindly, the thoughtless Richard Steele, upon whose excitable temperament the pleasures of the table and the deep libations that succeeded (for those were hard-drinking days) had already produced a far more pernicious effect than upon his phlegmatic friend, the under-secretary. Captain Steele, for he had recently procured a commission in Lord Lucas's regiment, through the interest of his friend, the brave Lord Cutts, was chiefly occupied at that time in conducting the *Gazette*, in which his chief aim, according to his own account, was to be "as innocent and insipid as possible;" and it must be owned his success was fully equal to his intentions. Steele had been for some time a widower, but was now paying attention to Miss Scurlock, to whom he was subsequently united. The dissolute life he had led had left its impression on his features, which, though puffy and cadaverous, were expressive. He had black overhanging brows, deep-set eyes, and a broad and somewhat coarse visage. His

figure was thick-set and square, and his attire such as belonged to his military rank.

Captain Steele's attentions were directed towards his neighbour, a young and singularly-beautiful woman, with a slight but graceful figure, and an archness of look and manner that was perfectly irresistible. This was Mrs. Bracegirdle's rival, Mrs. Oldfield, who had lately risen into fame, and divided the town with her. All Steele's gallantries, however, were thrown away. Mrs. Oldfield had ears and eyes only for the soft speeches and tender glances of Mr. Maynwaring, who sat on her right, and with whom, it may be mentioned in passing, she afterwards formed a long and lasting attachment only closed by his death.

Passing over Maynwaring, Masham, Prior, and Sunderland, we come to the tragic poet, Nicholas Rowe, the author of the "Fair Penitent," whose somewhat saturnine countenance was convulsed with laughter at the jests of his neighbour, the facetious Tom D'Urfey, who, like Wycherley, was one of the wits of the previous century, and upon whose shoulders Charles the Second himself had often leaned, to hum a snatch. No one, indeed, in former days could troll a ditty more merrily than old Tom; nor could any one write a choicer song of the amorous and convivial description in vogue when he was in his prime. Like Wycherley, Tom D'Urfey was a good deal the worse for wear. The wonder would have been if he were not, considering the rollicking, reckless life he had led; but in spite of rheumatism, flying gout, and other aches and pains, it would be difficult to find a jollier old fellow than Tom, or one who enjoyed the good things of life more, or deserved them better. He was somewhat shabbily attired it is true, for Tom was not one of your prosperous wits. But what of that? His coat might be threadbare, but his jests were fresh and glossy, and far more genial than those of the refined and freezing Congreve; and as to his laugh, it was joviality itself. Tom D'Urfey had truly a lyrical genius, and was utterly free from the affectation which is the besetting sin of modern ballad-mongers; but he was besides an indefatigable labourer for the stage, and composed in his time above thirty comedies, all, or most of which, are forgotten. Alas! poor Tom! there is but a faint and far-off echo of thee and thy pleasantries in these degenerate days. Guiscard was D'Urfey's neighbour, and next to the marquis sat Mrs. Centlivre, the witty authoress of several excellent but licentious comedies,—though no more licentious than the taste of the time required,—three of which, "The Busy-Body," "The Wonder: a Woman Keeps a Secret," and "A Bold Stroke for a Wife," still keep their hold of the stage. Mrs. Centlivre had some little personal beauty, and had been thrice married, her last husband, Mr. Joseph Centlivre, being yeoman of the mouth, otherwise cook to the late King William the Third. Her latest comedy, the "Platonic

Lady," had just been produced with some success at the Haymarket. Mrs. Centlivre's right-hand neighbour was Sir Samuel Garth, the celebrated poet and physician, a man as much esteemed for his amiable and social qualities as for his professional talent and poetical ability. Garth was a stout, handsome-looking man, with large features, of the mould which seem so peculiar to the period in which he flourished, and was attired in black velvet. On his further side sat another lady, the fourth and last that the party comprehended, and who was likewise a writer of dramatic works, which had procured her some reputation, though she subsequently became far more notorious by the production of the "New Atalantis." Though in the hey-day of her life, Mrs. Manley, had little more than her wit to recommend her; but she had great conversational powers, and a turn for satire, which combined with an intimate acquaintance (how derived is not worth inquiring) with what was going on in the political world, and the world generally, gave great piquancy to her discourse. In our own days, she would unquestionably have made a first-rate fashionable novelist. Next to Mrs. Centlivre sat Mr. Godfrey Kneller, the great painter, (Kneller received his baronetage from George the First,)—a man of courtly appearance, handsome person and features, though a little on the decline, and most refined manners; and next to Kneller was Mr. Hughes, a scholar and a poet, then chiefly known by his elegant translations of Horace and Lucan, but subsequently distinguished by his tragedy, called the "Siege of Damascus," and the papers he contributed to the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, and the *Guardian*. And with him the circuit of the table is completed.

The repast was magnificently served, as well as admirable and abundant. A crowd of lacqueys in Saint-John's sumptuous livery were in attendance. The table groaned with the finest chased silver dishes, and sparkled with crystal glass; and as dish after dish of exquisite flavour disappeared, delicacies still more tempting succeeded. The wines were poured forth in equal profusion, and the produce of the choicest vintages of France, Spain, Germany, and even Hungary, was quaffed in bumpers. No one's glass was allowed to stand empty a moment, and there was a constant discharge of champagne corks. An incomparable host was Saint-John. He had none of the airs of a *petit-maitre*, leaving his guests to shift for themselves, but did the honours of his table hospitably and well. By his sprightly sallies he kept up an incessant roar of laughter, and the only person upon whose brow a slight cloud could be discerned, and who appeared to have no zest for the rich viands or the delicious wines, was Masham.

"Mr. Masham looks like the rejected lover in a comedy," observed Mrs. Bracegirdle, in her exquisite voice, which gave to words of little import significance the most extraordinary.

"Nay, by my faith," cried Saint-John, "it is not acting with him. Masham is foolish enough to love a woman after she has

agreed to give her hand to another ; and, what is more, nothing will content him but the life of his fortunate rival."

"You are too hard upon the young gentleman, Mr. Saint-John," said Mrs. Oldfield, whose accents were quite as musical and delicious as those of Mrs. Bracegirdle ; "if he is really in love, he is much to be pitied. I vow he is the only person here who knows anything of the passion, unless it be Mr. Tickell. If your lady-love has jilted you, sir, forget her, or supply her place with another."

"I could easily do that, Mrs. Oldfield," replied Masham, gallantly.

"I hope you don't mean to be so silly as to risk your life for her?" pursued the lady.

"Permit me the honour of wine with you," rejoined Masham, evasively.

"With great pleasure," she replied, "but I must have an answer to my question. Some women like to be the cause of a duel ; but I should hate the man who fought for me ; or rather I should hate myself, which would come to the same thing. Ladies, let us take Mr. Masham under our special protection. It would be a thousand pities if so pretty a fellow were cut off in the flower of his youth, and all for a senseless jilt. Your voices, I'm sure, will be with me. Fight he must not."

"Certainly not," cried the three other ladies in a breath.

"You hear, sir," said Mrs. Oldfield. "We are four to one. You cannot disoblige so many fair supplicants. And now, let us know who is your rival?"

"You will make me his rival if you go on thus," remarked Maynwaring, somewhat petulantly.

"Mrs. Oldfield is bent upon a conquest, it seems," observed Mrs. Bracegirdle, in a low tone, to Saint-John.

"A glance from you will win him from her," replied the other ; "you have often carried off a whole house in the same way."

"I'll try," said Mrs. Bracegirdle, "if only to mortify the vain thing. Mr. Masham," she continued, aloud, and throwing one of her irresistible glances at him, "I am curious to know what sort of person it is that has inspired you with so deep a passion."

"Ay, do tell us, Mr. Masham?" said Mrs. Centlivre.

"She is young and beautiful, of course?" cried Mrs. Manley.

"And wealthy, also, it is to be hoped?" added Mrs. Centlivre.

"Do—do describe her?" cried Mrs. Oldfield. "Does she resemble any of us—Mrs. Bracegirdle, for instance?"

"Or Mrs. Oldfield?" rejoined the other actress.

Here there was a general laugh.

"Masham will have a second duel on his hands ere long, I begin to think," said Congreve, glancing at Mrs. Bracegirdle.

"He will have a third," rejoined Maynwaring, "and will have to provide himself with another second, for I shall be obliged to take part as a principal."

"Really, gentlemen, I am unconscious of giving you offence," said Masham.

"I'll take Mr. Congreve's quarrel off your hands," said Mrs. Bracegirdle. "If he fights any one, it shall be me."

"And since Mr. Maynwaring has thrown up his office, I shall be happy to attend you as second," said Mrs. Oldfield. "I can manage an affair of the kind quite as well as him. As for swords, I've plenty at your service, and pistols too, if needed. You shan't blush for your second, for I'll come in my town gallant's apparel. You remember *Betty Goodfield*, in the "Woman turned Bully." 'Udsbud, sir," she added, assuming the look and tone of the character, "do you come here only to ask questions? This is not to be endured. You have wasted my whole stock of patience, and now you shall find me an arrant lion. Come, sir, draw."

This speech, delivered in the liveliest manner imaginable, elicited thunders of applause from the assemblage.

"Mr. Masham will prove irresistible, if so attended," said Wycherley. "'Gad! I thought the modern stage degenerate, but I find the old spirit of Nell Gwyn and Mrs. Knepe revived in Mrs. Oldfield."

"With a little more discretion, I hope, Mr. Wycherley," replied the pretty actress.

"Ah! Mr. Wycherley," cried Tom D'Urfey, "things are greatly changed since those inimitable plays, the "Country Wife" and the "Plain Dealer" were given to the world. It's full thirty years since the last made its appearance; and if you had had any industry, or any necessity, you would have given us a comedy every successive year, and then how rich our drama would have been! Talking of the "Plain Dealer," how well I recollect Hart as *Manly*, Kynaston as *Freeman*, Mrs. Cory as *Widow Blackacre*—wondrous *Widow Blackacre*—and Knepe, pretty Mrs. Knepe, as *Eliza*! You should give us another comedy before you quit the stage altogether sir."

"I shall marry and give you a farce, Tom," replied Wycherley, with some acerbity. "But why don't you appeal to Mr. Congreve? No man has written such comedies, and yet he has forsworn the stage."

"Don't remind me of the indiscretions of my youth, Wycherley," replied Congreve. "I've seen the error of my ways, and mean to avoid it in future."

"Congreve has been converted by Collier, though he answered him so sharply at the time of the attack," said Vanbrugh, laughing, "and thinks the theatres licentious and profane."

"Their morals will certainly remain questionable as long as you continue to write for them, Van," rejoined Congreve.

"'Sdeath!" cried Vanbrugh, "Am I to paint men and manners as they *are*, or as they *are not*?"

"You paint them in colours so true, that your portraits will endure for ever, Sir John," observed Kneller. "When people become over fastidious, it is a bad sign of the morality of the times."

"One thing is quite certain," remarked Addison, "that the English stage owes its revival to the genius of the two great comic writers here present, and if they had not exerted their matchless powers for its support, it is doubtful whether we should not have altogether been deprived of a most delightful and highly intellectual amusement. No, Mr. Congreve, the stage owes you too much to allow you to disown your connexion with it."

"I am sorry to say it in the presence of so many distinguished dramatists," cried Congreve, "but on my soul I cannot think writing for the stage the employment of a gentleman."

"Oh! fie, Mr. Congreve," rejoined Rowe; "this is rank heresy in you, and worse than abusing a woman who has bestowed her favours upon you. A fine play is the noblest achievement of the human mind."

"The author of the *Fair Penitent* and *Tamerlane* has a right to say so," remarked Garth. "I can well understand that Mr. Congreve, having obtained so high a reputation, should not care to shake it, but that he should underrate the drama, for which he has done so much, passes my comprehension."

"I do not underrate the drama, Sir Samuel," replied Congreve, "nor do I shrink from the stage from fear of failure, but from distaste. I dislike notoriety, and if I could do twenty times better than I have done, I would not write again; nay, I am sorry I ever wrote a line."

"Is he sincere, think you?" asked Guiscard of Prior.

"As sincere as you would be," replied the poet; "if, after winning ten thousand pounds at hazard, you were to say you would never play again, and protest you wished you never *had* played. He is prudent, and does not wish to lose what he has gained. Besides, with a strange kind of vanity, he values himself more upon being thought a fine gentleman than an author."

"Fortunately for us, my dear Congreve, your wish not to have written comes too late for fulfilment," said Saint-John. "It would be well, perhaps, if some of us could recall our early effusions, but you are not of the number. But we are neglecting the wine. Captain Steele I pledge you."

"My service to you," replied Steele, taking off a brimmer. "Mr. Congreve is right on one point," he continued. "The great secret is to know when to leave off. An entrance is more easily made than an exit. But though I hold this to be a sound rule, I don't mean to act up to it myself, but shall go on as long as I can find an audience to listen to me, or a bookseller to purchase my wares. Both will soon let me know when they have had enough."

"Ay, it was ever your rule, Dick, to declaim like a philosopher in public, and to act like a rake in private," rejoined Addison.

"There I only imitate you, Addison," replied Steele, "who write in praise of temperance in a style as pure and clear as water itself, with a bottle of wine before you."

"That shan't prevent my taking a glass with you now, you scandalous dog," replied Addison; "what shall it be—burgundy?"

"Ay, burgundy," replied Steele; "'tis a generous wine, and rolls in one's veins like the hot blood of youth."

Soon after this, the cloth was removed, and bowls of punch, mulled burgundy, and claret, were placed on the board. Tom D'Urfey volunteered a song, and although his voice was a little cracked, executed one of his old anacreontic melodies very creditably. Mrs. Bracegirdle was next prevailed upon to sing, and roused her hearers to a state of rapture, which was by no means lessened when her fair rival, Mrs. Oldfield, followed her in a voice of surpassing richness and sweetness. Each lady was most vociferously applauded in her turn, their mutual supporters trying to outvie each other in the expression of their admiration. Saint-John, whose spirits appeared inexhaustible, and who was the soul of a revel, as of aught else he engaged in, took care that the exhilaration of the party should receive no check, and so well did he fan the flame of mirth, that it blazed up more joyously each moment, and spread so fast and freely, that even Masham caught the infection, forgot his anxieties, and laughed as loudly and heartily as the rest.

By this time, the various generous liquors had begun to produce an effect upon the company; the conversation became a little more noisy, and the laughter rather more uproarious. Perfect decorum, however, was observed; but there were more talkers than listeners, and Tom D'Urfey, in spite of the assistance of the host, could not obtain attention for another stave. To hide his disappointment, during a momentary lull of the clatter, he called upon Mrs. Oldfield, but an opposition was instantly made by the supporters of Mrs. Bracegirdle, who said she was under a promise to them, and their rights could not be deferred. In vain Saint-John interposed; the dispute instantly rose to a fiery heat, and many sharp speeches were interchanged, when a happy idea occurred to the host.

"A means of settling this matter occurs to me, ladies," he said. "Will you leave it to Mr. Masham to decide who shall sing first?"

Both immediately expressed their assent, and turned to the young equerry, who looked as much puzzled as the shepherd Paris, when required to bestow the golden apple upon the fairest goddess. Without giving himself, however, more than a moment's consideration, he named Mrs. Bracegirdle, who, radiant with triumph, began to pour forth strains like those of a syren. But she was not allowed to proceed far, for Mrs. Oldfield, who was



Trial of skill between M^{rs} Bracegirdle and M^{rs} Oldfield at
M^r Saint John's supper.

deeply mortified, began to talk and laugh aloud to Maynwaring, upon which the fair singer instantly stopped, and in spite of Saint-John's entreaties refused to proceed,—her anger being increased by the insulting looks of her rival.

"We have been talking of duels just now," she cried; "I wish they were allowed amongst women. I should like to punish the insolence of that creature."

"Don't baulk yourself, if you are so disposed, my dear," rejoined Mrs. Oldfield, with a sarcastic laugh. "I will meet you whenever and wherever you please; and as we are both accustomed to it, we can put on male attire, and fancy ourselves of the opposite sex for the occasion."

"I wish you would dare to make good your word, madam," replied Mrs. Bracegirdle.

"If you doubt me, and are in a hurry, my dear," replied Mrs. Oldfield, "you have but to step into the next room, and we can settle the matter at once."

"Here will be a pretty piece of work," cried Prior; "a duel between our two fairest actresses. Whoever survives, we shall be losers."

"Sdeath, this passes a jest," exclaimed Saint-John.

"We will fight with pistols," cried Mrs. Oldfield, heedless of Maynwaring's remonstrances. "I have practised at the mark, and am a dead shot."

"Agreed," replied Mrs. Bracegirdle; "I am as good a shot as yourself."

"What say you to arranging the affair in this way, ladies?" interposed Masham. "You both profess to be good shots. I will hold a candle, and you shall post yourselves at the extremity of the room, and she who snuffs it shall be adjudged the victor."

"I assent," said Mrs. Oldfield.

"But you will run a great risk, Mr. Masham," cried Mrs. Bracegirdle.

"Oh! I'll take my chance," he replied, laughingly. "Better I should receive a slight wound than the stage be deprived of one of its brightest ornaments."

The young equerry's gallantry was much applauded, and Mrs. Bracegirdle assenting with some reluctance to the arrangement, a brace of pistols were produced, and all impediments being quickly cleared away, Masham took up a candle, and marched to the further end of the room, where he took up a position, and stretched out his arm. All being now ready, Mrs. Bracegirdle begged her rival to take the first shot. Mrs. Oldfield instantly raised her pistol, levelled, and fired.

The shot was so true, that the flame wavered, and a burst of applause followed.

As soon as this had subsided, Mrs. Bracegirdle took her rival's place. But just as she had levelled the pistol, a trembling seized her, and she dropped her arm.

"I cannot do this," she cried. "I should never forgive myself

if I hurt that young man, and would rather own myself vanquished than put him in danger."

On this, the applause was louder and more vehement than before, and at its close Mrs. Bracegirdle said, "To show that I am not without some skill, I will make an attempt, which can endanger no one. There is a small white spot on the upper pannel of yon door, not larger than a shilling. Be that my mark."

And as she spoke, she again raised the pistol quickly, and drew the trigger. The wood was perforated in the precise spot indicated by the fair shooter, but there was a general expression of consternation and surprise, as the door opened, and Harley walked into the room.

CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

THE PARTY IS INCREASED BY THE UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL OF MRS. HYDE AND HER DAUGHTER—THE CAUSE OF THEIR VISIT EXPLAINED.

"An inch lower," cried the secretary, taking off his hat, which was pierced quite through with a small round hole, "and that bullet would have been lodged in my brain. Another time, pretty Mrs. Bracegirdle must choose a safer place for pistol-practice, or she may chance to do a mischief."

The fair actress eagerly tendered her apologies to Harley, while the others congratulated him upon his narrow escape; and the cause of the shot having been explained, he laughed heartily.

"The victory must be adjudged to you, my dear Mrs. Bracegirdle," he said to her; "for though Mrs. Oldfield has displayed equal skill, you have shewn the greatest consideration."

"It is very generous in you to say so, at all events, Mr. Harley," observed Mrs. Oldfield, pettishly.

"Expert as you are, ladies," said Saint-John, "I hope that henceforth you will abandon pistols, and confine yourselves to those scarcely less dangerous weapons your eyes."

"Glances may do very well for your sex, but for our own, powder and ball are required," rejoined Mrs. Bracegirdle.

"Well, the quarrel is honourably adjusted," said Saint-John. "So kiss and be friends."

Thus urged, the ladies complied. But it was easy to see from the toss of the head on one side, and the shrug of the shoulder on the other, that the truce was a very hollow one.

The company then resumed their seats at table, and Harley placed himself by the host, who, while he circulated the glass as rapidly as before, and promoted the conversation as much as was requisite, contrived to hold a whispered discourse with him. Harley's brow became clouded at some information he received, and his glance, taking the direction of Masham, shewed that what he had heard related to him.

Soon after this, Sunderland and Kneller arose, declaring they had drunk enough ; while Guiscard called for cards, upon which Saint-John rang for the attendants, and the folding-doors being thrown open, disclosed a magnificent saloon, blazing with lustres, and in which stood several card-tables.

Into this room most of the company adjourned, but Steele, Addison, D'Urfey, Prior, and Rowe, who professed to care little for play, remained behind to finish a large bowl of punch which had just made its appearance, and which they pronounced incomparably better than any that had preceded it. Coffee and liqueurs were next handed round, after which, the greater part of the guests sat down to ombre and basset, and Harley, supposing Guiscard engaged, drew Masham aside, and said to him, "I have just heard from Saint-John of the foolish meeting you intend to have with the marquis. It must not take place."

"Pardon me, Mr. Harley," replied Masham, "I see nothing to prevent it."

"I will prevent it," returned Harley, "and without the slightest discredit to yourself. On the contrary, you shall come off with flying colours. But you must submit yourself wholly to my guidance."

"I regret to say that I cannot comply with your request, Mr. Harley," replied Masham.

"Pshaw, sir, I tell you you must comply," cried the secretary, peremptorily, "unless you would for ever mar your fortunes. You must go with me to Abigail to-morrow."

"Must go, Mr. Harley!"

"Ay, *must*, sir, *MUST*," cried Harley; "you must not merely go, but throw yourself at her feet, and implore her pardon."

"And wherefore, in the name of wonder?" demanded Masham, in extremity of surprise.

"I will tell you," replied the other, smiling; "because—'Sdeath!" he exclaimed, suddenly pausing, as Guiscard stood before them.

"Your pardon, Mr. Harley, if I interrupt you," said the marquis, who, guessing what was going forward, determined to thwart the secretary's plan; "but as Mr. Masham has doubted my word, for which he will have to render me an account to-morrow, I wish him to be made aware that you are favourable to my proposed union with your fair cousin, Miss Hill."

"Confound the fellow," muttered Harley.

"You will not hesitate to give him an assurance that you are anxious to promote it," pursued Guiscard; "and that you have pledged yourself to use your best efforts with the queen for the speedy solemnization of the nuptials."

"Not exactly pledged myself, marquis," said Harley, looking at Masham.

"Surely I cannot have misunderstood you?" rejoined Guiscard, sternly.

"No, no; you have not misunderstood me, *marquis*," replied *Harley*; "but—"

"But what, *sir*," interrupted *Guiscard*, impatiently. "If it has escaped your memory, fortunately I have a memorandum to remind you."

"Oh, no, I recollect it all perfectly," said the secretary. "It is just as you say—just as you say."

This he spoke with so significant a look at *Masham*, that he hoped the latter would comprehend him. But the young *equerri* paid no attention to his glances and gestures, but bowing stiffly, walked away; and *Harley*, annoyed at the *marquis*'s ill-timed interference, abruptly left him, and proceeded to one of the card tables.

At this moment, a servant entered the room, and approaching *Saint-John*, informed him in a low tone that two ladies desired to see him.

"Two ladies at this hour!" exclaimed *Saint-John*. "What the devil do they want?"

"I don't know, *sir*," replied the man; "but they appear in great distress, and one of them is young and very pretty."

"Ah!" exclaimed *Saint-John*, "that promises well. I will see them anon. Take them to the study, and send *Mrs. Turnbull* to them."

"I think, *sir*," said the man, "that the young lady's name is *Angelica*, and that her mother is a country parson's wife."

"What, my pretty *Angelica*!" cried *Saint-John*, transported with delight. "This is a rare piece of fortune. Show them up directly."

As the servant disappeared, *Saint-John* arose and communicated the intelligence he had just received to *Harley* and *Guiscard*, and all three were laughing and speculating upon the cause of the visit, when the door opened, and *Mrs. Hyde* and her daughter were ushered into the room. Both had handkerchiefs to their eyes, and *Angelica* looked as if she would sink with embarrassment at finding herself in so gay an assemblage.

"To what am I indebted for the honour of this unexpected visit, ladies?" asked *Saint-John*.

"Oh! dear *sir*!" replied *Mrs. Hyde*, "such a calamity as has happened! My poor, dear husband!"

"What of him?" cried *Saint-John*, with affected concern.

"He has been—oh!—oh!" sobbed *Mrs. Hyde*. "Do tell, *Angelica*, for I cannot."

"I can scarcely bring it out, *sir*," said the younger lady. "He has been ar-ar-ar—ested."

"Arrested!" echoed *Saint-John*, in surprise—"for what?"

"For doing nothing—nothing at all," replied *Mrs. Hyde*. "That's his crime."

"And a very terrible crime it is," said *Saint-John*, smiling. "But surely something must be laid to his charge?"

"They say it's a plot," replied Angelica — "some treasonable correspondence with French ministers. Oh dear! oh dear!"

"Treasonable correspondence with French ministers!" echoed Saint-John. "Is he a Jacobite?"

"Lord love you, no, sir,—no more than you are," replied Mrs. Hyde; "but it's all owing to Mr. Greg. Mr. Harley knows who I mean, for he's one of his clerks."

"Greg! what of him?" cried Harley, uneasily.

"Why, he has been arrested by a queen's messenger," replied Angelica, "and conveyed away to be kept in safe custody till he's examined by the privy-council to-morrow. All his papers have been seized."

Harley and Saint-John exchanged glances of ill-disguised anxiety; and Guiscard, stepping forward, said, with a look of consternation, "What is this I hear?—Greg arrested?"

"Yes, sir," replied Angelica; "and I heard the messenger say, that the papers he seized would implicate some great persons. Your name was mentioned."

"Mine!" exclaimed the marquis; "mine! Impossible! I know nothing of the fellow—that is, very little."

"This is an untoward occurrence, Harley," said Saint-John, in a low tone.

"Very untoward," replied the other; "for though I have nothing to fear, yet, as the villain was my clerk, it will give a handle to our enemies, which they will not fail to use."

"It is cursedly unlucky, indeed," cried Saint-John. "Well, my pretty Angelica," he added, "you may make yourself perfectly easy about your father—no harm will befall him. I will answer for that. But how did all this happen?"

"Why you see, sir," she replied, "a serjeant, a great tall man, with a patch upon his nose, and as ugly as sin, came with Mr. Proddy, the queen's coachman, to see Mr. Greg this evening, and was invited by him to stay supper, to which he readily agreed. Well, in the course of the evening, Mr. Greg asked the serjeant a great many questions about the Duke of Marlborough, and Mr. Proddy a great many questions about the queen, and plied them both with brandy, which soon got into their heads, and made them talk nonsense about the Revolution, and so forth. My father paid no attention to what they said, but smoked his pipe quietly by the fire, and soon fell into a doze. By and by, they spoke in whispers, and I couldn't, of course, hear what passed, but I caught the words James the Third—court of Saint Germain—and Monsieur Chamillard—which made me suspect they were talking treason."

"And you were right in the suspicion," observed Saint-John.

"What a fool Greg must be to act so unguardedly," muttered Guiscard.

"I rather think from what followed, that the serjeant and coachman were spies," pursued Angelica; "for after talking thus

for some time, they got up, and staggered off; but though the serjeant pretended to be very tipsy, I saw him look round stealthily. About half-an-hour afterwards, and just as we were going to bed, a knock was heard at the door, and Mr. Greg, who turned very pale, hesitated to open it, but as the summons was repeated, he obeyed, and a queen's messenger, as he announced himself, together with a couple of officers, rushed in, and seized him, and secured his papers, as I told you before."

"Did the messenger say who sent him?" asked Harley.

"Yes; the Duke of Marlborough," she replied; "and he declared that the duke possessed certain proofs of Mr. Greg's guilt."

Again Harley and Saint-John exchanged meaning looks, and Guiscard's countenance became darker and more troubled than ever.

"But on what plea was your father arrested?" asked Saint-John.

"Indeed, sir, I don't know," answered Angelica; "but the officers took him. He bade us not be alarmed, for he had nothing to fear, as the queen hadn't a more loyal subject than he was, and his innocence would presently appear."

"And so it will," cried Mrs. Hyde. "He's as innocent as the babe unborn. I can answer for that."

"It seems a most unjustifiable proceeding," said Saint-John, "and shall be inquired into strictly. But what brought you here, child?"

"We've done very wrong, I fear," replied Angelica, blushing, and in great confusion, "but we were quite at our wit's ends, and having no friends in London, and thinking you a pure, good-natured gentleman, we came here in the hope that you would befriend us."

"Well, I won't disappoint you," rejoined Saint-John. "And now pray take some refreshment, while I order a room to be prepared for you. I'll undertake to procure your father's liberation in the morning."

With this, he conducted them to another room, where Mrs. Turnbull soon appeared to attend upon them, and on his return entered into a close and anxious conference with Harley. Guiscard sat down to basset, but played so distractedly that he lost a considerable sum, and at last rose and took his departure. About the same time, the ladies' chairs arrived, and Mrs. Bracegirdle was escorted home by Congreve, and Mrs. Oldfield by Maynwaring. Steele and Wycherley walked after Mrs. Manley's chair, and being rather excited by what they had taken, assaulted the watch, and got lodged in Saint James's round-house. Mrs. Centlivre was attended by Prior, who called her Chloe all the way, and vowed he would write a prologue to her next play. Having finished his conference with Saint-John, Harley looked round for Masham, but could not see him, and on inquiry found he had been gone long since. Addison, Garth, and the rest, sat late,

and drank another bowl of punch, and another after that, and it was nearly four o'clock when Saint-John found himself alone.

CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

TREATS OF THE SERJEANT'S EARLY BREAKFAST ; AND OF THREE DUELS.

AN hour before daybreak, on the morning on which his duel with Monsieur Bimbelot was to come off, Serjeant Scales arose, and as he had drunk a good deal of brandy overnight, as may have been gathered from the fair Angelica's relation, the first thing he did was to allay his thirst with a large jug of water ; after which, he proceeded to attire himself, singing and whistling the while, as was his wont, but in a somewhat lower key than usual, for fear of disturbing the house. Accustomed to shave in the dark, he got through that necessary operation without accident ; jumped into a pair of old jack-boots, which had been bestowed upon him by the Duke of Marlborough ; threw a belt over his shoulders ; experimented the temper of his sword against the floor ; thrust it into the scabbard ; and having put on his hat and regimental coat, marched with a tread like that of the ghost of the commandant in Don Juan, to the kitchen, with the intention of preparing himself a cup of coffee before he sallied forth. The fire was blazing cheerily as he entered, and to his surprise, he perceived Mrs. Plumpton, the buxom under-housekeeper, standing beside it.

"My gracious, serjeant!" cried Mrs. Plumpton, in affected confusion, "who would ha' thought o' seein' you? Why, you're up betimes, indeed."

"You've got the start of me, any how, Mrs. Plumpton," replied Scales. "I'm obliged to go out on duty. But you're not generally up so soon?"

"Not generally, serjeant," she replied ; but I felt a little qualmish, and thinking a dish of chocolate might do me good, I got up to make it, and was just beginnin', when you came in. But, good gracious! only think! why, if I haven't got my nightcap on!"

"Never mind the nightcap, Mrs. Plumpton," rejoined the serjeant ; "I'm an old soldier, you know. If you hadn't mentioned it, I shouldn't have found it out. But now I look at it, I declare it's the most becoming cap I ever saw you wear."

"La, serjeant!—but you military men are *so* polite! Wont you take a dish o' chocolate with me before you go out?"

"That I will, and thank you too, Mrs. Plumpton," replied Scales. "I was going to take coffee, but I should prefer chocolate all to nothing."

The chocolate was milled, and set upon the fire, and the buxom housekeeper was about to give it a final frothing up, when, she knew not how it was, but her waist was encircled by the gallant.

serjeant's arm, and before she could utter even the slightest cry, he had imprinted half a dozen hearty kisses upon her lips. A terrible fellow was the serjeant, and as formidable in love as in war.

While this was going forward, the chocolate boiled over into the fire, and a terrible hissing, sputtering, and smoking ensued, while at the same moment a sharp, derisive laugh was heard near the door, and looking up, the disconcerted pair beheld Mrs. Tipping.

"So, this is what you get up for so early, Plumpton, eh?" cried the lady's-maid. "Pretty doings, indeed! No wonder you like the serjeant's drumming so much! But my lady shall know of it, that she shall."

"Hadn't you better tell her at the same time how often the serjeant has kissed you, Tipping," replied Mrs. Plumpton, removing the chocolate-pot from the fire. "Our meeting was quite accidental."

"Oh! quite accidental, no doubt," retorted Mrs. Tipping. "As if Mr. Timperley didn't tell you last night that the serjeant was going out at daybreak, and would want some coffee. You got up on purpose to meet him."

"Well, and pray what did you get up for?" asked Mrs. Plumpton, sharply.

"To surprise you," replied Mrs. Tipping, "and I *have* surprised you nicely. Oh! serjeant," she added, sinking into a chair, "I didn't expect this of you. To make love to an old fright like Plumpton!"

"Neither so old, nor so frightful, for that matter," rejoined the under-housekeeper, bridling up. "And the serjeant is too good a judge to think mere youth, if it has nothing else to recommend it, an attraction."

"Ladies," said Scales, "having a great regard for you both, I should like to see peace restored; and having, also, a pressing engagement on hand, you'll excuse my sitting down to breakfast."

So saying, he took a seat, and Mrs. Plumpton poured out a large cup of chocolate for him, while Mrs. Tipping, notwithstanding her displeasure, proceeded to cut slices of bread and butter, which he disposed of as fast as she could prepare them. Three cups of chocolate swallowed, and half a loaf consumed, the serjeant arose, and wiping his lips, kissed first Mrs. Plumpton, and then Mrs. Tipping, who submitted to the infliction, with a better grace than might have been expected, and quitting the house, passed through the garden, into the Green Park.

It was just getting light, and he saw seated on a bench, in the avenue of trees immediately before him, a stout little personage, in a white coat, striped waistcoat, and velvet cap with a huge neb, whom he had no difficulty in recognising as Proddy. The serjeant whistled a call, and the coachman instantly arose, and walked towards him. He had a pipe in his mouth, and a sword

under his arm, and strode with unusual dignity. After exchanging salutations, the pair shaped their course in the direction of Hyde Park. The morning was fine, but extremely cold, and the serjeant would have walked forward more briskly, but that he feared to outstrip his companion.

"I think I told you who was to be Bamby's second, didn't I, Proddy?" he observed, at length.

"One John Savage, a French corporal, who was brought over a prisoner with Marshal Tallard," replied the coachman.

"Sauvageon, not John Savage," rejoined Scales. "A brave fellow he is too. I should esteem it a greater honour to cross swords with him than with poor little Bamby."

"I tell you what, serjeant," said Proddy, "I've been thinkin' the matter over. I shan't like to stand idle, and if he has no objection, I'll take a turn with Savagejohn myself."

"Why, zounds, Proddy," cried Scales, "he'll be through you in less than no time! He's perfect master of the sword; and earns his livelihood as a fencing-master."

"I don't mind that, serjeant," said Proddy. "An Englishman is always a match for a Frenchman."

"Why, yes," replied Scales, "provided—but I'd advise you to leave the honour of your country to me."

"No, I'm resolved to fight," said Proddy. "I've brought my sword for that purpose."

"Well, if that's your humour, I'm not the man to hinder you," said Scales; "but take care of yourself, that's all. I'll help you if I can."

Whereupon, he began to hum *Lillebullero*, caroling forth the following snatch, with lusty lungs:—

"Hero, hero, sing the brave hero,
Victor of Blenheim and Ramilies' plains!
Marlbro' the glorious, ever victorious,
Sing him, ye Britons, in rapturous strains!"

"We're both heroes ourselves, serjeant," said Proddy, proudly. "We're goin' to fight the Mounseers, and I feel as you might have done before the battle of Blenheim."

"You're a brave little fellow, Proddy," replied Scales, clapping him on the shoulder, "and I honour you for your spirit; but you can't tell how a soldier feels before going to battle, especially when he has to fight the French. Why, on the morning of that battle, I felt like a war-horse reined in, champing and churning against the bit." And he again began to sing:—

"On the thirteenth day of August, seventeen hundred years and four,
Was a famous battle fought on the Danube's rugged shore;
Never since the Gallic legions to black Edward's might did yield,
Has their pride so low been humbled as on Blenheim's well-fought field."

"If you go on in this way, serjeant, I shall long to engage both these mounseers," said Proddy. "I'm sure my real

vocation is war. I should prefer the cartouche-box to the coach-box."

"Good!" exclaimed Scales, laughing. "Body-o-me! Proddy, how well we played our parts last night, and how completely we obfuscated that traitor Greg. What a villain the fellow must be to betray his country to its enemies. He deserves to be rammed into a cannon, and blown across the channel to Calais. But, thank Heaven, he'll meet his desert! I hope they'll be able to touch his master, Mr. Harley."

"I never meddle with state matters when I can help it, serjeant," replied Proddy, whose terrors of the preceding day were somewhat revived by the remark. "I shall be glad when Greg's hanged out of the way."

The serjeant concurring in this wish, they once more marched forward in silence.

Soon afterwards, they entered Hyde Park, the gates of which were just opened; and striking off in the direction of Kensington Gardens, kept on the higher ground, till they reached the head of a long glade bordered by a natural avenue of fine trees, chiefly elms, and sweeping down to the edge of the broad and beautiful sheet of water, which has since received the appellation of the Serpentine,—for the very excellent reason that it is as straight as a canal. Broken into lovely little dells, and shaded by clumps of timber, the ground had a secluded appearance very fitting to their purpose. About half-way down the avenue were two springs, celebrated for their virtues, to which even in those days, when hydropathy had not commenced as a practice, numbers used to resort to drink and wash, and which were protected by wooden frames. At a later period, the waters of Saint Agnes' Well—for such is the designation of the chief spring—used to be dispensed by an ancient dame, who sat beside it with a small table and glasses; while persons afflicted with ophthalmia, found relief by bathing the eyes in the sister fountain. A pump now occupies the spot, but the waters are supposed to have lost none of their efficacy. Is it not strange that in these water-drinking times the wells of Hampstead, Kilburn, and Bagnigge, should not again come into vogue?—or are their sluices dry?

The sun had just risen, and his beams glanced through the branches of the tall and spreading trees, sparkled upon the surface of the distant water, which glistened like silver, and shone with diamond lustre on the dewy sod. Well may we be proud of Hyde Park, for no capital but our own can boast aught like it. The sylvan and sequestered character of the scene was wholly undisturbed, and but for the actual knowledge of the fact, no one would have dreamed that the metropolis was within a mile's distance. Screened by the trees, the mighty city was completely hidden from view, while on the Kensington road, visible through the glade which looked towards the south-west, not a house was to be seen. To add to the secluded character of



The Double Duel.

the place, a herd of noble red-deer were couching beneath an oak, that crowned a gentle acclivity on the right, and a flock of rooks were cawing loudly on the summits of the high trees near Kensington Gardens.

"Well, we're first in the field at all events, Proddy," said Scales, halting. "This is the place of rendezvous."

"I'm glad of it," replied the coachman, taking off his wig and cap, and mopping up the moisture that was streaming down his puffy cheeks; "you walked a little too fast for me."

"Why didn't you say so?" rejoined the serjeant. "But we're not much too soon, for here they come."

Hastily replacing his wig and cap, Proddy turned to regard the new comers. Little Monsieur Bimbelot appeared to be dressed with extraordinary care, and wore a velvet coat, a brocade waistcoat, and a full, flowing peruke. He was attended by a middle-aged man, almost as tall as the serjeant himself, with a weazen, hatchet face, a tremendously long, hooked nose, a sharp chin, and a beard as blue as that of the great Wife-Killer of the fairy tale, and which, together with his nose, formed what is vulgarly termed a pair of nut-crackers. Then he had a long, scraggy neck, with the pomum Adami largely developed, black, bristling brows, and great, staring black eyes, that shot forth terrible glances. He was wrapped in a loose white regimental coat, from beneath which the point of a sword, and a pair of brown leathern gaiters appeared. His hat was cocked very fiercely, and his wig was terminated by an immense queue. Altogether, the appearance of the corporal seemed to justify the opinion pronounced by Scales as to his prowess.

Drawing himself up to his full height, the serjeant awaited the advance of his opponent, while Proddy emulated his example, and by way of giving himself additional altitude, sprang upon a mole-hill, and stood on tiptoe as long as he could.

"Messieurs," said Bimbelot, tripping nimbly forward, and taking off his hat, "j'ai l'honneur de vous presenter mon ami, Achille De L'Epée Sauvageon, feu Caporal à sa majesté Louis le Grand, mais à present prisonnier de la guerre en Angleterre."

"What does all that mean?" cried Proddy.

"Silence!" said Scales, sternly. "Corporal, your servant," he added, taking off his hat to Sauvageon.

"Le votre, monsieur le sergent," replied the other, returning the salute.

"And now, gentlemen to business," cried Scales. "I'll be ready for you in a twinkling, Bamby," he added, taking off his coat.

"I sall not detain you long, sergent," replied Bimbelot, likewise divesting himself of his upper garment.

The corporal then advanced to his principal, and delivered him his sword, adding a few words in an under tone, during which Proddy addressed Scales.

"I say, serjeant, if you wont tell Savagejohn I want to fight him, I'll do it myself," he said.

"You had better not," replied Scales. "At all events not till I've done."

"But I don't like to wait," rejoined the valorous coachman. "I say, Corporal Achilles Savagejohn," he added, in a loud voice, "since our friends are goin' to set to, we may as well have a bout together as stand idle."

"Avec beaucoup de plaisir, mon gros tonneau," replied the corporal, grinning.

"What does he say?" asked Proddy.

"Mocks you, that's all," replied Scales.

"Does he!" cried Proddy, furiously. "Odsbodikins! I'll make him laugh on the wrong side of his ugly mouth. Mocks me—ha! Hark'ee, you spindle-shanked, black-muzzled colossus—you half-starved may-pole, who look as if you had fed all your days upon nothing but frogs and cheese-parings—draw and defend yourself, I say, or I'll slit your scraggy weasand for you. Do you understand that?"

"Parfaitement, monsieur," replied the corporal, his teeth chattering with rage. "You are too full of good liquor, mon petit brave. If I don't spill some of your claret, may I never wield sword again."

"Since you needs must fight, Proddy," said the serjeant, in a low tone to him, "mind what I say. As your adversary is much taller than you, come to half sword as soon as you can."

"Half sword!" exclaimed Proddy. "What's that? I've got a whole sword, and a good long one, too. Look at it."

"Why, zounds and the devil!" exclaimed Scales. "Are you going to fight without any knowledge of the art of fence?"

"To be sure I am," replied Proddy.

"You'll be killed as sure as a gun. However, since there's no help for it, get as near the corporal as you can, and when he thrusts at you, don't attempt to parry—you understand that—but thrust again, and ten to one but you may hit him. It will be *contre-tente*, as he would say, but no matter, if you succeed. It's your only chance."

"I'll do it," replied Proddy, resolutely.

The serjeant then stepped aside a few paces, to select an open spot, and was followed by Bimbelot. They were about to take up a position, when the polite valet remarking Scales' equipments, said, "Mais ces bottes, sergent. Wont you take dem off? You'll find dem ver inconvenient."

"Not in the least, Bamby, I'm obliged to you," replied Scales. "These boots once belonged to the Duke of Marlborough," he added, proudly; "I always wear them upon great occasions like the present."

"Ah—yes—I understand," replied Bimbelot, flattered by the implied compliment. "As you please den. Commencons."

Swords were then drawn, appeals beaten, salutes made, and both stood upon guard; but before beginning the assault, the serjeant could not help glancing in the direction of Proddy, for whose safety he felt much uneasiness. He saw the poor coachman standing opposite his fierce antagonist, who now looked doubly formidable, and putting himself in guard in tierce, in imitation of the others whom he had watched, while with his left hand he was trying to take off his cap gracefully. All this Scales saw in a glance, and he then turned his attention to his own opponent, who made a thrust at him in carte, which he instantly parried, with a reposte in seconde. Though anxious on Proddy's account to terminate the fight as speedily as possible, Scales found it no such easy matter, for Bimbelot was a very skilful fencer, and pass after pass was exchanged without any decided advantage being obtained. At last, as the valet made a thrust in carte, Scales parried quickly in prime, and immediately passed his right arm swiftly over the forte of his adversary's blade, and presenting his own point at the same time, disarmed him.

Without bestowing further thought on his discomfited adversary, whom he left in an attitude of ludicrous despair, the serjeant dashed with a sword in either hand, to the assistance of Proddy. He was just in time. Vainly had the valiant coachman essayed to make a thrust at his skilful opponent, and he had only avoided the other's desperate lunges by springing back whenever a pass was made at him. Vainly, also, had the corporal, as he pushed him on, called upon him, with furious oaths, to confess himself vanquished. Proddy would not yield, and though much longer defence seemed hopeless, he still held out. Thrust after thrust did the corporal make at him, and leap after leap did he give, when just as his adversary's blade was within an inch of his breast, and he winced at the idea of feeling its horrid point in his flesh, he heard the cheering voice of the serjeant. Upon this, he gave a convulsive spring backwards, and in the effort fell, while his sword flew out of his hands to a couple of yards distance.

Seeing this, Scales hurried forward as quickly as his heavy jack boots would allow, and before the corporal could improve his advantage, dashed between him and his prostrate foe. Sauvageon, with a loud oath, made a thrust at him; but the serjeant parried in prime, and beating the feeble of his adversary's blade smartly and strongly with the forte of his own, sent the sword whizzing aloft.

"Ah! sacre bleu! dat I should be beat in dis way," cried Sauvageon, grinning with rage.

"Pick up your sword again, if you are dissatisfied, corporal," said Scales, magnanimously, "and we'll have another bout."

"Ah, non, vous estes le diable, sergent," replied the corporal; "but you must admit dat I fairly conquer de little coshe-man."

"It's false, Savagejohn!" cried Proddy, who by this time had got upon his feet, and regained possession of his sword. "I've never yielded, and never meant to yield. And if you say so, I'll run you through the body."

And as he spoke, he ran at the unarmed Frenchman, who seeing him advance in this truculent fashion, with slaughter painted in his countenance, was fain to take to his heels and fly. In vain Scales, who could scarcely speak for laughing, called him back. Heedless of his shouts, Proddy pursued the flying corporal with a velocity which the desire of vengeance alone could inspire, and which was wonderful in a person of his bulk, and contrived to prick him twice or thrice with the point of his sword behind, when his foot, catching in the root of a tree, he was once more stretched upon the ground. But though he fell, the corporal did not stop, but fancying his blood thirsty foe still at his heels, ran blindly and furiously on, till coming in contact with the wooden framework round Saint Agnes' well, which he had not remarked in his haste, he was precipitated head foremost into the water.

Meanwhile, the victorious serjeant having sheathed his sword, beckoned Bimbelot to him, and complimenting him upon his conduct in the affair, they shook hands very cordially. A few minutes afterwards, Proddy joined them, but was unable to speak for some time, the breath being completely knocked out of him by the last fall; and ere long, the corporal came up, with his wig plastered to his face, his clothes drenched, and presenting altogether a strong resemblance to a drowned rat. He was very angry with Proddy, whom he accused of taking a cowardly and dishonourable advantage of him, and expressed great anxiety to renew the fight. Nor was the coachman anything loth, so that it required all the efforts of the serjeant and Bimbelot, to restore peace, which being at last effected, the disputants shook hands, and so warmed towards each other, that in less than five minutes, they embraced, and swore an eternal friendship.

Bimbelot, who really was a very good-natured little fellow, asked the whole party to breakfast, and they were just walking off, when, as if struck by sudden thought, he halted, and cried aloud, "Ah! I just recollect. Stupid dat I was to forget. My master has an affair of honour on his hands dis morning, and hereabouts. Let us go see for him. Our assistance may be needed."

"Who is your master going to fight, Bamby?" asked the serjeant.

"Le jeune Masham," replied Bimbelot; "de young equerry who pretend to de hand of Mademoiselle Hill."

Scales appeared to reflect upon the information and the party commenced their search, shaping their course in a north-westerly direction. They had not proceeded far, when, guided by the clash of steel, they perceived, in a hollow among the trees, five persons,

two of whom were stripped to the shirt, and engaged in conflict, while their companions stood at a little distance from them.

"Ah! voila mon maitre!" exclaimed Bimbelot, halting with the others under the shelter of a tree at the edge of the hollow, where they could see what was passing without being noticed.

The two principals in the conflict, as had been rightly conjectured, were Guiscard and Masham, and the seconds Saint-John and Maynwaring. The fifth person was a surgeon, with a case of instruments under his arm. The combatants were extremely well matched, and the rapidity and skill with which the various thrusts were made and parried, elicited the applause of the serjeant.

"How beautifully that quinte-thrust was parried by Mr. Masham, Bamby," he cried. "Did you see how he held his wrist in high-carte, with a low point, and put by his adversary's point, by opposing the forte of his outside edge."

"Vraiment, c'est bon," replied Bimbelot—"mais voyez avec quelle adresse mon maitre forme la parade d'octave."

"But see," cried the serjeant, "Mr. Masham makes the *cavé*, and reversing his edge from the inside to the outside, throws off the thrust. And look—look!—the marquis makes a pass in *carte* over the arm—Mr. Masham parries, and quickly returns in *seconde*, thrusting and opposing an outward edge. Ah, that pass has told—his point enters his adversary's breast."

As the last pass was delivered, the whole party ran down the side of the dell, but before they reached the bottom, the marquis had fallen to the ground. Bimbelot immediately went up to him, and the shirt being opened, the wound was examined by the surgeon, who pronounced that it was not dangerous, the sword having glanced across the ribs under the arm. The pain of the wound, and the effusion that ensued, had caused faintness, but restoratives being applied, by the aid of Bimbelot and the serjeant, he was conveyed to a chair, which was in waiting at a little distance among the trees.

"You have behaved like a man of honour, Masham," said Saint-John, at the close of the combat. "You and Maynwaring must come and breakfast with me, and afterwards I will go with you to Harley. You were perfectly right about Abigail, though I couldn't tell you so before. She detests Guiscard, and I think has a tenderness for you."

"In that case I have not fought in vain," replied Masham, sheathing his sword.

A DEMON'S MIRROR.

BY CHARLES W. BROOKS.

FATIGUED with waltzing, yet desirous to give philosophy a turn, Adolph left the brilliant saloon of the Baron von Neuburg, and wandered down the wild and spacious gardens, with his hands behind him and the Rhine before him. Alternately apostrophizing the stars, and anathematizing the steep descent of the path, Adolph von Rosenheim reached the bank of the stream. It was a lovely summer night, more fit for dreaming than for dancing, but then the roads to the castle were so bad in other weather, that the ladies of the neighbourhood had agreed to compound for the certainty of not sticking in their way by taking the chance of fainting in the waltz. The ladies were right; there is some romance in a swoon, but none in a slough, except the Slough of Despond, into which indeed many romances bring us.

As he arrived at the river, his walk and his wrath ended together, and ere he had watched the bright waters, leaping in the moonlight, for many minutes, he had returned to the conviction that the world, though full of woes, is, upon the whole, worth living in. He thus afforded a proof of the advantage of educating the eye of youth. Had Adolph never been taught to recognise the picturesque, he might, laden with dissatisfactions, have thrown himself into the river—as it was, he only threw himself down beside it.

I use that phrase merely out of regard to the etiquette of story-telling, for in truth Adolph did nothing of the kind. He was exceedingly well dressed, and knew it perfectly well, and so far from offering violence to his faultless costume, he carefully took a seat upon a little rocky hillock, which he previously covered with his pocket-handkerchief. If ladies and gentlemen really dashed and flung and tumbled themselves about as stated in several novels, they would look slovenly and slatternly long before the end of the second volume.

Adolph, then, sat and gazed upon the Rhine. He had come out to philosophize, and he meditated upon a certain beautiful Bertha von Herold, from whom he had just parted in the saloon. He reviewed with accuracy, yet with some leaning in his own favour, her conduct to him during the evening. Divers things, as we have said, dissatisfied him. The chief of these was her being engaged when he first solicited her hand. He had, it was true, arrived very late; but still he was dissatisfied. And, moreover, she had since waltzed several miles with him; nay, had given him some violets, and yet the unreasonable philosopher was dissatisfied. In love affairs, these philosophers know too much and too little. It is good to be quite blindfold when you play that game—your head is quite as safe, and your fun is much greater. But Adolph was not pleased, and still he gazed upon the sparkling waters.

"Could one but know what a woman is," muttered Adolph, with less reasonableness than one would have expected from a young gentleman who had glided, covered with university honours, into the position of secretary to a minister. Thesis and protocol had it seems taught him insufficiently.

A silvery, but passionless voice, answered the philosopher. It was

a voice whose words fell like the plash of a gentle fountain, distinct, but without emphasis. Yet it spoke in music, and its perfect articulation proved that the singer had never been educated at the R.A.M. And this was—

The Song of the Rhine Amph.

O'er the waste of waters floating,
 I have sigh'd through countless years,
 From my couch of crystal noting
 Life's vain joys and vainer tears.
 Mourners, whom bright stars are leading
 By the wave to wander lone,
 Oft, my hoarded sorrows heeding,
 Half forget to weep their own.
 Thou, whose love yon maid returning,
 Warmly meets with voice and eyes,
 Yet for deeper proof art burning,
 Claim and clasp thy priceless prize.
 Yield to chains thy Fate is weaving,
 Yield—nor seek their links to prove;
 Lip from lip the vow receiving,
 Faith should ask no more from Love.

And as the singer paused, she smiled—a sweet smile; but cold beyond the coldness of the lip of the statue which has smiled away a thousand generations. Adolph looked in wonder upon the form which floated in the stream. A being, lovely as woman, but which he felt it would be impious to call woman, was before him. A face of exquisite regularity, but intense in its melancholy, was surrounded by a mass of golden hair which fell over shoulders and a bosom whiter than those of mortal. The symmetry of that bust was perfect, as was that of the waist round which the waters lingered, claspingly, fit woovers for such a form. One rounded arm with its transparent hand was holding back the clustering tresses, the other hand bore a small mirror, set in silver—it might have been the toy of a maiden who had gone down, with some foundering bark, to the ocean deeps. Adolph gazed for one moment in admiring wonder, which the next turned to a shudder. A breeze had driven the ripples from the breast of the songstress. It was but for an instant, but that instant shewed Adolph that a monster was before him, and not the work of Him who created humanity in his own image.

The Mermaid approached. For it was indeed one of those dreadful beings, framed by the exulting fiends in impious mockery while the waters of the deluge lay upon the earth, the bodies of whose expiring daughters were desecrated to aid in the unholy union of humanity with the lower creation. Adolph would have risen to flee; but the surpassing loveliness of the fearful object before him enchained eye and limb. He remained without motion, and that passionless voice spoke.

“Adolph von Rosenheim seeks the truth. Let him take this mirror, discover the truth, and be wretched.” And with another melancholy smile the being, extending its arm, laid the glass upon his hand. It thrilled him to the bone as if it had been of white-hot steel. Glancing at it for an instant, he again raised his eyes. He was alone, but he imagined that he heard a wailing and gradually diminishing sound, which formed itself into the words—

“Yield—nor seek their links to prove.”

The sound, if sound there were, then ceased.

The philosopher sat, as if stupified, for some time, when a human and familiar voice addressed him. It was that of Carl Osten, formerly his fellow-student at Halle, now his most intimate friend. But at that moment the sound even of an enemy's voice would have been welcome.

"Adolph! Yes, by all the divinities in and out of the saloon, by the goddesses in the skies and the goddesses in the satins. Why, man, we have been in consternation on your behalf. Most of us supposed you had been spirited away, and the baroness, who avers that she saw you mixing water with your hock, declares that she suspects you are a river demon in disguise."

Adolph shuddered.

"Pray," continued his friend, "do something in one or other of your characters, and return to the waltz, or to the water."

"I was heated and tired," said Adolph.

"Heated and tired, and Bertha von Herold in the room? *Credat Judæus Apella, non Carl*. You have had a quarrel with her. Is it so? Heaven, Adolph! how you start and glare. Are you wild?"

He might well ask the question. As Adolph rose, the mermaid's mirror had turned towards the bosom of Carl. Glancing at its surface, Adolph *read the heart of his friend*—read words which Carl had died ere he had dared to utter. They were words of love, and jealousy, and hope that kindled, as the idea of a difference having arisen between Bertha and Adolph crossed the mind of Carl. In the desperation which we too often mistake for a fate, Adolph asked, hurriedly—

"You, too, Carl,—you love Bertha, do you not?"

The lips of Carl attempted a denying smile; but there, in the fatal glass, was the heart, glowing with passion and hate, and even a thought of murder was present for an instant. With a violent effort, Adolph dashed Carl away; he staggered, and fell into the stream. Adolph looked but once; but as the rapid tide bore away the struggling Carl to death, his face became that of the fearful mermaid. The slayer rushed to the house, bearing with him the demon's glass.

He entered the splendid saloon, and was again amid light, music, and perfumes. Smiles and gentle glances greeted him, but he scowled in return, even when the bright forehead of Bertha glowed at his approach. He felt the mirror as a dreadful and clinging weight, yet he longed to try its efficacy here.

Several acquaintances addressed him; a poet, who had published his rhymes solely at the request of his (he feared) too partial friends; a placeman, who had thrown off a showy political pamphlet, merely lest its subject should not receive due attention from the legislature; a husband, with Petruchio's words in his mouth, and his wife's clogs in his pocket; a minister's secretary needed no glass come from the fiend, to read those transparencies. But, tremblingly, he advanced to Bertha; on her, he had resolved to make his mad experiment. As he drew near, he gazed upon her beauty, then radiant with pleasure and excitement, as upon a loved thing he beheld for the last time.

Adolph placed himself on a couch, by her side; she spoke to him in low love tones, and he listened until he half repented of his distrust. Yet, hardening his spirit, he drew forth the infernal mirror, and, unseen by the beautiful girl, he turned its polished face upon her. She

continued to whisper low; and he led her to speak of their last interview in her own little garden. She spoke of the bright dreams he had then summoned around her—of the wild and noble imaginations he had laid open before her. Gradually, her words toned down to the lower and sweeter voice of affection—she whispered of the dwelling they had marked for their own, when Adolph should have added one more to the honours he was earning, of the happy home which they would make their Eden, of the cheerful hearth over which they would sit in the winter evenings.

His eye dropped upon the accursed glass, the heart spoke—

"And often Carl Osten shall have a seat there with you, and more often without you."

"Merciful God!" cried Adolph, "is it to be always thus. I have sought a gift which will render my life one long agony. I should have contented myself with trying the hearts of those I hate, or despise; I am now doomed to read what I would have given a world not to know. Oh! that I had been satisfied to love and to believe!"

He would have dashed the glass to the earth, but it clung to his hand, as though a part of his frame; and his frenzied rage availed him nothing, the accusing witness resisted every effort. Henceforth, life was to be a hollowness and a mockery.

"Have I no means," he gasped frantically out, "to render the mirror harmless?"

"If it were mine," said a loud, laughing voice at his ear, "I should rub off the quicksilver from the back;" and a hand upon his shoulder somewhat roughly assisted to scatter his slumbers.

"*You, Carl!*" he exclaimed, with a glance at the river, "and Bertha, too, have you come for me. What must you think of me?" he added, taking the unresisting hand of the bright-eyed girl.

"I don't mean ever to think of you again," said Bertha. "Tell me what you have been dreaming about."

"Not for worlds, dearest," said Adolph, as he led her towards the saloon.

Oh, then he had been asleep by the side of the river all the time. That's such a very old way of managing a story—why, I have read a hundred dream tales. There was one by Dr. Maginn, in an annual, and there was Victorine, which we saw at the Adelphi—Mrs. Yates waking up in a hurry, and putting both her shoes on the same foot, you know, and there was——

Perfectly true; and if we had supposed that you would be deceived for a moment, we should at once have explained that Adolph had dropped asleep, and that his dream was only a dream, and might be called Bottom's dream, for that gentleman's own exquisite reason—because it had no bottom. We are above mystification, by no means considering it in good taste. But we may as well add, that though the reflections which Adolph saw in the mermaid's glass were false ones, he was wise enough to take one other reflection from it; and as his bearing that reflection in mind materially increased the married happiness of the Von Rosenheims, we shall offer it for the benefit of every other Adolph and Bertha.

"WHEN YOU ARE TEMPTED TO HOLD THE MIRROR TOO NEAR TO THE HEARTS OF THOSE YOU WISH TO LOVE, RUB OFF THE QUICK-SILVER."

THE EUPHRATES EXPEDITION.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

THE idea of opening a steam communication between Great Britain and India, by means of the river Euphrates, was a thing of its time. The curiosity and interest attached to unexplored districts, the associations connected with which, belonged to the most remote antiquity, were not enough to lend to it a charm beyond that of the moment. It was an enterprise fraught with novelty and adventures, but the public was not made familiar with these. It offered a comparatively safe and secure means of visiting existing towns, as well as sites and monuments of antiquity, which the predatory habits of the semi-savage tribes, dwellers in the wilderness, had rendered hitherto almost unapproachable; but the existence of the greater part of these were unknown, or only surmised, and the chief among them in name—Babylon, “the glory of kingdoms, and the beauty of the Chaldees’ excellency,” and Nineveh—

—————“of length within her walls
Several days’ journey, built by Ninus old,
Of that first golden monarchy the seat,”—

were only looked upon as vast extents of broken mounds amid a dreary waste—so many great graves of giant dimensions.

The ancient Assyrian and Chaldean monarchies had arisen upon the long vales of the Euphrates, and its arrowy sister—the Tigris; Persian and Macedonian dynasties had succeeded upon their demolition; Judaism had lived there in bondage, and prophets had dwelt in the same countries. They had been at once the scene of Greek and Roman triumphs, and had witnessed the severest disasters which befel these dominating nations of antiquity. Mohammedanism had attained there its zenith of civilization, and upheld the arts and sciences, when almost extinguished elsewhere; but scarcely a trace was supposed to remain of these bygone epochs, and the former existence of days of martial glory, and prosperous enlightenment, only served with many to render existing desolation more repulsive, and the prostration of the actual inhabitants more palpable and more hopeless.

The banks of both rivers, and the great plains adjoining them, were crowded with monuments, speaking eloquently of the manners and customs of the people, and of the construction and demolition of the great monarchies of antiquity. The colossal brick mounds and lofty towers of Chaldea and Babylonia, represent almost as distinctly the characters of those who raised them, as the embattled citadel does Roman skill; marble dwelling-houses—each a palace within itself, Zenobia’s taste and elegance; rich tracery and profusion of ornament, Saracenic imagination; and stern monasteries and rock dwellings, the austerity and sufferings of an early Christianity. Each and all have their representatives on the banks of the Euphrates and Tigris; where are to be seen remains of Israelitic colonies by the side of wide extending Assyrian ruins, desolate as the wilderness; of Grecian art entombed in Roman castles and citadels; of Persian palaces and arches, rising out of the plain; of Zenobia’s fair residences, sculptured from

the rock; of Saracenic forts, palaces, mosques and tombs, in the deep river bays, glittering from amid evergreen palm forests; of paintings of the times of the Crusaders decorating the halls of the castles of BIRTHA and Edessa; and of many more mixed and incongruous monuments belonging often to a little known, and an almost mysterious antiquity.

Many could afford to sneer at what they termed "Hindoo diamond-seeking"—the effort to unravel what belonged of history and reality to these gems of the wilderness. Happily, however, there were not wanting minds who could also afford sympathy for such remains of ancient time, and who had not cast off those deep and tender instincts of our nature, which are roused on contemplating ruins, not venerable merely from the number of years which they have survived, but from the times and ages which they represent—the tale they tell of manners and customs long since gone by—of beings, whose very dust is dispersed before the winds; whose history is but faintly shadowed forth in all that remains of the traditions, legends, or historical records of the periods in which they lived, and who are for once, and for the last time, brought almost in contact with us, when we tread the same precincts which they occupied, and explore those now ruinous edifices which witnessed the great drama of life of a long departed age and people.

Several millions of roving pastoral and agricultural beings were awaiting the slow-spreading advantages of civilization. At home it was proclaimed, "we are men, and nothing belonging to man is alien to us:" "the good work is prospering everywhere." And new means and resources flowed in from the appeal; but the Mohammedan did not come within the sphere of hope; and the chief remnant of the long lost Chaldean nation, was sought out in its mountain fastnesses—its primitive worship hitherto unpolluted by the hand of time, and its independence so long ensured by providence, only to be allowed immediately afterwards, to be for the first time overrun and almost annihilated by the fierce fanaticism of an opposing faith.

There was a new market, and an extensive one, opened for the goods and manufactures of this country; but even this failed to rouse the cupidity of the trader. There were political advantages in having moral power upon these great and navigable rivers, and their first occupation held out latent prospects of a powerful sway in the future and untold destinies of the East; yet, the navigation of the Euphrates has been, even by those interested in these great questions, allowed to remain as a mere page in the history of travel and adventure.

It was this absence of all interest in the progress of the enterprise, and the almost general apathy as to its success or failure, added to the opposition of those who were wedded to another line of route, which first led to lukewarmness on the part of his Majesty's government; and the unexpected and shameful opposition made by the local authorities to the landing of the expedition; the detention of camels, cattle, and means of transport from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates; the time requisite for the execution of the various projects of science connected with the expedition; the difficulties, accidents, and interruptions of a first navigation, and the loss of the smaller of the two vessels which constituted the force of the expedition, and which was alone adapted for an ascent of the river at all seasons; above all, the additional

outlay, caused by these various delays, finally led to the government withdrawing all support from the undertaking.

But, notwithstanding a notion which has become very prevalent from these untoward circumstances, among a class of persons who consider themselves very hard thinkers and very practical men, that the river Euphrates is not to be navigated—in fact, that it is unlike all other great rivers, and, probably in virtue of an Arab legend to that effect—not to be subdued by the skill and science of man; enough has been done to testify to the contrary, and to shew how great a want of real spirit and energy there is in such a detraction of the capabilities of the “Great River” of Scripture *par excellence*, and that a more extensive and more promising field for steam-navigation, intercommunication, and commerce, has not been opened since the days when the great rivers of the new world were first explored.

His Majesty’s steamer Euphrates navigated the immortal stream whose name it bore, from Bireh-jik downwards to the embouchure of the united rivers Euphrates and Tigris, in the Persian Gulf, a distance of one thousand one hundred and ninety-seven miles; and the same steamer ascended the river Tigris upwards of five hundred and fifty miles, and the river Euphrates to a still greater distance from the junction of the two streams, previous to the breaking up of the enterprise.

Since that period, in the year 1841, the Honourable the East India Company’s steamers Nimrod and Nitocris made a successful ascent of the same river, to that point (Ba’lis), which was deemed the best and the nearest for communication with the Mediterranean; having accomplished a journey of eleven hundred and thirty miles in nineteen days and a half, without any casualty whatever. The river Tigris was also ascended to upwards of eight hundred miles, from where it empties itself into the Euphrates; and, as if to leave nothing undone and unproven, a steamer was actually taken across the plain of Babylon, from the one river to the other, by one of those numerous canals which, belonging to the most remote antiquity, intersect that plain like a great net-work, facilitating in ancient times the intercourse of peace and commerce, and at the same time arming the despair of the Assyrians with the means of opposing a sudden deluge to the progress of an invading army.

Several tributaries to the same great rivers as the Habor of Scripture, and more especially the Karun, the great river of “Shusan the palace”—

“The drink of none but kings,”

were ascended to greater or less distances, in some cases amounting to several hundreds of miles from where they had disembogued into the Euphrates or Tigris; and it was more especially determined that the river Euphrates itself, in no part of its course from its mouth to the station most proximate to the Mediterranean, presents any difficulties which are greater than what are met with in many parts of the Thames, the Seine, the Danube, and other rivers daily navigated by steam-boats.

The progress of events in the East, the disastrous campaign in Afghanistan, breaking for a while the spirit of enlarged enterprise, the necessity for securing more permanently the great natural frontier

of our Indian possessions—the river Indus—the accession to power in Hindostan of one who had been all along opposed to the objects of the expedition, and not improbably the interference of a great rival power in the East, finally broke up the whole undertaking, only for a short time supported by the home-government, and in an almost equally brief space of time abandoned by that of India, and the steam flat upon the Euphrates was finally withdrawn to a different field of employment.

Justice may yet be done to the amount of labour executed, to the explorations effected, and to the contributions made to science and general knowledge by this expedition, as well as to the endurance and perseverance of those who were engaged in it, by its commanding officer, who has been some time occupied in an extensive work upon the subject.

“Long it were to tell
What they have done, what suffer'd, with what pain
Travell'd!”

But in the meantime, as the author has already furnished a few sketches of the ruins and countries explored by the expedition, and of the adventures which befel it, he proposes for the future to continue these more in the form of a narrative, and thus give to them the interest of an orderly and progressive arrangement.

THE DEATH OF THE PAUPER PEASANT.*

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

“Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade—
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.”
GOLDSMITH.

'NEATH the summer's sun, and the winter's snow,
Through youth and manhood's time,
He won by the toil that furrow'd his brow,
Deep in his early prime,
The homely food, and the garments rude,
And shelter from wind and weather;
Up—up with the sun, his work was begun
Ere the birds sprung from the heather.
Plough—sow—delve away,
The harder the work, the less the pay;
Do we not know
The world goes so?

But the shelter that kept out weather and winds,
Had the magical name of Home;
A word that is dearer to English minds
Than palace or lordly dome.
There were garments rude, and homely food,
For a little loving band;
And a wife was there, once young and fair,
To clasp the horny hand,

* See case reported in the TIMES, Dec. 1843.

And bless it—through God—that its strength could give,
Not store for old age—but the means to live!

For the poor have hearts—and 'tis thought they know,
A feeling of joy from one of woe.

Old Age—*he* hath pass'd by years the span
That the Psalmist, we know, "measured out to man,"
And Fortune, the blind, for him doth rehearse
The mournful and terrible Roman curse.
His children have grown greyheaded—and died,
Why doth he not lie in the grave beside?
For England is bleak to the poor and old,
She knoweth no worth but the worth of gold;
She doth not attempt to understand
The noble labour of head or hand;
Her soul must be dead, if it never mounts
To a Heaven beyond "red-lined accounts!"

And the horny hand is feeble now,
And the full bright eye is dim;
And his scanty hairs are white as snow,
And he totters in every limb.
Yet may it not be, that memory
Lives through the wreck of years?
Does he call on Death, with that gasping breath,
And the fast descending tears?

Oh! the world is cold
To the poor and old,

For he cannot work, and he doth not steal,
And only the poor for him can feel!

'Tis Poverty gaunt the shelter gives,
And a homely couch spreads there;
Though she can no more, and only lives
Herself on the scantiest fare.

But she *hath* kind words, that wake the chords
Of grateful tenderness!

Oh, spoils the least, of the wealthy's feast,
Would soothe the hours' distress!

But the Law says, "No,
It must *not* be so;

Away from the scene that mirrors Home—
Away, to the parish workhouse come!"

Life's sands are ebbing few and fast;
Thank God, he hardly knows at last,
The meaning of the words they say!
"Up—up, Old Man! come—come away,
Though cold and wet December's day!"
But harsher than the melting sky
The hearts that turn him forth—to die.

A pauper dies—what matter where?
Or how he lives, they little care.
Is Poverty so deep a crime?
Bears it the brand—the serpent's slime,
So plainly marked, that by its side
Seems fair the selfish heart of Pride?

That Idleness and Luxury
Are worthier held than Poverty?
No! Honour to the stalwart hand,
And honour to the labouring band!
And though the Pauper's winding sheet
Is all Old England now can mete
To him who till'd her fruitful soil,
Till Age forbade the hand to toil;
Deep in the heart such things shall sink—
Deep in the hearts that feel and think,
Until OPINION's mighty sway
Shall wipe the Nation's stain away!

THE NUN AND THE ACTOR.

BY MISS SKELTON.

RETURNING from rehearsal one morning, not many years ago, the handsome actor, Francesco F——, was startled, while passing along the crowded streets of Milan, by being suddenly accosted by a nun. The nun was clad in the costume of a lay sister, and closely veiled. She did not speak, but touched the actor's arm.

The instant that she had succeeded in attracting his attention, she slipped a note into his hand, and passed on.

It was the transaction of a second; remarked by none save himself. The figure of the nun was soon lost among the busy crowds around him. He quickened his pace; but waited until he had entered a quieter part of the town, ere he read the billet. These were the contents:—

“Be at the garden entrance of the Convent of our Lady of Grace, to-night, at the hour of nine. Come alone, and *fear nothing.*”

That night there was no performance at the theatre: this, doubtless, the writer knew. The actor was a man of *bonnes fortunes*: he looked upon this as another proof of the interest he could excite among the fair sex; but an appointment made by a nun, and in all probability with one, had something of unusual interest to recommend it to his prompt attention—at least, so thought the handsome actor; and he awaited with some impatience the hour named in the billet.

The result of long experience in these affairs actuated him to destroy the note, after having fixed the contents in his mind. He remained in his lodgings the rest of the day; then, half-an-hour before the time named, wrapped in his cloak, and dressed with peculiar care, he sallied forth, and, avoiding the public ways, passed hastily through the bye-streets, until he entered the suburb, at the far extremity of which stands the Convent of our Lady of Grace.

Just as the great bell tolled nine—every clock and steeple in the town answering or taking up the deep, booming sounds,—just as the bell tolled nine—and not until then, although for many minutes previous had he been at the place of appointment—did the garden entrance slowly open to admit the expectant actor.

The figure that, in the fading light, was visible to him on the threshold of the entrance, was apparently that of the nun that had accosted him in the morning: at least, height and garb were the same. The figure beckoned him to follow, and moving quickly, led him across the gloomy garden into the building of the convent.

The nun had brought no lamp; and, as they came within the shadow of the high, frowning walls, to the door that led into a narrow, dark passage, the actor hesitated.

The door was open; probably left in that state by his conductress. The narrow passage was indeed dark. Upon the threshold he hesitated. His conductress perceived this; she grasped his hand and led him forward, pausing but to fasten the door. As the slight fingers

closed upon his own, he thought he felt them tremble. From the dark passage they entered a small room, lighted by the brilliant light of two waxen tapers, burning upon a rude shrine, which supported a marble crucifix. Dazzled by the sudden transition from gloom to light, the actor did not perceive that his companion had quitted him as soon as she had ushered him within. She was gone, and he was alone within the small room.

He threw off his heavy cloak, and traversing the narrow bounds, examined the apartment and its furniture: both were poor indeed. Nothing could exceed the simplicity of the bare whitewashed walls—the uncurtained window—the uncarpeted floor—the two rude chairs—the rough table, on which, however, was placed a flask containing wine—the shrine, whose coarse construction contrasted strangely with the delicate workmanship of the costly crucifix it supported, whose rich carving was made manifest by the brilliant light of the waxen tapers burning on the altar.

Besides the door at which he had entered, there was another, which he had conjectured would lead into the sleeping chamber, doubtless connected with this poor apartment. While gazing at the costly crucifix, he heard this door open; turning, a form glided into his presence, whose unlooked-for appearance sent all the hot blood rushing back upon his heart, leaving his cheek and quivering lips white as ashes.

She that entered was not less pale; but there was no surprise upon that beautiful face; only the evidences of some suppressed emotion—just visible in the dark, tear-laden eyes.

The actor, his first astonishment being over, sprang forward to meet her. “Camilla?” he exclaimed; and he would have taken her hand, but she calmly put back his arm.

“Yes, Francesco: it is I.”

“And I see you again, Camilla—and *here*—and in this dress! Ah! I have believed you dead—I never thought to meet you more. Why, why have we been so long apart?”

Camilla was habited as a nun; she was very lovely—pale, pale as death, with something indescribably touching in the melancholy expression of the dark eyes, and in the subdued, sad tones of the sweetest voice that ever breathed on mortal ear, and in the weight of thought that seemed to lie upon a brow, white as the white swathing band that crossed it.

Long ago, the actor and the nun had been betrothed lovers; but just as their engagement was about to be ratified by marriage, Camilla had disappeared from the scene of their attachment—a village not far from Milan; and after many futile attempts to discover the cause of her disappearance, it had been concluded that she had perished mysteriously. Francesco, from that hour becoming unsettled and unsteady, quitted, at last, his former peaceful profession, and entered upon the uncertain calling of an actor.

“And how could you leave me, Camilla?” he continued, his voice faltering as he spoke;—“how could you leave me? Might we not have been so happy? and what are we now? Why have you acted thus?”

She was calm as a statue; but his words—his varying countenance, shewed how much he felt. “Need I remind you,” said she, “of the

cause of all this? Were you not false to me? Was not all over *then?*”

“False! Camilla? It might be so; but well hast thou avenged that falsehood—that momentary infatuation—that idle passion, born of circumstances; dying almost in its birth. Was it for that thou hast sacrificed thyself and me—made me what I am—condemned thyself to *this?* True, I sinned against thee; but, hadst thou no forgiveness—no mercy?”

“Art thou not happy, Francesco?” asked the calm tones of the nun.

“Happy? no; judge not by the painted surface of the life I lead—these short-lived triumphs—these sensual pleasures—these frivolous joys. I was not made for this wandering, lonely-hearted existence, to which thou hast doomed me!”

“And to what hast thou not doomed me?” exclaimed the nun, bitterly—“to what hast thou not doomed *me?* This dress—these walls—this life! was I made for *these?*”

The actor sank into a chair, covering his face with his hands. “And for that one transgression—that long-repented wrong—hath so much misery come upon us! But, Camilla, how did you contrive to elude all pursuit? I sought you long and earnestly.”

Camilla sat beside him, and told her story.

“Francesco, I loved you well, as my past life, and this moment, prove. Our early attachment—its happy dawning—its sanctioned vows—its prosperous progression—of these I need not speak; you cannot have forgotten them. But your love wandered. I watched the fading embers, with an agony of heart beyond the power of words. I watched the flame sink, then rise, then sink again—the alternations of hope and fear are hard to bear. With my proud, warm nature, think how much I must have suffered! I myself am not one to change, and I could not brook change in others—in you, least of all. Beneath the pain of your fickleness, my very life seemed withering. As for the object of your new passion, *she* was a poor glittering thing—dazzling for the moment. I could not feel jealousy of *her*.” And the nun, with conscious pride, turned full upon the eyes of her lover the wonderful and yet undiminished beauty of her face.

“But I, while despising her, felt yet more bitterly the humiliation of your neglect. Well, but one hour changed hope and fear into a despair that could take no comfort save in revenge. Chance made me the spectator—made me the auditor of your avowal of love to her. Did I not hear it all? Those expressions—passionate, worshipping—the same words you had so often poured forth to mine own ear! But I had strength to listen and to look in silence. I betrayed not my misery to your compassion. Turning from that scene, I took my resolution, and kept it. Since that hour, as well you know, we have never met.

“You ask how I contrived to elude discovery. I fled at once to Milan; I changed my name; I entreated admittance into this convent, telling a story of woe, but not the true one. I obtained permission to take at once the final vows. I became a nun! But when those bright tresses were severed from my head—the tresses whose beauty you had so often praised—I saved the golden treasures, that, when we met again, and parted once again and for ever, I might render them to you as a token of remembrance.”

And the nun, taking a packet from her bosom, opened it, and presented it to the actor; and there, indeed, they were—all the long, auburn curls, so silken and so fragrant.

The actor started to his feet. "But we part no more, Camilla! no: I have suffered enough. Let us be happy!"

"Francesco, I am a vowed nun."

"But you were my betrothed wife. Even the claims of the church must give way before those of a husband. I will break these bonds that hold you: we shall yet be happy."

"Not so, Francesco—my vows are binding. We part for ever."

"Nay, Camilla, say not so! We are both young; we love each other. Oh, let nothing come between us! Fly with me! There is some corner of the world where we shall find refuge—some rock of the desert that shall give us shelter." And the actor's faltering voice—his every look and gesture, shewed how much he was in earnest.

"Let me continue," resumed Camilla; "I have yet a little more to say." And she spoke again:—"In the seclusion of my convent, I still thought of my wrongs, and looked forward to this hour; for I knew it would come—I knew that we should meet again. I heard of you—I traced your course—I never lost sight of you through all your varied career. And, Francesco, spite of all the past, in mine own heart I knew you loved me still. As you say, *that* was an idle passion—a momentary caprice; but *this*—the love you bore, and bear for me—I knew would return in all its first force, when its return would be in vain. And so it was. I heard of your anguish when you learned that you had lost me—your rejection of all comfort—your turning in disgust from the light love whose witcheries had caused your falsehood; and I felt I was partly revenged. Then I heard how you abandoned your lucrative profession—your home—your native place, and flung yourself upon unworthy pursuits; seeking refuge in dissipation, from your own miserable thoughts. In the knowledge of what those thoughts must have been, I was again avenged.

"At last, you became an actor; and your praises and your triumphs rang forth on all sides. I heard them, too; and I knew that in the routine of your profession you would visit Milan; and long have I waited for the day: but it hath dawned at last. Ten years have elapsed—ten weary years—through which I have cherished my determination and my desire; both now meet with their fulfilment. I have waited long; at first Fate seemed against me. I had means of learning all your movements; and I heard at the commencement of every season, that you were to visit Milan; and for many seasons I suffered disappointment, for you came not. At one time, some alteration in the arrangements of our theatre prevented your intended appearance; at another, an accident detained you in Rome; at another, some enchantress held you to her feet. *That* was, perhaps, an added pang. Another time, and I heard that you were ill. And then I wept; I feared that you might die—I feared that Death might come between me and my purpose. But, slowly as the hour came, it came at last."

And here the nun paused: but the actor made no remark.

"Until this morning, I, for those ten long years, have never left those walls. Our rules are not strict—many indulgences are ours. I have claimed few of them; and, save the glimpse of sky through that

narrow casement," (and she pointed, as she spoke, to the grated window,) "and save the monotonous prospect spread beneath it—I have never, since my first entrance here, seen aught of the fair face of the external world. But this morning, borrowing the dress of a lay-sister, I went forth upon my mission; and thou knowest how it succeeded. I saw thee once again; the same, and yet so changed."

She advanced more closely towards him, and laying her hand upon his arm, she looked earnestly into his face.

"Time hath touched thee; but the stern characters traced by passion are most visible upon thy brow. Am I changed, Francesco?"

"Ah, no! beautiful—beautiful as ever; yet so pale."

Camilla continued:—"To-night I met you on the threshold of the garden entrance; when we entered this building, it was my hand that closed upon your own. I guided you to this, my dismal home. I am here."

The light from the waxen tapers streamed upon the fair, lovely countenance of the nun—upon her coarse dress—upon her shrouding veil. The light from the waxen tapers streamed upon the splendid figure of the actor—upon his glossy, raven hair—upon his rich attire. It was a picturesque contrast. The same light brought into strong relief the costly crucifix, with its elaborate carving, with the unchangeable expression of mingled love and suffering depicted with such master-skill upon the motionless and marble face.

"Was it you, indeed, Camilla, that met me at the door? I should have known the touch of those small fingers; but I thought not thou wert so near me. I believed thee dead. I little thought to-night would give us to each other once again. Oh, Camilla, hear me plead!—Let us fly together!"

"Francesco, it may not be. I have longed for this meeting, only to bid thee farewell for ever. I have no longer any dream of earthly love; I am the bride of Heaven, and my hopes have long been dust. I have bid thee hither. Oh, Francesco, that I may see thee once again, and hear thee speak—that thou mayest see me once again! I would give thee these tokens of remembrance. Lay them on thy heart to-night ere thou slumberest; lay them on thy heart ere thou passest to thy grave. Remember me, Francesco!—remember me! I will remember thee; and if it is any consolation to thee in this separation to know that I have loved thee, take also that assurance. That I *have* done so, let my story witness; let the patience with which I have awaited this moment—the hope that has sustained me through so many weary years—the feeling that even now almost tempts me to forego my purpose——"

The actor believed these last words to refer to her resolution not to fly her convent. Gaining hope from them, he urged, he entreated her to accompany him—he prayed, he knelt; but all in vain.

"No, Francesco; thou pleadest vainly. Farewell! farewell! go—go in peace: yet, ere thou goest——" And she paused; then turned to the table. Filling a goblet with the wine from the flask, she raised it to her lips: just touching the brim, she handed it to him. "Drink," she cried—"pledge me once, as I have pledged thee."

The actor seized the glass, and drained its contents. "I would pledge thee, Camilla, even though the draught were poison."

"Now, hasten! hasten! thou hast already outstayed the fitting time: there is danger in a longer tarrying. Hasten—hasten!"

The actor rose at her words. His eye was unsteady; his step uncertain: his cheek grew paler as she gazed at him.

"Hasten—hasten!"

They reach the narrow passage—the door into the garden—they cross the garden—they are on the threshold of the garden entrance—he passes through quick as thought—the gate is closed behind him. He is again alone. The night air strikes coldly on his brow—it revives him. He hurries forward, reeling as he hurries forward; grasping in his hand the tokens of remembrance—the long bright locks of hair.

The nun, returning to her desolate chamber, knelt low before the costly crucifix—her face upon the ground. And through that long night, there she was; motionless—silent—her face upon the ground.

The next day, great was the commotion throughout Milan. For the favourite actor, Francesco T——, had been found dying in his bed, by the valet, who had entered his apartment somewhat earlier than usual, according to the express desire of his master, the latter having promised to attend an early rehearsal that morning.

The physician who was summoned, reported it to be a case of poison. All means were tried; but tried in vain. He died that day. Whatever the poison had been, it had been a subtle one, for though some consciousness remained, speech, and the power of motion, were gone. Those that gathered round that miserable death-bed, saw him, with straining eyes, gaze ever at some tresses of bright hair, grasped closely in his clenched hand. They shuddered as they watched the vain attempts at speech—the frightful convulsions. Death came as a release; and they hailed its presence.

And it was a relief to mark how calmly and how peacefully the shadow of dissolution settled on the face that through that weary day had writhed with torture—how statue-like became the noble features, as they faded to the hue of marble—how beautiful, upon the large full eyelids, was the intense repose of that sleep "that knows no waking!"

So he died. And those around, unknowing of the cause of his death—unknowing of his gone-by history, buried with him those long, bright locks of hair, deeming them to be cherished mementos of some unfortunate, or at least hidden, attachment; for Francesco T——, the gay, the brilliant actor, had been, as far as the *affections* were concerned, alone in the world. All could speak of some idle intrigue—some light, passing love, in which this actor had borne a brief part; but that he had any sincere or settled attachment, no one knew.

The actor's death made a "sensation;" but few remarked, and none, perchance, remember, that but a few weeks after his decease, the simple bier of a nun, with its snowy pall, was borne from the Convent of our Lady of Grace to the burying-ground appertaining. It was the funeral of a nun, who, while dying of a rapid decline, had entreated that her body, in its passage to the grave, might be borne through the garden, and forth by the garden entrance, and so to its last resting-place in the burying-ground of her convent of our Lady of Grace.

THE GIANT'S TOY.

(From the German of Adelbert von Chamisso.)

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

THE story of Burg Niebeck is in Alsatia told,
 The height, where in their fortress the giants dwelt of old ;
 The fortress now has fallen, a desert is the place,
 And would you seek the giants, they have not left a trace.

The giant's infant daughter once from the castle stray'd,
 She rambled forth unguarded, before the gate she play'd ;
 The slope she then descended, for much she wish'd to know,
 What sort of things existed down in the vale below.

Her steps are few and rapid, across the wood she strides,
 And close to Haslach reaches a land where man abides ;
 She views the towns and hamlets, she views the cultured field,
 A world—how new and wondrous !—is to her eyes reveal'd.

Upon the ground the maiden has chanced to cast her eyes,
 A peasant at his labour just by her feet she spies ;
 The little creature crawling—how very strange it seems !—
 The plough, too, in the sunshine, how brilliantly it gleams !

"Oh, here's a pretty plaything ! I'll take it home," she says ;
 And kneeling down she nimbly her outspread kerchief lays ;
 Then into it the creatures her busy fingers sweep,
 And, folding up the kerchief, she bears them in a heap.

She bounds back to the castle—how children bound we know ;
 She hastens to her father, her wondrous prize to show,
 "See, father—dearest father, a charming toy I bring,
 I never on our mountain saw such a pretty thing."

The giant was at table, right graciously he smiled,
 His fine cool wine he tasted, and thus he ask'd his child :—
 "What is it you have brought there ? You bound about with glee ;
 What is it in your kerchief that struggles ? Let me see !"

Then spreading out the kerchief, she spreads with serious face,
 The plough, the team, the peasant, each in its proper place ;
 And when upon the table the whole in order stands,
 She laughs aloud delighted, with joy she claps her hands.

The father's look is earnest ; he says in solemn tone :—
 "My child, that is no plaything ; what is it thou hast done ?
 Go where thou first didst find him, replace him quickly—go !
 The peasant is no plaything—how couldst thou think him so ?

"At once to do my bidding, without a murmur haste,
 For were there not the peasant no bread thy lips would taste ;
 'Tis from the peasant's marrow that we, the giants, spring ;
 The peasant is no toy, child—that were an awful thing."

The story of Burg Niebeck is in Alsatia told,
 The height, where in their fortress the giants dwelt of old ;
 The fortress now has fallen, and desert is the place,
 And wouldst thou seek the giants, they have not left a trace.

A JAR OF HONEY FROM MOUNT HYBLA.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

NO. III.

SUBJECT OF MOUNT ÆTNA CONTINUED.—ITS BEAUTIES.—ITS HORRORS.—REASON WHY PEOPLE ENDURE THEM.—LOVE-STORY OF AN EARTHQUAKE.

THE reader is aware that this our Jar was not intended to be associated with nothing but sweets. Bees, we observed, extracted honey from the bitterest as well as sweetest flowers; and we only stipulated, as they do, for a sweet result—something, that by the very fact of its being deducible from bitterness, shewed the tendency of Nature to that dulcet end, and gave a lesson to her creature man to take thought and warning, and do as much for himself. Were he to do so, and leave off asking her to superintend everything for him, which it seems a manifest condition of things that she should not, (man looking very like an experiment to see how far he can develop the energies of which he is composed, and prove himself worthy of continuance,) how are we to know that he would not get rid of all such evils as do not appear to be necessary to his well-being, and in the language of the great Eastern poet, make “the morning stars sing for joy,” that another heaven is added to their list? Mount Ætna, for instance, which is one of the safety-valves of the globe, does not *force* people to live within the sphere of its operations. Why, therefore, should they? Why do not the inhabitants of Catania and other places migrate, as nations have done before an enemy or famine, and plant themselves elsewhere? When the convulsion comes, and destruction hovers over them, the saints are implored as the gods were of old, and everything is referred to the perplexing ordinances of Heaven. But the saints might answer, “Why do you continue to live here, in the teeth of these repeated warnings? and why cannot the earth have safety-valves, but you must needs plant yourselves right in the way of them, as infants might do with steam-engines?” This is the honey that might be extracted from the bitter past. On the other hand, if this be idle speculation, and the reason of the thing be on the side of continuing to implore the saints and perishing in earthquakes, then Nature, always determined at any rate to have no evil unmixed, suggests topics of consolation from the greater amount of good; from the far longer duration of the intervals of serenity and joy around the mountain, compared with those of convulsion; and from all those images of beauty and abundance, which produce another honey against the bitterness of what cannot be altered. The bee himself, like the nightingale and the dove, and other beautiful creatures, is an inhabitant of Ætna. The fires of the mountain help to produce some of his sweetest thyme. The energetic little, warmth-loving, honey-making, armed, threatening, murmuring, bitter-sweet, and useful creature, seems like one of the particles of it, gifted with wings. We might as well have brought our honey from Mount Ætna as Mount Hybla, and very likely it actually came thence; only the latter, like Mount Hymettus, is iden-

tified with the very word, and its district still famous for the product. In fact, (though the name seems to be no longer retained anywhere,) there were several Hyblas of old, one of them at the foot of Ætna; so that our Jar may come from both places. The word, which is older than Greek, was probably Phenician, from a root signifying sweetness; unless it originated in the sound of the bubbling of brooks, of the neighbourhood of which bees are very fond.

We cannot quit Mount Ætna without saying something more of it, especially as it has lately been in action, perhaps is so still, not without an intimation of its existence as far as Scotland, where there have just been some shocks of earthquake. Everybody knows that it is the greatest volcano in Europe, some twenty miles in ascent from Catania, and with a circumference for its base of between eighty and ninety. All the climates of the world are there, except those of the African desert. At the foot are the palms and aloes of the tropics, with the corn, wine, and oil of Italy. The latter continue for fourteen or fifteen miles of ascent. Then come the chestnuts of Spain, then the beeches of England, then the firs of Norway—the whole forest-belt being five or six miles in ascent, interspersed with gigantic park-like scenery, and the most magnificent pastures. The dove, the nightingale, and the bee are there, with abundance of game. The rest, a thousand feet high, is a naked peak, covered for the greater part of the year with snow, but often hot to the feet in the midst of it, toilsome to ascend, and terminating in the great crater, miles in circumference, fuming and blind with smoke—the largest of several others. The whole mountain, with an enormous chasm in its side four or five miles broad, stands in the midst of six and thirty subject mountains, “each a Vesuvius,” generated by its awful parent. Horror and loveliness prevail alternately throughout, or together. You look from mountain to mountain over tremendous depths to the most beautiful woody scenery. The lowest region is a paradise, betraying black grounds of lava and beds of ashes, which remind you to what it is liable. And the top is a ghastly white peak, shivering with cold, though a mouth for fire, but lovely at a distance in the light of the moon at night, and presenting a view from itself by day, especially at sunrise, which baffles description with ecstasy. Count Stolberg, a German poet, who beheld this spectacle in the year 1792, when the mountain was in action, says that by the dawning light of the day he saw nothing round about him but snow, and black ashes, vast masses of lava, and a smoking crater, together with a huge bed of clouds, the darkening extremities of which the eye could not clearly distinguish either from the mountains or the sea, “*till the majestic sun rose in fire, and reduced every object to order.*” Chaos seemed to unfold itself, where no four-footed beast, no bird, interrupted the solemn silence of the formless void.

“Wo sie keinen Todten begruben, und keiner erstehn wird,”

as Klopstock says of the ice-encircled pole:

“No dead are buried there; nor any there will rise.”

“Ætna cast his black shades over the grey dawn of the western atmosphere, while round him stood his sons, but far beneath, yet

volcanic mountains all, in number six and thirty, each a Vesuvius. To the north, the east, and the south, Sicily lay at our feet, with its hills, and rivers, and lakes, and cities. In the low deep, the clouds, tinged with purple, were dispersed and vanished from the presence of the golden sun; while their shades flying before the west-wind, were scattered over the landscape far and wide.”*

Mr. Hughes’s description is at once minuter, and still more effective. “At length,” says he, “faint streaks of light, shooting athwart the horizon, which became brighter and brighter, announced the approach of the great luminary; and when he sprang up in his majesty, supported on a throne of radiant clouds, that fine scriptural image of the giant rejoicing to run his course, flashed across my mind. As he ascended in the sky, the mountain-tops began to stream with golden light, and new beauties successively developed themselves, until day dawned upon the Catanian plains. Sicily then lay expanded like a map beneath our eyes, presenting a very curious effect; nearly all its mountains could be descried, with the many cities that surmount their summits; more than half its coasts, with their bays, indentations, towns, and promontories, could be traced as well as the entire course of rivers, sparkling like silver bands that encircle the valleys and the plains. Add to this the rich tints of so delightful an atmosphere; add the dark blue tract of sea rolling its mysterious waves, as it were, into infinite space; add that spirit of antiquity which lingers in these charming scenes, infusing a soul into the features of nature, as expression lights up a beautiful countenance; and where will you find a scene to rival that which is viewed from *Ætna*?”†

Compare this spectacle with one of the great eruptions, and the agonizing days that precede it. Smoke and earthquake commence them. The days are darkened, the nights sleepless and horrible, and seem ten times as long as usual. People rush to the churches in prayer, or crowd in their door-ways (which are thought the safest places), or remain in boats or carriages out of doors. Religious processions move in terror through the streets. Sometimes the air is blackened with a powder, sometimes with ashes, which fall and gather everywhere, such as Pompeii was buried with. Lightnings play about *Ætna*; the sea rises against the dark atmosphere, in ghastly white billows; dreadful noises succeed, accompanied with thunder, like batteries of artillery; the earth rocks; landslips take place down the hill-sides, carrying whole fields and homesteads into other men’s grounds; cities are overthrown, burying shrieking thousands; and at length, the mountain bursts out in flame and lava, perhaps in forty or fifty places at once, the principal crater throwing out hot glowing stones, which have been known to be carried eighteen miles, and the frightful mineral torrent running forth in streams of fiery red, pouring down into the plains, climbing over walls, effacing estates, and rushing into and usurping part of the bed of the sea. A river of it has been known to be fifty feet deep, and four miles broad.‡ Fancy such a

* “Travels through Germany, Switzerland, Italy,” &c. Translated by Holcroft, vol. iv., p. 298.

† Quoted in Evans’s “Classic and Connoisseur in Italy and Sicily,” vol. ii., p. 358.

‡ Vide Swinburne’s “Travels in the Two Sicilies,” vol. iv., p. 148.

stream coming towards London, the whole width of Oxford-street, Bayswater, and Kensington, as far as Shepherd's Bush! By degrees, it cakes into a black and rustling half-liquid, rather pushed along than flowing; though its heat has been found lingering after a lapse of eight years. And when the survivors of all these horrors gather breath, and look back upon time and place, they find houses and families abolished, and have to begin, as it were, their stunned existence anew.

Yet they build again over these earthquakes; they inhabit and delight in this mountain; and Catania, the city at its foot, which has been several times demolished, is one of the gayest in Italy.

How is this?

The reason is, that all pain, generally speaking, is destined to be short and fugitive, compared with the duration of a greater comparative amount of pleasure;—that the souls that perish in the convulsion, were themselves partakers of that pleasure for the greater part of their lives, perhaps the gayest of the gay city;—that all were born there, or connected with it;—that it is inconvenient, perhaps without government aid impossible, to remove, and commence business elsewhere;—that they do not think the catastrophe likely to recur soon, perhaps not in the course of their lives;—nay, that possibly there may be something of a taste of gambling excitement,—of the stimulus of a mixture of hope and fear,—in thus living on the borders of life and death,—of this great snap-dragon bowl of Europe,—especially surrounded as they are with the old familiar scenes, and breathing a joyous atmosphere. But undoubtedly the chief reasons are the necessity, real or supposed, and the natural tendency of mankind to make the best of their position and turn their thoughts from sadness. So the Catanian goes to his dinner or to a party of pleasure, and builds a new ball-room *out of the lava!*

Perhaps the most touching of all the consolations to be met with in the history of these catastrophes, is the testimony they bear to the maternal affections. The men who perish from the overthrow of houses are said to be generally found in attitudes of resistance:—the women are bent double over their children. The great vindication of evil is, that (constituted as we are) we could not know so much joy, nor manifest so much virtue, without it; and certainly, in instances like these, it fetches out, under circumstances of the extremest weakness, the most beautiful strength of the human heart. Still, such wholesale trials of it do not appear to be demanded by any unavoidable necessity. The fact forces itself upon the mind, that human beings need not continue to live in such places, and that the geological well-being of the globe does not demand it. As to animals of the inferior creation, who are destroyed at these times, assuredly they know no more about it till the last moment, than the lamb who licks the hand of his slayer; and as soon as the mountain is cleared, the larks and nightingales are again singing, and the bees enjoying the flowers in its most awful ravines.

For months, for years, sometimes for a hundred years and more, perhaps for many hundreds, this tremendous phenomenon is quiet. Homer does not seem to have heard of its burning. The volcano first makes its appearance in Pindar. Theocritus knew its capabilities well; yet he speaks of it as nothing but a place of pastoral felicity. His

Polyphemus contrasts its serenity with the dangers of the sea; and another of his shepherds, in answer to an observation about fathers and mothers, says to a shepherd of the plains, that *Ætna* is *his* mother, and that he is as rich in sheep and goats as the latter fancies himself during dreams. The first recorded eruption was in the time of Empedocles, about five hundred years before Christ; and from that time to the year 1819 inclusive, a French writer has calculated that there have been seventy-two others *mentioned*.* We cannot say how many more have ensued. The one that has just taken place was harmless, we believe, as far as lives are concerned, except to the rash persons who were too anxious to see the effect of the lava upon a pool of water, which it turned into scalding steam. Slight eruptions are little regarded, and indeed are little dangerous compared with what precedes them. The worst peril is in the earthquake;—the lava, though an ugly customer, can be better treated with. And even slight earthquakes are not much heeded, after the first alarm. Mr. Vaughan, an English traveller, in the year 1810, says, that upon going into the town of Messina, after a slight shock, from his country-lodging, and approaching the carriages in which some ladies were sitting in expectation of another, he said to one of them, an acquaintance of his, “Is it not shocking?” “It is indeed very shocking,” said the lady. “*You were not at the opera?*”† Humboldt speaks of a young lady in South America, who was so accustomed to these visitations, that she seemed to think the topic vulgar; and expressed a wish that people would leave off talking about “these nasty earthquakes.”

If you tell a Sicilian that there are no earthquakes in England, he acknowledges, of course, the merit of their absence, but smiles to think that you can suppose it a compensation for the want of vines and Sicily. The following amusing conversation took place in an inn, between the English traveller just mentioned and a priest and his landlady, at Caltagirone. The priest, “after many apologies for the liberty he was taking,” says Mr. Vaughan, “begged to converse with me upon the subject of England, which the people of these parts were very anxious to hear about, as the opportunity of inquiring so seldom occurred; and, by the time I had dined, I observed a dozen people collected round the door, with their eyes and mouths open, to hear the examination.

“And pray, signor, is it true what we are told, that you have no olives in England?”‡

“Yes, perfectly true.”

“Cospetto! how so?”

“Cospettone!”§ said the lady.

“Our climate is not propitious to the growth of the olive.”

“But then, signor, for oranges!”

“We have no oranges neither.”

“Poveretto?” said the landlady, with a tone of compunction; which

* “Voyage Critique à l’*Ætna*,” tom. 1. p. 529.

† Vide the Letters appended to a “View of the Present State of Italy,” translated from the Italian, by Thomas Wright Vaughan, Esq., p. lxx.

‡ Olives and bread form the principal part of the food of the lower classes in Sicily, and oil is a necessary of life.

§ About equivalent to “zounds” and “gadzooks.”

is a sort of fondling diminutive of 'Povero,' 'Poor creature,' or as you would say to your child, 'Poor little manikin!'

" 'But how is that possible, signor?' said the priest. 'Have you no fruit in your country?'

" 'We have very fine fruit; but our winters are severe, and not genial enough for the orange-tree.'

" 'That is just what they told me,' said the lady, 'at Palermo, that England is all snow, and a great many stones.'

" 'But then, signor, we have heard, what we can scarcely believe, that you have not any wine?'

" 'It is perfectly true. We have vines that bear fruit, but the sun in our climate is not sufficiently strong, which must be boiling, as it is here, to produce any wine.'

" 'Then, Jesu Maria! how the deuce do you do?'

" 'I told them that, notwithstanding, we got on pretty well; that we had some decent sort of mutton, and very tolerable-looking beef; that our poultry was thought eatable, and our bread pretty good; that, instead of wine, we had a thing they call ale, which our people, here and there, seemed to relish exceedingly; and that, by the help of these articles, a good *constitution*, and the blessing of God, our men were as hardy, and as loyal and brave, and our women as accomplished, and virtuous, and handsome, as any other people, I believed, under heaven.

" 'Besides, Mr. Abbate, I beg leave to ask you, what cloth is your coat of?'

" 'Cospetto! it is English!' with an air of importance.

" 'And your hat!'

" 'Why, that's English.'

" 'And this lady's gown, and her bonnet and ribbons?'

" 'Why, they are English.'

" 'All English. Then you see how it is: we send you in exchange for what we don't grow, half the comforts and conveniences you enjoy in your island. Besides, padrona mia gentile, (*my agreeable landlady*,) we can never regret that we don't grow these articles, since it ensures us an intercourse with a nation we esteem!'

" 'Viva!' said the landlady, and 'Bravo!' said the priest; and, between *bravo* and *viva*, the best friends in the world, I escaped to my lettiga, (litter.)"*

We must close this article with a love-story, in connexion with the dreadful earthquake of 1783, which destroyed Messina, and swept into the sea, *in one moment*, nearly three thousand persons on the opposite coast of Scylla, together with their prince.† The reader may believe as much of the love as he pleases, but the extraordinary circumstance on which it turns is only one of a multitude of phenomena, all equally true and marvellous.

Giuseppe, a young vine-grower in a village at the foot of the mountains looking towards Messina, was in love with Maria, the daughter of the richest bee-master of the place; and his affection, to the great

* "View of Sicily," ut supra, p. lxxix.

† It is calculated that 40,000 souls perished in this convulsion. In the greatest of all the Sicilian earthquakes, that of 1693, the earth shook but four minutes, and overthrew almost all the towns on the eastern side of the island.

displeasure of the father, was returned. The old man, though he had encouraged him at first, wished her to marry a young profligate in the city, because the latter was richer and of a higher stock; but the girl had a great deal of good sense as well as feeling; and the father was puzzled how to separate them, the families having been long acquainted. He did everything in his power to render the visits of the lover uncomfortable to both parties; but as they saw through his object, and love can endure a great deal, he at length thought himself compelled to make use of insult. Contriving, therefore, one day to proceed from one mortifying word to another, he took upon him, as if in right of offence, to anticipate his daughter's usual attention to the parting guest, and shew him out of the door himself, adding a broad hint that it might be as well if he did not return very soon.

"Perhaps, Signor Antonio," said the youth, piqued at last to say something harsh himself, "you do not wish the son of your old friend to return at all?"

"Perhaps not," said the bee-master.

"What," said the poor lad, losing all the courage of his anger in the terrible thought of his never having any more of those beautiful lettings out of the door by Maria,—“what! do you mean to say I may not hope to be invited again, even by yourself?—that you yourself will never again invite me, or come to see me?”

"Oh, we shall all come, of course, to the great Signor Giuseppe," said the old man, looking scornful,—“all cap in hand.”

"Nay, nay;" returned Giuseppe, in a tone of propitiation; "I'll wait till you do me the favour to look in some morning, in the old way, and have a chat about the French; and perhaps," added he, blushing, "you will then bring Maria with you, as you used to do; and I wont attempt to see her till then."

"Oh, we'll all come of course," said Antonio, impatiently; "cat, dog, and all; and when we *do*," added he, in a very significant tone, "you may come again yourself."

Giuseppe tried to laugh at the jest, and thus still propitiate him; but the old man hastening to shut the door, angrily cried, "Ay, cat, dog, and all, and the cottage besides, with Maria's dowry along with it; and then you may come again, *and not till then*." And so saying he banged the door, and giving a furious look at poor, pale Maria, went into another room to scrawl a note to the young citizen.

The young citizen came in vain, and Antonio grew sulkier and angrier every day, till at last he turned his bitter jest into a vow; exclaiming with an oath, that Giuseppe should never have his daughter, till he (the father), daughter, dog, cat, cottage, bee-hives and all, with her dowry of almond-trees to boot, set out some fine morning to beg the young vine-dresser to accept them.

Poor Maria grew thin and pale, and Giuseppe looked little better, turning all his wonted jests into sighs, and often interrupting his work to sit and look towards the said almond-trees, which formed a beautiful clump on an ascent upon the other side of the glen, sheltering the best of Antonio's bee-hives, and composing a pretty dowry for the pretty Maria, which the father longed to see in the possession of the flashy young citizen.

One morning, after a very sultry night, as the poor youth

sat endeavouring to catch a glimpse of her in this direction, he observed that the clouds gathered in a very unusual manner over the country, and then hung low in the air, heavy and immovable. Towards Messina the sky looked so fiery, that at first he thought the city on fire, till an unusual heat affecting his own skin, and a smell of sulphur arising, and the little river at his feet assuming a tinge of a muddy ash-colour, he knew that some convulsion of the earth was at hand. His immediate impulse was to cross the ford, and, with mixed anguish and delight, again find himself in the cottage of Antonio, giving the father and daughter all the help in his power. A tremendous burst of thunder and lightning startled him for a moment; but he was proceeding to cross, when his ears tingled, his head turned giddy, and while the earth heaved beneath his own feet, he saw the whole opposite side of the glen lifted up with a horrible deafening noise, and then the cottage itself, with all around it, cast, as he thought, to the ground, and buried for ever. The sturdy youth, for the first time in his life, fainted away; and when his senses returned, found himself pitched back into his own premises, but not injured, the blow having been broken by the vines.

But on looking in horror towards the site of the cottage up the hill, what did he see there? or rather, what did he *not* see there? And what *did* he see, forming a new mound, furlongs down the side of the hill, almost at the bottom of the glen, and in his own very homestead?

Antonio's cottage.—Antonio's cottage, with the almond trees, and the bee-hives, and the very cat and dog, and the old man himself, and the daughter (both senseless) all come, as if, in the father's words, to beg him to accept them! Such awful pleasantries, so to speak, sometimes take place in the middle of Nature's deepest tragedies, and such exquisite good may spring out of evil.

For it was so in the end, if not in the intention. The old man (who, together with his daughter, had only been stunned by terror) was superstitiously frightened by the dreadful circumstance, if not affectionately moved by the attentions of the son of his old friend, and the delight and religious transport of his child. Besides, though the cottage and the almond trees, and the bee-hives, had all come miraculously safe down the hill (a phenomenon which has frequently occurred in these extraordinary *landslips*), the flower-gardens, on which his bees fed, were almost all destroyed; his property was lessened, his pride lowered; and when the convulsion was well over, and the guitars were again playing in the valley, he consented to become the inmate for life of the cottage of the enchanted couple.

He could never attain, however, to the innate delicacy of his child, and he would sometimes, with a petulant sigh, intimate at table what a pity it was that she had not married the rich and high-feeding citizen. At such times as these, Maria would gather one of her husband's feet between her own under the table, and with a *squeeze* of it, that repaid him tenfold for the mortification, would steal a look at him which said, "I possess all which it is possible for me to desire."

ORIANA AND VESPERELLA; OR, THE CITY OF PEARLS.

BY JOHN HAMILTON.

CHAPTER II.

THE ravishing songs of the birds, and of the brook quite took captive the fancy of Oriana, while Vesperella kept her eyes constantly on those of her mother, watching the shadows of thought which came and faded in the large dark orbs of that majestic lady. They all advanced towards the chair; and Auressa seated herself therein with a fixed look, which had more of despair in it than of unmixed resolution. For a few moments, not a word was spoken. But the queen, quickly recalling her noble serenity, addressed her two daughters in these words:—

“My children! this is the last evening I shall ever counsel you or guard you from the many perils to which even princesses are exposed in their travels through this singularly harsh world!”

The two daughters advanced hastily in weeping and fear; but Auressa motioned them to silence with a wave of her hand, and continued, in a deep resigned tone of voice, which sounded in those pastoral shades like the lonely foredooming of a dying prophetess—

“Oriana, and you, my Vesperella! Be not cast into an idle wailing at this my dying charge to you, but bear up as it becomes my daughters, that you may the better heed all I would entrust to your hearts.

“You have often marvelled that I should for a week in every year absent myself from you, giving no tidings of my departure, and allowing no busy interrogations at my reappearance:—But now, as I am about for ever to quit you, I feel spelled to reveal to you the cause of my absence. Know, then, that in my youth (I begin thus because I have hitherto ever studiously hid from you the mysteries of my life, and even the qualities of your own birthright) I was called the Queen of Day, from the exceeding beauty which it pleased my mother and the ladies about the court to see in me; and the fame of my features spread so widely, that princes sent, from the furthest corners of the earth, the most ardent protestations of love and the warmest entreaties to marriage.

“These numerous and repeated appeals from the handsomest and richest monarchs of the earth only pampered the vanities of my heart and inclined me to treat all mankind with utter disdain. I refused at least a hundred hands a day; and my *escritoire* was so burthened with tender letters, that the waiting-women and the pages of my mother were employed all day and night in burning heaps of these applications in the garden of the palace; and the fires night and day for many months resembled those of the peasants when they burn heath on an open waste. I reserved about a thousand only of the choicest epistles, to read over to myself in my earliest marriage days, and to shew to my husband, in proof of my exceeding condescension in accepting him. These I have lately also had burned, that many queens of the earth may not be pained by knowing how devotedly attached their spouses were to me. But I am lingering too long over my foolish days.

“One afternoon, when the weather was very sultry, I strayed by

myself into the garden of the palace, and loosed my hair in the idle breeze to be at perfect ease, and to enjoy what little breath was astray over the flowers. I wandered so indolently, and so long time, that the sun set, and the stars arose in clusters high over my head. Never saw I so many stars before in the sky, though my mother had taught me to watch and distinguish them. The evening retained its serenity and its warmth so well, that I sat down by a sheet of water in which a fountain was playing and scattering its watery lights as in mockery of those in heaven.

“As I was reclining there, in a kind of wakeful dream, painting images in the trees of objects I had read of in books, and shaping light visions in fairy fantasy,—on a sudden a princely and airy figure advanced through a silvery arch formed by the fountain and glided like air towards me. His eyes were soft and tender, like the evening star, and his hair curled over his shoulders even as the falling of vines. He looked of starlight,—I felt enamoured of his presence immediately that I beheld it. Many shadowy attendants were about him; but he heeded none. At my feet he kneeled, saying, that he had long seen me, though himself unseen; that he loved me to distraction; would die for me—pine for me; with many other of those enchanting sayings, spoken only by lips of lovers and tender princes. He declared himself to be the prince of the stars; and promised, if I would consent to be his bride, to create me a palace for myself. I could not of course say nay to so pleasing an adorer, and appointed the next day to join him with all my jewels and embroideries, and to quit my home for ever.

“That night I returned as quickly as I could to the palace of my mother, and sent for the old fairy who was friendly to our house, and to her I unburthened the secret of my passion and its object; and she declared that my lover was all that he described himself to be, and moreover an immortal. I requested that the fairy would, on this occasion, grant me one boon, as a marriage kindness, and the good woman kindly consented, if her powers allowed, to realize all that my imagination could devise to make me happy. I asked for immortality, that my heart might for ever beat beside that of my adorable prince; but the fairy declared her power could not so far extend. ‘You have seen,’ said she, ‘stars fall—those are the mortal loves whom the deathless spirits of the stars love!’ She could not grant me all my boon, but she endued me with beauty through my life, and a life of many years, with a steady affection in my lover, and with the blessing of two daughters of matchless charms, who should severally wed a king and a prince. You two, Oriana and Vesperella, have in late years made her words true. But she told me that myself and my palace were not to live for ever;—that when the finest apple-tree in the orchard should blossom of an *autumnal* evening, and the sunlight sleep on the brow of those blossoms, I was to send my page to the tree, and she would meet him there as a bird, to tell me how fate decreed. That if my days were numbered, I was to call my daughters into the magic orchard, give to each of them a feather of a swan, (which I now commit to your keeping,) and bid them an eternal adieu.

“I learned from her, my children, that the feather, as long as each continues good and virtuous, will continue white, and that it will darken in proportion as your failings increase. Remember this, and preserve it stainless, as you love me. I feel that death is near at hand, and you see the sun hath nearly taken farewell of the tree.

"You two, my daughters, must quit me; for if your feet be upon my land, when the palace goes to ruin, you will share in that ruin. Kiss me, therefore, and depart in haste: it is my dying wish and command. Nay, do not speak against my decree, Vesperella, for it is not in mortal power to save me. I have seen my husband once a-year for ages, and yet you see how well-favoured I yet remain."

The eyes of the queen began to grow suddenly dim; and the eagerness with which she commanded her children to depart could no longer be withstood, though Vesperella would fain have died with her mother, had not the latter frowned a denial with her pale and dying forehead. The two daughters kissed their mother over and over again; and Oriana, having placed her gift among her jewels, hugged the casket close, and departed with an unfeeling fear for her own safety, quite unbecoming so young and well-educated a daughter.

Poor Vesperella, more dead than alive, staggered after her sister, having placed with many kisses her white feather, the dying gift of her mother, in her yet whiter bosom. She looked continually behind, and saw the beloved mother becoming more shadowy and indistinct, and the trees in the orchard fading into the most vapoury forms, so that they seemed like green clouds.

The two sisters quitted the gate; and on Vesperella turning round to gain one last look at her mother, not a vestige of the orchard, the adamant wall, or the palace remained. But in their place was a wide heath, with the sky only in the distance. She sat down and wept nigh to break her heart. Oriana dropped a few hasty tears, but felt no deep grief, and the sight of her casket restored the smiles to her face, as they had never been absent. On opening the lid, however, she perceived that the feather had lost that lustrous whiteness which it possessed when given her by the hand of her departed mother. The old nurse of these two now deserted princesses was never again seen, for she had, unperceived, returned to secure the jewels that had fallen on the floor, and was lost with the palace, not having been able to make good her slow and rustling retreat.

Vesperella sat for many hours bathing her cheek with her tears, and calling upon the name of her mother with a sad fondness which betrayed how dear it was to her. Not all the entreaties or the threats of Oriana could for a long time revive her, till the evening so far advanced that it became necessary for the sisters to seek some shelter for the night. Vesperella then arose, as well as she was able, and walked along by the light of the stars, which certainly were most bountiful of their beams; and she continually took the swan-feather from her bosom, pressing it to her lips with affectionate prayers for the weal of her parent, and with vows of attention to the preservation of the present's purity.

"Ah me!" said Vesperella, looking up to heaven with eyes quite red with weeping, and heart more depressed than tongue can describe. "Ah me! ye pleasant lights that seem to look down with gracious smiles upon your wretched princesses, retire some, I pray, of you into the innermost sky and send our father, of whose fate we know so little, to comfort and save his wandering daughters. I cannot but grieve that my royal mother should have told so indistinctly her tale of life,—that my shadowy sire should be perfectly strange to my heart, and the site of his palace remain as unknown to me as are the many nations hinted at in past days by my nurse. Where are we to seek the stairs

that will bear us to the princely habitations of our parent? In what garden plays that magic fountain, through which he came a wooing to my mother? I fear, Oriana, we shall never walk amidst those precious and immortal lights; for little can we hope to find a way, while breath is with us, from the earth on which we now so desertedly sojourn to the regions of the sky." Thus mourned the poor princess, as she sadly and slowly followed her more resigned sister.

"Do not be so cast down, Vesperella!" replied Oriana, looking back with a light countenance. "You are the veriest milk-spirited girl that ever whiled away her days in sewing of samplers or kissing of nurses. Those many stars above us are assuredly our vassals, and doubtless we shall hit upon some plan of reaching their blue kingdom before we die. I should like vastly to see our curious parent; and if he have a sparkle of affection in his disposition, he will not fail to visit us at some fitting and opportune hour."

In this tart and witty manner did the untired and ungrieving princess reply to her wearied sister, for she had a most brave invention, it must be confessed, and could say brighter things than any lady of her age or favour in those celebrated times.

"But where are we to sleep, Oriana?" exclaimed her timorous follower; "for the thorns begin to prick my feet, and the night is getting chill, and no house appears before us. Who knows," continued Vesperella, clasping her trembling hands, "but we may fall a prey to some wild and terrible lion, or lose ourselves on these fearful wastes, and starve to death?"

Grief began to give way to hunger in the princesses, and Oriana quieted her gnawing trouble with sweet comfits, which she had taken care to store in her casket, she being remarkable at the court for having a sweet tooth. Poor Vesperella was obliged to feed herself with patience—a kind of diet very good for the spirit, but generally allowed to be but little nutritious or pleasurable to the bodily palate. She began to think of lying down on the heath for the night, nigh careless of her fate, and quite spent with the fatigue of sorrow, travel, and fasting, when Oriana espied the light of a tall house, about the distance of half a mile before them. "There, you whimperer, take heart and banish these your silly tears! I warrant you this building will afford us all that we require." Vesperella answered not a word to the pertness of her sister, but quickened her pace, not at all dismayed with the apparent chance of a night's rest under a roof and a counterpane.

They came up at last with a huge lonely house on the dark heath, the only object for miles around them; and though at any other time they would have shrunk from entering so black and ungainly a tenement, yet, in the present scarcity of dwellings, they looked on this solitary house with eyes of considerable satisfaction. A single light was burning in the lofty window, as if to lead all benighted wanderers to a shelter; and its rays went afar, being in no wise checked by a wall, or tree, or bush. A huge dog, with one wild eye, came towards them, but passed by, as if he did not see them, though Oriana stepped behind her sister with much alarm, and Vesperella shrank within herself, and gave up all hopes of escaping the tremendous jaws of the beast.

Oriana immediately knocked at the gate; and with that sort of confidence and continuance which she thought becoming in a princess,

and more particularly at so old and rude an entrance. Vesperella stood trembling behind, in the most utter fear and sorrow. The door opened, and the two damsels entered with suitable alacrity. But what was the horror of the princesses, to behold a dreadful ogre, as tall as the ceiling, with nails on his hands like the talons of an eagle, his hair like tangled snakes, and with one eye only, which burned lidless and red in the middle of his forehead! He grinned a frightful joy at their appearance, and closed the gate behind them. He then advanced to them; but, on the sudden, stopped, with a hideous roar that shook every window in the old hollow house, and his hands plunged in amongst the mazes of his snaky hair with a mad violence that seemed to be occasioned by some intense bodily anguish. The princesses would have dropped senseless on the floor, but for a low voice, which whispered the words, "Go on, but beware of the ring!" They tottered forwards in the wildest fear; and that fierce ogre went writhing before them, like some distorted and frenzied giant, made mad with agony or hunger. He threw his long hairy arms about, and danced furiously before them, bellowing in a language which the princesses could in no way comprehend, and flashing forked fire from his solitary and blood-red eye.

Oriana leaned on her sister, who said earnest prayers in silence, and asked for help of all good powers to sustain her in this hour of terror and danger. Her hopes and her fears seemed to cling round her very heart in aching helplessness; nevertheless, she bore up now in strange resignation, and supported her scared sister as well as she was able. The ogre threw open a large door, which led into a spacious room, wherein, at the upper end, dozed another of the species. He motioned them to enter, and called hastily to his sleeping companion, who yawned so frightfully during his recovery from sleep, that his mouth looked like a cavern, and his splintered and uneven teeth resembled the jagged rocks within it. The voice again whispered, "Go on, yet beware of the ring!" The princesses staggered helplessly into the room, and the two ogres rushed towards them, but both of them were convulsed as the first had been, and became nearly withered up with agony and anger. They reeled in loud fury and drunken pain around the trembling and statue-like princesses, and their hair twined and shook like newly awakened serpents. The red fire of their eyes deepened, and flashed at times like a stormy autumnal evening sky.

At a large oaken table, made of the united trunks of trees, the two ogres had been making, as it would appear, a human repast, for the hand of a young infant was left half gnawed in the dish, and on each of their plates were small arm and other bones, freshly and cleanly picked. The ogres pointed to the fragments, and in an uncouth way, invited the princesses to partake thereof, at which invitation the latter shrank back with shuddering horror. The monsters retired growling together to their old seats. Immediately, a table arose before them, covered with store of excellent viands, dainty dates, with figs, with silver bowls of fragrant wine, and fruit. Damask seats appeared also by their sides, inviting them to rest; and of these the terrified damsels, without uttering a word to each other, tremblingly availed themselves. The low voice said again, "Eat, but beware of the ring!"

In vain did the princesses endeavour to reach forth their hands; for fear had so unnerved them, that they could not command the use of them. The fruit, however, offered itself to their lips; and Oriana, in

some sort relieved of her first horror, and being tempted by the odour and beauty of the pines, nectarines, and apricots, ate a few mouthfuls, and sipped a little of the dainty and sparkling wine. Vesperella could not taste of fruit or wine, but sat in silent terror and watchfulness.

As soon as Oriana had eaten and drank of the feast, a beautiful hawk perched on her wrist, and fawned with his brown plumed neck against her white arm. She smoothed his wing, and admired him as well as she could, being much addicted to the love of that species of bird, having oftentimes sported with it in her mother's garden. The hawk, on perceiving himself to be so well received, put his beak under his wing, and bringing forth a ring, offered it to the pleased and foolish Oriana; and she would have accepted it, had not Vesperella, who, from suspicion and fear, had narrowly watched everything around her, struck the ring out of the bird's beak to the ground. The hawk screamed a shrill gibbering sound, and shot back with fiery eyes to his perch. The table, with all its viands, sank in the floor, and the ogres yelled till the echoes of the house were worn out with the dismal and horrid sounds.

Nothing could possibly equal the fear of the two damsels; and they looked for little else but death, and that of the most horrid kind, from the two glaring monsters, who sat yelling unceasingly at the end of the room. These ogres, seeing their renewed fear, and being provoked by hunger (not having eaten human meat for an hour or more), again made up towards them, displaying fangs as long as scythes, and flashing fire from their solitary and spacious eyes. But the same pain struck them when they would have seized upon the princesses, and they slunk back, like terrified elephants, to their oaken table, marveling, in their rough way, at the power that shielded so pretty a meal from getting between their magnificent fangs.

Thus sat these poor damsels all the night; for neither of them dared to sleep, lest they should be devoured unawares; and as for Vesperella, she would gladly have died an innocent death, if such could have been had for asking. Oriana never let go her casket of jewels, but held them with a perseverance truly miraculous in so youthful and unguarded a lady. As soon as the morning broke, the princesses being once more advised by the friendly voice, arose and retreated from the dismal abode of the ogres; and these monsters followed them at a little distance to the door, longing to pounce upon them, yet fearing the singular reward which they had previously received for their endeavours. The country before the house seemed interminable, and the sky lowered, as though a storm of great fury would soon ravage the earth. Nevertheless, the tempest of a hundred skies was not to be dreaded like the enormous thunder of the two yelling ogres, besides, the sky was not likely to devour them up, which was by no means improbable with the two giants. The princesses, therefore, putting their hoods up, sallied forth, passed the frightful dog, who went by them with the same surly yet gloomy unconcern, and made the best of their way from a house and company to which they had never been accustomed before, and which, on this their first acquaintance, they could not but be dissatisfied with. Oriana turned round with a half distrust and half curiosity, and lo! she saw the ogres leaning out at the two huge parlour windows, watching them with eyes of the most intense hunger and fire, and chanting savage songs, which were heard for many miles over the country.

THE ELLISTON PAPERS.

(Second Series.)

EDITED BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

A Gambling-house Scene—Generosity of Elliston—A Death-bed Repentance—
 “Curious old books!”—Suits of Armour—Ancient Records of the “Circus”—
 Rowland Hill.

THE partial eclipse into which the comedian's fame had been thrown, by the shadow of Phipps' letter over its surface, being now at an end, and the luminary once again in its full splendour, we will forget all causes of the worthy actuary's anger, as related in our last, and proceed to the more grateful task of recounting an act of generosity, by which the moral debt of our hero will be considerably lightened, and himself restored to the favour of the indulgent reader.

Amongst the various places of Elliston's resort for the purpose of hazard, was a house in the neighbourhood of Blackfriars, where he had occasionally met Mr. L——, a young gentleman of sickly appearance, but who still followed up the phantom with that excitement so peculiar to the passion of play, and which, for the time, is able to sustain the weakest frame in all the heated combinations of its pursuit. At places of this kind, personal intercourse is generally no other than that arising from the traffic of the table, nor does a thought or word transpire which is not employed on the undivided purpose of rapine. So long as the gold glitters on the table, no inquiries are made—recognition extends not beyond the walls of the moral lazaret, and consciousness of the longest acquaintance nightly expires, as the object himself passes from the presence of the observer.

But respecting this young man, a more particular history has reached us. If not the most striking, he was perhaps one of the most melancholy examples of a gambler's state ever witnessed. Mr. L—— was, at this time, about twenty-six years of age. Disease had already possessed him under that form, which so frequently mingles the cruel mockery of hope with the most peremptory fiat of mortal certainty. His manners were gentle—his temper unassailable; and at those brief intervals when the demon passion of play permitted his mind a moment's freedom, he exhibited an understanding of no ordinary quality, and a taste (particularly in the fine arts) highly cultivated. But the whole occupation of his flickering existence was literally passing to and fro, from his own home to this apartment of despair. Here, in the evening, he arrived at about eight o'clock, in a hackney-coach, and by the same means, at any unknown hour, quitted the house on his return. Here, with the entire sum of his estate and strength, he was a nightly visitor, for his other hours were literally a course of exhaustion—his daily journey between a mortal and a moral grave.

With this gentleman, Elliston had sometimes conversed, and more frequently played. It happened on a certain evening the comedian had been singularly fortunate—had won a considerable sum, the greater portion of it, the proceeds of Mr. L——'s purse. The majority of the company had by this time departed; indeed, all the *habitues* of the house, except Elliston and his companion, who continued their

play. Good fortune still followed our hero, and by two o'clock, he was a winner to the full amount of his adversary's ready effects—perhaps of his resources. But Mr. L—— was calm and unruffled. He paid his money, and handed over some further acknowledgments.

"You will still play on?" said Elliston. "You must recover some of this to-night."

"No, not to-night," responded Mr. L——.

"Nay, you must take some vengeance of me," continued the other; "the jade must be wooed; take my word for it, she'll be fond after pouting. Come, we have played before together!"—saying which, he presented sundry bank-notes to his companion, and again set the table.

The game was renewed—the stakes higher; and at the conclusion of another hour, Elliston was still a considerable winner.

A slight flush, rather of exhaustion than anxiety, passed over the features of Mr. L——, and he rose to depart.

"I do not like this," said Elliston; "we must not part at such odds as these; you shall still have your revenge, and to-night, too."

L—— rebuked him only with a faint smile, adding, "We're later than usual. Do you hear what a night it is? I will set you down."

"As you please; but I have protested you shall have your revenge. The cards here are against you—another place will be more fortunate. Are you content to try again? You shall have luck to-night; but not here—not here."

"What do you propose?" asked L——, with animation.

"Come. I'll shew you."

The companions now entered the hackney-coach, and after a drive of fifteen minutes, were set down in Stratford-place. Elliston led Mr. L—— into an apartment, and some refreshment being at hand, they partook accordingly.

"I have disappointed you so far," said Elliston; "this is not quite the gay scene you may have anticipated. But courage! your more immediate object is here," (continued he, shuffling the cards.) "I never won a guinea in my own house yet, and I am sure Fortune will not be inclined to follow me, on such a night as this, after abandoning her so scurvily in Blackfriars."

"Come, then, to a little further business," replied L——.

Down they sat. Luck now blew from a fresh quarter under the new sky in which they played. L—— was recovering—a transient, treacherous success, adding mockery only to the certain course of the infuriated gamester. Again—again he lost; new loans were advanced, and further acknowledgments handed over to his opponent. It was now past three o'clock.

"Why, how is this?" said Elliston, with marked gravity, as he deliberately turned up a pile of notes, and spread the specialities before him—"this is a large amount, Mr. L——, a very considerable sum of money. You must have lost——"

"More, perhaps, than my friend has won," interrupted the other, with a bitterness unusual to him—"the debt—the debt! What is the debt?" demanded he, impatiently.

"True; it must be lessened," replied the comedian, in a sententious tone. "I think—I am sure it may. At any rate, you have a better security to give me for my demands. I am not quite satisfied."

"Mr. Elliston," cried the other, as a sudden flush spotted his pale

cheek, "what am I to think of this night's transaction—this strange irritation? Does a man necessarily forfeit his credit with his money? And though I know you for a fair dealer, yet let me remind you, that he who provokes the game does little better than take advantage of his friend."

"Will you for five minutes resume your seat?" said Elliston, solemnly—"we must not part yet. They tell me I am fond of long speeches, but I'll be brief, for our time is so. I have told you I must have further—better security for the work done to-night—I am not satisfied. But in the first place, here"—(continued he, in the tone of one calmly determined)—"here, Mr. L——, is the cash, and the whole amount of what I have this night won from you; and that we may proceed without fear of retracing a step, I seriously pronounce, no power on earth shall induce me to retain one guinea."

L—— gazed in speechless attention—he knew not the nature of his own emotions.

"This has been a long sitting," resumed Elliston,— "has broken deeply into our rest, but it shall close to our comfort—to our happiness, if you but permit it. Mr. L——, you are far from a state of health—perhaps not a long-lived man; think how little time, therefore, could be given to reflection, even were the whole amount so devoted. Do not despise the admonition of even an erring man; and let not pride, that pitiful illusion, be the last cheat to leave you barer than poverty. Never," (concluded he, with great energy,)—"never will I touch again one farthing of this sum—it is yours, or it consumes this night before your eyes. Now for the security I ask—give me the honour of a man you will never play again."

The accents of the young man failed upon his lips, but the tears rolled down his cheeks, and his frame drooped by exhaustion.

"Alas! alas!" sighed he, after a labouring pause. "How am I humbled! In the sense of my own worthlessness, and before the generosity of this man, how am I humbled!"

"Humbled!" cried Elliston, with energy—"humility!—why, how is this, when I had hoped on both sides for exultation? Exultation, I confess it, on my part, that I had been able to achieve a substantial good, and exultation, still greater on yours, that you had secured the moment whilst it yet remained, to make peace with your own conscience. Will you give me the word of man?"

"Yes; and before God, my witness——"

"No—no—not that!" interposed Elliston. "I have no right with such a bond; and believe me, my friend, if the deliberate word of a deeply impressed mind should ever submit to dishonour, a more solemn contract would yet live to be despised, whilst the penalty would be multiplied a hundredfold. Give me but your word—your word of honour."

Such was the generous appeal, awakening, as may be imagined, the long abused and paralysed energies of the poor youth to whom it had been addressed. It was not made in vain; and the security which our hero had so warmly sought, was given with all the impassioned evidence of sincerity.

Elliston was of a temperament fully to enjoy that sublimation of delight, which such an adventure was so calculated to produce. His end had been accomplished; for when again visiting (strange and inconsistent as is the nature of man) the old scene of riot and dissipation,

he discovered his friend had returned no more, but had been recalled by his means to the timely task of binding up a wounded conscience, he felt a sense of happiness far surpassing any amount of his varied life. But strange and inconsistent, we repeat, as man's nature is, Elliston himself still continued to visit Blackfriars as usual, so that all traces of the past scene were soon lost in the mazes of the hazard-table.

Such, alas! was Elliston—one of those who appeared to regard righteousness, as a liberal host does his best wine, using but little of it himself and reserving his stock for the benefit of his friends.

About three months from the above event, Elliston, after an absence of two days from home, found the following letter, amongst many others, on his return to Stratford-place:—

“ I am dying—from this bed of pain and anguish I can never rise. I am dying—and God knows how willingly, but for that which can alone make death terrible. If to one almost lost to hope, there could be an interval of quiet, such is the moment I pronounce, ‘ Bless you! God bless you, sir!’ You know why I should say God bless you! An hour like mine must be past all hypocrisy, else I should but profane that justice I invoke to bless you. Hear me, sir, it is my last worldly office, and I have done. You would have rescued me from ruin—would have restored me to that, which all men, ere they die, will discover to be the only true joy on earth. For a time, shame—for it was not virtue, nor common honesty—shame guarded my steps, and baffled that fiery passion with which my neglected boyhood had grown up familiar. I did not play—avoided, fled all means of play—all place, all time, in which even danger might lie disguised. But my mind, so long estranged from honourable bent, became a void—would not be roused—’twas steeped—’twas poisoned, sir! The venom had stung my very soul to death, and I became the helpless, hopeless, despicable thing—a confessed liar! I returned to vice—I hurried to destruction—dishonoured that last, last bond, not to be sued on earth, and in pain, in poverty, in contempt, and utter desertion, I am fast, fast dying! But all will perish with me, except my disgrace! Bless you—bless you, sir! It still comforts me to say so. I shall die with it on my lips.”

Deeply affected, it may well be imagined, was Elliston, on reading this distressing history. The letter had been dated three days back, from some street in Westminster, but without number of the house. Elliston went immediately, with the full determination of discovering the penitent; and though he could anticipate nothing in the meeting but of a most painful nature, yet he could not resist the desire which impelled him to the interview.

In this object he had some difficulty, for he applied at several lodging-houses without success, and had nearly given up his pursuit, when he accosted a female in the act of descending the steps of a house he had previously passed. It was here Elliston gained all his intelligence,—for it was the house in which poor L——had that morning breathed his last.*

* The substance of the incident above was communicated to the Editor of these Papers by a gentleman connected with an extensive firm in Paternoster-row—a connexion of L——’s family, who saw him frequently in his last illness.

This narrative recalls strikingly an incident in the career of King, the actor. King played deeply; and on a certain occasion he borrowed five guineas, being his last stake, with which he won two thousand pounds. Escaping from the apartment, he fell on his knees, exclaiming, in an impassioned manner, "Give me a Bible!" on which he took an oath never to play again. But the oath he kept not many months, for King afterwards became a member of the "Miles" club, in St. James's-street, where he lost everything.

At the commencement of this year (1811) Elliston had again broken fresh ground, in an entirely new project—namely, The establishment of a Literary Association at Bristol! In pursuance of which, he had purchased, for the sum of 1600*l.*, freehold premises in John-street. The house, which had formerly been an Italian warehouse, or in other words, a pickle-shop, he now opened for the sale of Italian anthology and classical conserves.

The back apartment, which he styled "The Lyceum," was accordingly thrown open, to which the whole literary mind of Bristol was invited. This was well supplied by evidences of appropriate taste—an Apollo, some Etruscan vases, Patterson's Roads, reviews, magazines, and a world of tracts, pamphlets, and newspapers. The front room was a library, or shop for the sale of "old, choice, and rare books only." Here were no idle, sickly, pale-backed bantlings of the Minerva press—nothing of the *belle assemblée* of literature whatever. Like Charles Lamb, the great projector had proclaimed Dryden and Pope the last in the empire of letters, and the "choice old books" alone constituted his care. Amongst others, he had collected "Memoirs of the Duke de Ripperda;" "Sir Thomas Double at Court;" "Enquiries touching y^e Diursity of Langvages in all parts of the World;" "The Ladies' Preceptor, by a Gentleman of Honour, at Cambridge;" "The most famous, delectable, and pleasant History of Pirismys, the renowned Prince of Bohemia;" "ΠΑΝΣΕΒΕΙΑ; or, a View of all Religions on the Earth;" "Scotiæ Indiculum; or, the Present State of Scotland, 1680;" "Chapman's Homer;" "The Ship of Fools, in high Dutch;" "Bungey, or Dr. Sacheverell his own Executioner;" and piles on piles of "Dramatic Mysteries;" to these were added a vast variety of shells, fossils, coins, Indian weapons, and a gong, which might have awakened from their very graves a whole generation of Bristol by a single stroke.*

Elliston, who never entered with indifference on any speculation, embarked in the book scheme with more than common enthusiasm, Repeatedly as his other duties would permit, he personally peregrinated

* We may here quote the words of a learned annotator on the life and character of the eccentric John Danton, the bookseller, as applicable to our subject:—"This dipper into a thousand books formed ten thousand projects, six hundred of which he appears to have thought he had completely methodized. But his mind seemed to be like some tables, where the victuals have been ill sorted and worse dressed. So, mutato nomine, we may apply to him the epigrammatic lines of the time—

"Here's Elliston, that new dramatic swain,
Who hatch'd six hundred projects in his brain;
The brood is large, but give him time to sit,
And he'll six hundred projects more beget."

in the collection of antique literature, frequenting innumerable book-stalls, and rummaging the back parlours and store-closets of all the good wives he could call to memory. Like the magician, in "Aladdin," he journeyed from place to place, crying "New books for old ones;" and by the end of a month he had collected poetry, like the muse herself, with but little covering; and antique bindings, on the other hand, which, like the frames of as many pictures, were "alone worth the money."

At the head of this establishment he placed a man by the name of Brick, a dilapidated schoolmaster, whose duty it was to superintend all that the great designer had brought into operation. Under these arrangements, the institution for a time flourished. The old books accumulated amazingly; for while few were read, and none sold, Elliston contemplated his stock with that sublimity of feelings estimating its value by a far higher standard than that of a scrivener, or a commercial accountant. But the city of Bristol, alas! was no genial soil for the empire of letters. The frequenters of "The Lyceum" fell off—there were few returns of either persons or profit—the "Ben Jonson's head," over the door, ceased to be oracular; and sundry outstanding demands induced our hero to think seriously of sending his literary bullion to the mint of public competition, and taking the current circulation in exchange.

But the time had now arrived, in which he received intelligence of the decisive blow of the Bristol affair. *Duns Scotus*, the shattered schoolmaster, had found time, during the latter two months, for ingratiating himself in the favour of a rope-maker's daughter, in the neighbourhood of John-street; a lady of easy manners and the same quality of virtue. Mr. Brick, like many literary men before him, was soon encompassed by the flaxen beauty; and considering, perhaps, that if he did not find her a virtuous maiden, he could at least make her an honest woman, conferred on her the distinction of Mrs. Brick, the marriage being solemnized within a stone's cast of "The Lyceum" itself. Within three days of these espousals, the history was brought to a conclusion—Mr. and Mrs. Brick had departed on a matrimonial tour, and "The Lyceum" desecrated by an eruption on the till. All was cleared, save the old choice books, for, like *Moses*, in the play, he never meddled with them. The age of reason was no more, though the schoolmaster was emphatically abroad; and the Bristol associates returned once more to their wharfs.

Elliston's object was now, of course, to get rid of the troublesome concern as quickly as possible, but in this, alas! he found equal annoyance. The title to his property, like that of many of his volumes, was found defective, under which difficulty, considerable time was lost and no inconsiderable sum sacrificed.

But the spirit and intrepidity of Elliston rose superior to his fortune. Inactivity was to him that vacuum which nature abhors, or, like the "old gentleman in a gale of wind," excitement was his element. A melodramatic piece was now in forwardness at the Surrey Theatre, for the purpose, in a great part, of producing two magnificent suits of armour, of the fourteenth century. Marriott, of Fleet-street, undertook the execution of the work, whose first estimate was 400*l.*, and two first-rate artizans were engaged at 12*l.* per week. Elliston, in

that peculiar vein in which he looked on all his undertakings, bound Marriott under an agreement, not to employ himself in the construction of any other armour, except on Elliston's account, for a term of five years!

Industry and enterprise now met with their full reward; for notwithstanding Elliston's great outlay by alterations, improvements, &c. in the theatre—new wardrobes, scenery, &c., he received a net profit, at the conclusion of his second season of 3000*l*.*

* The Royal Circus (or Surrey Theatre) had attained, at this period, its highest celebrity, and as it may be curious to remark the rude foundations of this Trans-tamesin dynasty, we beg to offer the reader a brief notice. This theatre was built near the junction of the cross-road, on St. George's-fields, and opened in the year 1780, by the elder Dibdin and one Hughes, for the representation of burlettas and equestrian exercises. A spirited competition was here, for some time, maintained, with Philip Astley, proprietor of the Amphitheatre in the Westminster-road; the Circus, in fact, stimulating Astley to add a stage and scenery to his riding circle.

The Circus was burnt down in 1805. The fate of the *Pegasus*, which surmounted the building, created as much interest during the conflagration, as the *Apollo* of Drury Lane on the "one dread night" of March, 1809.

The first advertisement we offer, is in that bitterness of spirit so peculiar to dramatic rivalry:

"British Horse Academy, Blackfriars-road, Sept. 1772.

"The celebrated Sobieska Clementina and Mr. Hughes on Horseback, will end on Monday next, the 4th of October; until then they will display the whole of their Performances, which are allowed, by those who know best, to be the completest of the kind in Europe. Hughes humbly thanks the Nobility, &c. for the Honour of their Support, and also acquaints them his Antagonist has caught a bad cold so near to Westminster-bridge, and for his Recovery is gone to a warmer Climate, which is Bath in Somersetshire. He boasts, poor Fellow, no more of activity, and is now turned Conjuror, in the character of 'Sieur the Great.' Therefore Hughes is unrivalled, and will perform his surprising Feats accordingly at his Horse Academy, until the above Day. The Doors to be opened at Four o'clock, and mounts at Half-past, precisely. H. has a commodious Room, eighty feet long.—N.B. Sobieska rides on one, two, and three Horses, being the only one of her Sex that ever performed on one, two, and three."

Hughes was a fine, stalwart fellow, who could have carried an ox away on his shoulders, and eaten him for supper. The next is equally a curiosity:—

"Hughes has the Honour to inform the Nobility, &c. that he has no intention of setting out every Day to France for three following Seasons, his Ambition being fully satisfied by the applause he has received from Foreign Gentlemen who come over the Sea to See him. Clementina and Miss Huntly ride one, two, and three Horses at full Speed, and takes Leaps surprising. A little Lady, only Eight Years old, rides Two Horses at full gallop, by herself, without the assistance of any one to hold her on. Enough to put any one in Fits to see her. H. will engage to ride in Twenty Attitudes that never were before attempted; in particular, he will introduce his Horse of Knowledge, being the only wise animal in the Metropolis. A Sailor in full gallop to Portsmouth, without a bit of Bridle or Saddle. The Mac-caroni Tailor riding to Paris for new Fashions. This being Mr. Pottinger's night, he will speak a Prologue adapted to the noble art of Riding, and an Epilogue also suited to Extraordinary Leaps. Tickets (2*s*.) to be had of Mr. Wheble, bookseller, Paternoster-row, and at H.'s Riding School. Mounts half-past four."

Again:—

"Hughes, with the celebrated Sobieska Clementina, the famous Miss Huntly, and an astonishing Young Gentleman (son of a Person of Quality) will exhibit at Blackfriars-road more extraordinary things than ever yet witnessed, such as leaping over a Horse forty times without stopping between the Springs.—Leaps the Bar standing on the Saddle with his Back to the Horse's Tail, and *vice versa*—Rides at full speed with his right Foot on the Saddle and his left Toe in his Mouth, two surprising Feats. Mrs. Hughes takes a fly and fires a Pistol—rides at full Speed standing on Pint Pots—mounts pot by pot, higher still, to the terror of all who see her. H. carries a lady at full speed over his head—surprising! The

In the meantime, Rowland Hill, like a holy crusader, hovered about the Saracenic armies of the mighty Saladin, and St. George's-fields were again awakened to rescue the land from the infidels. The chapel being erected, the divine renewed his thunders against the playhouse. Sunday after Sunday he discoursed on the sinfulness of stage exhibitions—sometimes mentioning Elliston by name, and not unfrequently detailing the very plots of dramatic productions, the more intimately to illustrate the just spirit of his denunciation. It was on one of these occasions that Rowland Hill repeated the following, from his well-known “Aphoristic Observations”:—“The Reverend James Harvey being one day on a journey, a lady, who happened to be in the same carriage with him, was expatiating in a very particular manner on the amusements of the stage, as being, in her esteem, superior to any other pleasures. Among other things, she said, there was the pleasure of thinking on the play before she went, the pleasure she enjoyed when there, and the pleasure of ruminating upon it when in her bed at night. Mr. Harvey, when she had concluded, said to her in a mild manner, that there was one pleasure, besides what she had mentioned, that she had forgot. ‘What can that be?’ said she, ‘for sure I have included every pleasure, when I have considered the enjoyment before-hand, at the time, and afterwards. Pray, sir, what is it?’ To which Mr. Harvey, with a grave look, and *in a manner peculiar to himself*, answered, ‘Madam, the pleasure it will give you on your death-bed.’ A clap of thunder, or a flash of lightning, could not have struck her with more surprise—the blow pierced to her very heart, and *she never went any more to the playhouse, but became a pious woman for ever afterwards!*”

“Hence gloomy bigots vilify the stage,
And hand the libel down from age to age.”

young gentleman will recite verses of his own making, and act ‘Mark Antony,’ between the Leaps. Clementina every night.—A commodious Room for the Nobility.”

We will now take at random, a bill of Philip Astley, the despised of Hughes and Clementina, but the formidable rival to the Blackfriars’ establishment:—

“Astley’s, Westminster-bridge, this and every evening. HORSEMANSHIP, by Mr. Astley, Mr. Taylor, Signior Markutchy, Miss Vangable, and other transcendental performers. This performance will be commenced by a new MINUET, danced by two HORSES, in a most extraordinary manner.

“A Comical Musical Piece, called THE AWKWARD RECRUIT.

“The Amazing Exhibition of THE DANCING DOGS, from France and Italy, and other genteel parts of the globe, consisting of—1. Two Dogs as Chairmen, carrying a Monkey to a Masquerade. 2. Two Dogs disputing politicks. 3. A Company of Dogs carrying from a Vineyard Baskets of Grapes, and accompanied by a Savoyard, with a Magic Lanthorn. 4. A Dog as a Lady of Quality in her equipage, attended by others in elegant liveries. 5. A Dog Cobbling. 6. A Dog that walks on any two of his legs. 7. Two Dogs, as a Tumbler, and his attendant Clown. 8. A Dog dressed in a Spanish habit, taking another little dog to a boarding-school; with a variety of others too numerous for insertion. This Exhibition will conclude with a variety of Dogs dressed *en militaire*, besieging a Town; one of them represents a Corporal returning with the Colours of the Citadel in his mouth to his General; he halts on three legs, being supposed to have received a musket-ball in one of his fore-feet. Two Bull-Dogs; the English Bull-Dog, rather than quit his hold, suffers himself to be drawn Thirty Feet high, whilst the machine is surrounded with Fire Works, representing a heavy discharge of small arms and artillery.

“TUMBLING, and other unaccountable EXERCISES, by Signor Belimott.

“To which will be added a New Pantomime, called HARLEQUIN PUZZLE ‘EM.”

JOHN MANESTY,

The Liverpool Merchant.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CONFESSION.

MANESTY speedily returned to his room, there to ruminate alone on what he had heard. Strange to say, his first impulse was to laugh aloud.

"Poor Ozias, how he must have been shocked! The killing of Blazes was of course, in his eyes, matter of less enormity than the old seaman habit of rapping out an oath, which I could not repress myself from using on the instant. Far less were all the enormities of Hoskins than the scoffs, which even he must have perceived I was flinging upon the dearest gods of his idolatry. I feel myself relieved of a load, as was the Sailor Sindbad, when he flung off from his shoulders the galling oppression of the Old Man of the Sea. It was to come sooner or later, and I am glad that I have broken the ice with Rheinenberger. Why should I tie myself down to this wearying life of dull drudgery—this sickening and hypocritical assumption of a character for which, perhaps, there never was any need; but for which there is now assuredly none whatever. I shall put an end to it to-day. This prying impertinence of Oglethorpe is beyond doubt, a *contretemps*, which just now I should wish had not occurred. Pish! what matter—it is a twenty or a fifty pound affair at most to smother. It will soon stench itself out. If anything be annoying in the investigations, which may arise, I can easily retire for a moment. A week ago, I announced on 'Change that I was again bound, at this my usual time, for the West Indies;—when I return, who will think of this folly. When I return! Is that ever to be? Perhaps not. Sometimes I am weak enough to believe that omens and portents are gathering round me, and that my career is coming to its close. And a face haunts me with a look of puzzling remembrance. Is it because I—pooh! was that the only one?"

He "pished," and "poohed," with much vehemence; but did not seem by such means to recover his equanimity.

"It is all nonsense," said he at last; "I have business of more moment to attend to. I must go to old Hibblethwaite's room, and see if there is anything there that ought to be put away. Shuckleborough," said he, emerging from his private room, and putting on his coat, "go to Weston, and tell my attorney, Varnham, to wait for me at home all day—the hour of my calling on him will be uncertain; but let him be in the way, whatever it may be."

He left the counting-house, and Robin never saw him more! He was fond of telling, in the few remaining years of his life, that he had never before noticed Master John so much elated—that his figure seemed to swell—his tall height to be drawn to its uttermost—his voice as it were to chuckle with delight—and his eyes to gleam with a fiery

lustre that almost frightened his obsequious dependent. He strode out of the office gaily and flauntingly, and something like the humming of an air burst upon Shuckleborough's astonished ear. "In after days," he said, "he thought him possessed, and that it boded some ill," adducing various *ad libitum* dreams, and other indications of coming evil. At the time, if the truth were to be told, he thought that Rheinenberger had communicated to "the governor" some tidings of good fortune, which was to be duly ratified and confirmed by his friend Ezekiel Varnham, whom he complimented in thought as one of the sharpest hands in the duchy, and justly complimented, too, if the words, "sharp hand," be synonymous with "unscrupulous rogue."

When Manesty gained the room which was known by the name of his late partner, he carefully locked himself in, and proceeded to open and scrupulously examine the chests. He had ascertained beforehand that the door, which in fact did lead to the lumber-room below, was secure. He felt certain that no intruder could break in upon his privacy, and he bestowed much time, care, and patience upon the task of examination and selection, which seemed to be in his eyes a matter of all-absorbing interest. While he was thus occupied, a loud and impetuous knocking was heard at the front door of the room, to which at first he paid no attention whatever, but proceeded silently on his business. It was, however, more vehemently repeated; and on his continuing not to answer, the voice of his nephew, tremulous with emotion, reached his ear.

"It is no use, uncle," said Hugh; "I know you are in the room, and I must, and will see you."

"I am much occupied now, Hugh," was the answer, "and do not want to be intruded upon. In less than an hour, I shall be at the house in Pool-lane; and then I am at your service."

"But it is now—now, this moment, sir, that I want you," said Hugh, in frantic accents, speaking through the door—"a moment is not to be lost—it is matter of life and death."

"Humph!" muttered Manesty, hastily gathering up the articles he had taken from the chests, replacing them with hurried hand, and again securing them under their padlocks. "Some love-caper about the Stanleys, I presume; but the sooner I admit him, the sooner I get rid of him.—Wait a moment, Hugh, I shall open the door at once."

He was as good as his word; and on the instant that the barrier was removed, Hugh bounded into the apartment. Some unusual feeling had distorted his tranquil features into the mingled emotions of bursting rage and scarcely suppressed grief; and, with an abruptness which he had never before ventured to assume towards his stern relation, he rushed into the question at once, which had driven him to invade his uncle's privacy.

"Sir," said he, "I am about to commit what I know is a crime by the laws of man, and a sin by the ordinances of God; but I must do it—I cannot draw back."

"I may as well relock the door," said Manesty, "if you intend carrying on a conversation which promises to be so ticklish, in such a voice." He did so, accordingly, casting a scrutinizing glance upon his nephew, strongly indicative that he considered the young man's sanity rather doubtful.

"It is no need, sir," said Hugh; "for the affair is, or at least

speedily will be, known all over Liverpool and Lancashire. I have challenged Colonel Stanley to a duel, and we are to meet in an hour's time, or rather less, by Wavertree."

"It is, indeed, most sinful and absurd," said Manesty; "but why——"

"I have no time, sir, to listen to truisms which I could utter without prompting. It must be, and there's an end. The quarrel is this—I came up with the Stanleys this morning from Eaglemont, a couple of hours ago, and we stopped at her cousin's house, by the new gardens of Toxteth Park. The colonel does not like me or mine, and he has insinuated many an underhand insult which I pretended not to notice, because—no matter why. It is no time for concealment now, uncle; but there is everything but a solemn engagement of marriage between Mary Stanley and me——"

"Speak not of that," said his uncle; "I have long known it, and seriously thought about it. Of that hereafter. What about Colonel Stanley? The young man is deeply embarrassed, and it may be that I know where he applied for unreasonable assistance."

"He left us, then, in Toxteth Park, and in an hour or thereabouts, returned much chafed at something I know not what. I had remained with the young lady, and he rushed into the room, and without regarding her presence, directed the most injurious language towards me. He said that he had found out the secret of the wealth of our house—that it was all the produce of piracy and murder—that you were nothing more than a notorious pirate, who took advantage of your ill-gotten wealth to insult highborn men to whom you ought not to aspire to be a footman, by casting discredit on their honour; and that there could be no doubt that you flung the sailor into the river to get rid of his testimony."

"And then?"

"And then Miss Stanley, whose ears not even a rumour of these slanders had reached, looked at me, and frightened by my angry looks, I suppose, immediately fainted. I rang for her servant to take care of her, and called him out into the lawn, where I dared him to repeat his words, which he did with many aggravations of insult. I instantly told him he lied, and he struck me. In the affray that followed I had not the worse; and he was nearly overpowered when the servants parted us. But still I have received outrageous affront actually in the presence, and a blow almost in the presence, certainly with the knowledge, of a lady——"

"Whom it seems you love more than common sense or common reason. Could you not read the riddle of all this? George Stanley has been of late more than usually unlucky, as these silly fellows call themselves, when they run open-mouthed to be robbed at the betting-stand or gaming-board; and I know that he was vainly endeavouring to negotiate some desperate discounts with my broker, Shuckleford, which were peremptorily declined to-day, and he connects me somehow with the refusal. The blow, however, is bad. But have not you employed our sturdy old Lancashire method of wiping it out already by vigorously using those arms which nature has bestowed?"

"I did my best in that way," replied the nephew; "but it is not the fit method after all. And as the colonel is beyond question a first-rate shot, and a capital swordsman, I cannot with any honour refuse

to follow up the challenge. Why I came to you, dear uncle, is this. Duels are not always fatal, and explanations often bring them to a bloodless conclusion. I thirst not for the blood of George Stanley—call a dog by that name, and I should love it—and shall be found ready to listen to anything pacific that will not compromise my character as a gentleman. What terms shall I impose to make him retract the injurious words—the abominable insinuations, he addressed towards you? The insult to myself I can have no difficulty in arranging.”

“You think, then,” said Manesty, looking full in the young man’s face, “that duelling is criminal and sinful, and only to be justified, or rather to be palliated, by supposed necessities of each individual case.”

“Such is my opinion,” replied Hugh.

“The justice of the individual case ought, then,” said his uncle, slowly, “to be a principal element in deciding on what is to be adduced as palliation or defence.”

“Undoubtedly.”

“It is but a shadow of the trial by combat, in the middle ages,” continued Manesty; “and even in those dark and barbarous days they supposed that it was necessary to have truth on the side of him who claimed the wager of battle. Should it not be so still?”

“Of course. I am not so superstitious as to imagine that in the old judicial combats death proved guilt or false accusation against the defeated champion—or victory vindicated the innocence of the conqueror, or established the justice of his charge. In modern duels, we do little more than risk a life to comply with the etiquette exacted by the world; but still it is infinitely disgraceful to maintain a quarrel in any manner unless you imagine you have right on your side. In the case of a fatal result, under contrary circumstances, I should little envy the feelings of the survivor. It would be hard to distinguish his act from a murder.”

“Which the law calls it in any case. Hugh—I wish you not to fight this duel—I never could worse spare you than now. You know not the projects I have in my mind, nor the variety of struggles I have made for your advancement in the world—for realizing your most cherished hopes—ay, even that which is now most busily throbbing in your heart.”

“But, uncle, I cannot avoid it,” said the young man, passionately. “I might submit to an affront directed against myself——”

“I doubt it much,” thought his uncle.

“But when it is directed against you—you, by whom my unprotected infancy was reared and cherished—who have loaded me with kindness, and heaped me with favours—made me,—me, a poor deserted orphan, with no claims upon you but such as would be neglected by nine men out of ten,—a participator in your hard-earned wealth, the fruit of your own toil and talent, your patience and your self-denial—and such an affront, too—why, sir, I should have kennel-water, not blood in my veins, if I did not resent it!”

Manesty looked on the handsome and excited youth with glistening, but not undelighted eyes, as he poured out these energetic words. Some busy feelings appeared to be at work in his bosom; but he was silent. Hugh thought he had gained an advantage; and as his uncle did not speak, he proceeded, after a short pause.

"And offered, too, in the presence of a lady—to be dishonoured in whose eyes is to me a worse agony than death—I cannot, uncle—it must go on."

"It may be in many ways prevented," said Manesty, "without dishonour to either party. As for me, the words of such a bullying swindler as yon broken blackleg pass by me as the idle wind. What he has said affects me not. I can protect myself from his slanders, if I deem it necessary, in a way that he will consider more serious than the pulling of a score of triggers. Take, therefore, no heed for me. You have spoken affectionately of my care, dear Hugh. May not the man, of whom you have thus spoken, demand that a proof of your affection should be shewn. If I have been a protector of your childhood, let me be a protector of your manhood. You have told me that George Stanley is a keen shot, of that I do not much reck; for I have known that keen shots have not unfrequently missed when the object before the pistolled poltroon is not a pistolless partridge. So much for me. As for the lady, may I not ask you, is not she trembling this very moment?—would she not give all that is dearest to her to prevent this affair from coming to blood? The man to whom you profess deep obligation—the woman to whom you are linked, in what you imagine endless love—both equally acquit you of all obligation. Fight not this duel, dear Hugh—leave it to me, and, if you like, to Miss Stanley, with me to arrange. Fear not any disgrace from the result. I know, as you have said, that George Stanley is master of any weapon, which he will employ, and that he will unscrupulously use his skill. And to lose you now—Oh, God! If we were in—but no matter. I peremptorily forbid this duel."

"It is not in your power, uncle," replied Hugh—"your peremptoriness comes too late. You then will not tell me what I can say to the colonel, beyond a flat denial of his insolent slander?"

"Stay," returned Manesty; "it is in my power to stop you, and that effectually. But before I do it, pause for a moment, and take my word for it, without inquiry, that you will find I am right in saying I have such power. One short sentence of mine checks this insane quarrel. Do not urge me to speak it—take my word that I can do what I say."

"I cannot, dear uncle,—I cannot. The time is rapidly approaching, and I must be punctual to the minute."

"You compel me then to speak," said Manesty, "that which you will sadly repent ever having heard. Suppose what Colonel Stanley said was perfectly true?"

"Is true? Impossible! Do not I, who have dwelt under your roof—know it to be impossible?" cried the young man, turning deadly pale, nevertheless, and sinking upon one of the sea-chests which stood by the office-desk. "Good God! do you mean to say that you are connected with slavers and pirates?"

"The contents of that chest, on which you are sitting, would supply you with ample information on that point. I AM."

"A fearful suspicion has sometimes come over my thoughts," replied Hugh, "when I found our profits so unaccountably increasing, but nothing of this. Am I then to have the misery of being obliged to ask—if you are in any way identified with that desperate, who is called Dick Hoskins?"

"Identified, indeed!" was the stern and dogged answer—"for I AM THE MAN!"

"Gracious heavens! and the sailor Blaze—"

"Was flung into the river Mersey, by this hand!" said Manesty, with perfect composure. "Nay, bury not your face in your hands, but gather up your senses, while I proceed in the work, which you disturbed; and when you have again scraped them together, it will be time for you to think of pursuing this duel, with all its honourable accompaniments."

Hugh sank into something like a swoon, but soon recovered; and found his uncle quietly writing at his desk.

"Is this mockery, or truth?" he gasped forth, in tones which agony had rendered almost inarticulate.

"Truth!" returned Manesty. "I have commanded the 'Bloody Juno,' for the last three years, personally, as I had done five-and-twenty years ago. I commanded it by proxy during all the years of the interval."

"And the dreadful stories—the burning of the Spaniards alive in the Podestà?"

"Was an accident—we never intended it."

"And the killing of the boat's crew, off the coast of Brazil?"

"Was no accident; but they richly deserved it. There was not a man among them that did not deserve to be hanged ten times over."

"And the——"

"Do not frighten yourself by pursuing the catalogue. Many things, quite as bad as these, were done, though the worst matters were done when Tristram Fiennes commanded, and his life was the forfeit. His crew, tired of his cruelty, murdered him off Anamaboo, three years ago, when, as nobody could be trusted to manage a body of desperadoes in the mutinous state which followed this affair, I was obliged to go myself. The business of Brooklyn Royal was a mere flam—I sold it out and out, on my first trip across the Atlantic, and never set foot in Jamaica again."

Hugh was so stupified, that he scarcely heard what his uncle was saying; but he well recollected the name of Tristram Fiennes, and the letter which announced his death—its agitating effect on Manesty—and his hasty departure for the West Indies so speedily following.

"Good heavens!" said he, at last, starting up, "am I doomed to have such a demon for an uncle!"

"Does it grieve you, then, that I am your uncle? If you knew the truth, that cause of grief would be removed. It has been an imposture, on my part, all through. I am *not* your uncle."

The eyes of the young man were instantly flashing with beams of joy.

"You are not my uncle, thou blood-stained man! Your deeds towards me have been such that I can never meditate harm towards you. But, oh! what a weight you have taken off my heart! God be praised, I am not of your kin. You are, then, not my uncle? Say it again."

"I will," said Manesty, laying his hand upon the youth's shoulder, who recoiled with horror from the touch. "The truth must come at last—I am *not* your uncle—I *am* your father!"

"My father!" exclaimed the frantic young man—"my father! Oh, God! Here, then, I part with this accursed house and its dreadful owner for ever. Is this only a horrid dream?"

"Not so easily parted, as you imagine. You will not kick down that iron door; those who put up its bolts and stanchions wrought it not so as to be spurned down with naked fist or foot. Stay but for a moment. You will find full particulars of my career, and your own history in this paper. Put it in your pocket; and having read it, think whether you are to meet George Stanley or not. I knew that the religious rubbish I broached was nothing but despicable nonsense; but I knew well that I could prevent the duel by a word. Will you meet him now?"

"Open the door, sir, and that's all—all!" exclaimed Hugh. "Let me loose from this den of horrors. George Stanley is safe from me."

"I thought so. Of other matters, we'll talk when you are in calmer mood," said his father, for so we must now call him, opening the door, through which his son rushed, in headlong desperation.

"I must look ahead, in good earnest," said Manesty, returning to his desk, after he had locked the door. "The game will soon be up; but I shall take care of him, nevertheless."

QUIN AND THE GHOST.

BY UNCLE SAM.

IN the year 1743,—exactly one century ago,—and in the month of March, the celebrated comedian, James Quin, together with his friend Lacy Ryan, (afterwards joint lessee with David Garrick of Drury Lane Theatre,) were riding on horseback, debating as to the hostelry at which they would put up. "There's a pretty comfortable house near at hand," observed Quin, "one at which I have frequently passed a few days; but the landlord scores thirteen to the dozen, and I *did* say I would never patronise the rogue again. But I don't know that we could do better: he keeps a capital farm-yard, and his wife sees that everything is cooked to a turn." Ryan did not reply to this, as he was chuckling at the certainty that Quin would never pass a house where the eating department was so unexceptionable. A turn in the road soon brought the horsemen to the Dover suburbs, and at the end of the first row of cottages stood two houses, one of which professed, on a large swinging sign, to have "good entertainment for man and horse."

"This is the place I was speaking of," said Quin, as he gave the reins of his steed to the ostler, and (not doubting the entire consent of Ryan to everything he should determine) ordered the two horses into the stable. Lacy Ryan was, at this period, a quiet, easy-tempered gentleman, one-third poet and two-thirds comedian and tragedian; but when in company with Quin, on any excursion, he always played an inferior part, looking upon Quin pretty much in the same light as Boswell did upon Johnson. The superior hero of the mimic art, after giving a glance into the stable, observed, in a complimentary manner,

that he was sure his dear friend Lacy would see that both horses had fair play in the manger, and forthwith strode into the first apartment of the inn, a bar-room and kitchen combined.

In this apartment were the landlord—half farmer, half waiter—and his wife, who was reading a London newspaper about ten days old, both of whom knew Quin by personal remembrance, and made their best bow and curtsy.

"Landlord," said Quin, "the more I come to this house, the more disagreeable I find it. You seem to be terribly troubled with rats: one of the villains crossed me at the threshold, and I saw two or three in the stable. How is it you swarm in this manner?"

"Why, sir," replied Boniface, "the drains from the house run into the homestead for farm purposes, and the scents of the kitchen attract the rats."

"Scents of the kitchen, eh?" responded Quin. "Who would have thought the rats had so much sense? But I'll suggest a remedy. The first time you catch one, send him in a bill as heavy as the one you sent *me* in the last time I was here, and they'll never trouble your house again."

"I'm sorry," quoth the landlady, "that any gentleman should have to make such a remark."

"I have experienced the same feeling," replied Quin. "And pray, madam, what is there in the newspaper?"

"Nothing," answered the landlady.

"Then be so kind as to relate it," retorted Quin.

"Why really, sir, I can remember nothing but that it says there are more women in the world than men."

"What can be the reason of that?" observed the landlord.

"It's quite in conformity with all the arrangements of nature," replied Quin, making a very pleasant, genteel-comedy bow to the landlady, who was agreeable enough to look at, "we always see more of heaven than earth."

The landlady made a move, and called the cook, the compliment being quite lost on her. The cook came in, looking as cross-gartered as cooks generally look. The theory on which this observation is founded would require an essay on caloric and fumigation to exemplify.

"Cook," inquired Quin, "can you manage a *fricasee à la Français*?"

"Don't understand any French lingo," replied the cook. "I was never out of Old England, or out of Kent either."

"That is very extraordinary," observed Quin: "I should have thought you had been several times over Grease."

"Neither Greece nor Rome," retorted the maiden by courtesy; "I was never ten miles from Dover in all my born days."

"Oh, cookey, cook!—*that* must be a mistake, for a year ago I saw you at *Spithead*."

"I defy the imperation, sir."

"Well, do; and toast yourself in a glass of the best Hollands before the fire after you cook my dinner. Landlady," added Quin, as he walked out of the kitchen, "I want dinner for two, but you may bring it for three if you will. Let us have everything worth eating the house contains. We will try to be satisfied if you are short of everything but soup, fish, flesh, and fowl."

The next house to the inn where Quin and his fellow-traveller put

up was occupied by a small farmer of curious character; a man out of his element; one who would have succeeded better in a city than a village—a rural genius. He was always plotting and contriving, pushing himself into small notice, attending vestries and snubbing the vicar, getting into law and quarrelling with his lawyer, fishing in the squire's trout-stream without leave, and stopping his majesty's mail, as it passed by his house, when any important news was expected, by blowing a cracked French horn, and thus frightening the horses and driver. He frequented the large kitchen of the room next door, and had taken it into his head that the innkeeper ought to remove, and allow him to succeed to the lesseeship; and thereupon he began to plot and contrive, talked of opening his own house as an inn, or building a new one opposite; and even went so far as to have a sign painted, announcing to the equestrian of retired habits that, instead of putting up at the regular hostelry, he could obtain "hay and oats" next door. The innkeeper had given several indications of a latent desire to remove into the town of Dover when his lease should expire, and the village genius was thus "pricking the sides of his intent." The innkeeper, however, was a slow mover, and the genius became out of patience, and set his wits further to work. Happening to hear the innkeeper's wife express a very decided belief in ghosts, he determined forthwith to haunt the inn with the ghost of a traveller who had died in a room on the second floor. In pursuit of this arduous undertaking, he knocked out some bricks which separated one of his own apartments from the large chimney of the room in the next house where the deceased traveller had breathed his last, and in the dead of the night crept through this ingenious contrivance, and walked the floor with boots on, in a measured tread so accurately descriptive of the heavy, lumbering footsteps of a *bonâ-fide* ghost, that the innkeeper and his wife were duly and truly alarmed. From the commencement of this trick, only one traveller had been shewn in to sleep in the haunted bed-chamber, and this gentleman, a button-maker of Birmingham, was affrighted into fits by seeing, "with his own eyes," (and therefore he could not be mistaken,) the ghost in a dowlas winding-sheet, holding a scooped turnip in his hand, inside of which burnt a small candle! From that period the room was denuded of its bed, and given up to the ghost during the night; but in the daytime was occasionally used for meetings on parish and road matters, and an occasional dinner, when the other rooms of the house were full of guests.

When Lacy Ryan had seen the horses despatch their meal without assistance from the honest ostler, he walked after Quin into the house, and was shewn into a pretty large room on the second floor, where he found the great actor seated by the side of a huge fire-place waiting for dinner.

"Well, Ryan, are the horses safe, my boy?" inquired Quin.

"Quite safe, and had their meal."

"And the stage waits for ours. Are they safe from horse-stealers? Is there a good man-trap and a dog?"

"Aye, both. A dog that puts me in mind of David Ross, of Covent Garden."

"Why, Lacy—why? Give us your comical reason, you comical dog."

"Because he's so fat."

"Ha, ha! Ross is a fat dog, to be sure. The last time I saw him he was playing George Barnwell, and looked like a porpoise. 'Ross,' said I, 'your playing of this part ought to be indicted by the Court of Aldermen. George Barnwell, an apprentice, indeed! Why, you're fat enough to be Lord Mayor of London.'"

"Didn't he threaten, in his usual playful manner, to pull you by the nose?"

"He never passes those jokes upon James Quin, sir; he knows his man better."

"He thinks you have such a right to be generous, that you may give without being affronted by an offer to take."

"The satirical rogue, says ——' Pshaw, what is it? Mere trash.' Talking of pulling noses puts me in mind of Captain Poynt: he had his nose pulled at the Shakspeare Tavern the other night, and, instead of resenting the affront as a man of honour, he came to me to ask how he could best put up with it. 'Why, sir,' said I, 'soap your nose the next time you go into company, and the pullers will slip their hold.' But here comes the damask, the cue for dinner. The brute beasts have had their due, my boy!"

"Oh, I'll warrant it. Had I not remained, they would have had more dew than would have been good for them. The rascally ostler was going to keep them in the open air while he ran on an errand, and the dew was becoming quite dense, as the sun had already dipped in the west."

"Dipped in the west,' eh, Mr. Poet? Where should the sun dip, and when should the dew rise?"

"Not such a bad line that as to be overlooked, Mr. Quin. Allow me to cap it?"

"Certainly, my boy, if it'll do you any good; only don't take away my appetite."

"Where should the sun dip, and when should the dew rise?"

When the absence of Phœbus brings tears from the skies."

"It wont do—it wont do. The skies are not a row of young ladies, to weep when their favourite rover drives his phaeton out of sight. But here comes dinner; cap that if you can."

It had now become very late for a dinner in the olden time. Candles were lighted, and the two brothers of the sock and buskin sat down to an excellent repast—"Dinner and supper rolled into one," as Quin observed. Quin, whose renown as a gourmand has almost outlived his fame as an actor, was so silent, as to impose the same contemplative repose of speech on his friend. Dinner despatched, claret was brought in, and as soon as Quin was evidently relishing his wine and olives, Lacy Ryan thought it was high time to break silence.

"Why don't you marry, take a house, and set up an equipage?" observed Ryan.

"I carry a coach and a dinner always in my pocket," replied Quin. "I can either take the number, or turn off my cook, whenever I please; and as to a wife, lord, Ryan! if I were to marry the best cook in England, she'd be sitting in the drawing-room before the honeymoon was half over. I was as good as married a short time once, and understand the sex, I flatter myself; but that was in my junior days, when I filled myself full of hope, and very little else; when I was a

youngster in old Tag-rag's company at Ipswich, getting rid of my clothes, dining upon a waistcoat, sleeping on my linen, and breakfasting on a pair of stockings. The rest of the company used to live on angling, but *I* couldn't get either bite or sup that way; the diversion of the diverting dogs was too barbarous for *my* taste."

"Do you really think angling a barbarous diversion, Mr. Quin?"

"Do I? Marry, yes! Suppose some superior being should bait a hook with venison, and go a Quinning,—I should certainly bite, and what a sight *I* should be dangling in the air!"

"That would be 'flesh fishified,' truly, as Hamlet observes. Talking of Hamlet puts me in mind of *my* tragedy."

"Does it? How one thing should lead to the other, however, would pass the wit of mortal man to conceive."

"I wish you would advise me what to do with it?"

"Marry, will I. Blot out one half of it, and burn the other."

"Davy Garrick keeps me down terribly: I don't see why I shouldn't play Hamlet."

"But Garrick does; and I suppose *I* could if I were to try."

"'To be, or not to be, that is the question.'"

"No question at all, upon my honour!"

"He might let me play the ghost, then."

As Ryan finished this observation, a very ghostly groan from the chimney made the two actors start and look at each other in the well-known attitude descriptive of the interrogation—*What's that?*"

"There's a fellow in the chimney," observed Quin, speaking very low, "coming to murder us—robbery—all that sort of thing. Ring the bell, Lacy." The bell sounded, and the landlord appeared.

"Landlord," muttered Quin, "there's some murdering thief in the chimney! Have the kindness to remove him, and bring us a fresh bottle of claret."

"In the chimney!" responded the host. "O lor, sir! it's the ghost!"

"Oh, only a ghost is it!" observed Quin, who began to suspect the landlord of a guilty connexion with some intended plot. "Well, sir, if you've planted a ghost there, you can order him down."

The landlord then related all he knew on the subject, and offered to shew the gentleman into another room; but this was immediately opposed. Quin, satisfied that some trick was being played off, stated his intention to see it performed, and raising his voice for the instruction of the ghost, if within hearing, ordered the landlord to bring in two beds, for that they would sleep in that room; and then added, in a lower tone, "I was speaking to the ghost. Now an aside. Give me your ear, and put yourself in an attentive attitude, looking towards the front row of the lower boxes. Get me a fire lighted in my old room, facing the poultry-yard. Bring in an additional recruit of wine or spirits: let it be a *magnum bonum* of brandy, and none of your *small* cruets. We must despatch this said ghost of yours, or perhaps it will be a troublesome guest when we are asleep; and when we have laid the fellow in the Red Sea, it will be time to go to bed."

The landlord soon appeared with the *magnum bonum*.

"Now we are prepared," observed Lacy. "Brandy *versus* ghost. I'll back the spirit in the bottle for a thousand pounds."

"Not quite prepared," whispered Quin. "We must load and

prime the pistols, as well as ourselves." Quin suited the action to the word, and then commenced brewing a jorum of hot brandy and water.

"Talking of ghosts," remarked Quin, "I saw old General Guise the other day, at a picture sale, and thought it was his ghost, for I had heard he was dead. Such a magnificent fellow as he used to be! He is now shrunk as thin almost as a man's own ghost. Garrick pointed him out; and I said it was impossible; but I put on my spectacles, and sure enough it was the old General. However, to annoy little Davy, I said, 'I'm right; Guise has been dead these two years; but it seems he has got a day-rule to see the pictures, and has come out *dis-Guised*.'"

"Very good indeed, Mr. Quin. Now, pray give me your real opinion of my tragedy. Do you think there are *many* men who could produce such a drama as mine?"

"Ay, sir, many men, many women, and many children."

"You seem to be in a very contradictory humour, Mr. Quin."

"Not at all. I'll bet you a cool crown you approve of the very next thing I say."

"Done, for a crown; for if I do approve of it, perhaps it may be worth the money. What is it?"

"Why, Mister Lacy Ryan, your modesty will not intimate as much to yourself; but it is shrewdly suspected you are the greatest genius in England."

"Well, I've lost my wager, and have scarcely gained an equivalent for my money. The compliment was not worth half a crown."

"It is worth one side of a crown, as a one-sided compliment, giving you a little information. Now in earnest, Lacy. You know I'm your sincere friend. I could hire a fellow for a shilling to damn your tragedy the first night."

"How so?"

"Why, if I have read your plot aright, you have two brothers fighting for a deceased monarch's crown; and in the last scene, when the princesses, the grand vizier, and the three blacks are lying dead, you cause the brothers to make up their differences, by one of them observing, that in future they would share the crown between them. Now, at that identical moment, I would have a fellow in the pit to get up, and say, 'That's just half-a-crown a-piece for you, my bucks.' The laugh would come in *there*, and your fine tragedy be converted into a farce. But where is this same ghost?" added Quin, in a low tone of voice; "it will be well to put out the candles, and pretend to be asleep. The fire affords us light enough to take aim with a pistol."

No sooner said than done. Quin blew out the lights, and in a few minutes began to snore with great propriety of modulation.

The ingenious gentleman, who pleased himself with the true performance of the ghost, after groaning through the aperture in the manner previously recorded, proceeded to the bar-room of the inn, to hear what sensation his most sweet and ghostly voice had succeeded in producing. "The ghost is a-yelling again!" exclaimed the landlord; "but the two gentlemen have ordered brandy, and say they wish to see the spirit. One of 'em is a play-actor, as bold as a lion, and the other's no better, I reckon. They care naught about ghosts, or demons either, with fire coming out of their mouths, and filled brimful of sulphur. They'll be a-going to sleep presently; and if the ghost really

don't trouble 'em, I shall be a-thinking there beant ever a rale ghost, but only a——a——”

“No rale ghost!” observed the ghost himself. “Why, you're not a *reist*, are you? No ghost! What could yell, and groan, and moan, and walk over the flure with an underground tread, and look so white and unarthly-like, as this here ghost of yourn do, but a rale ghost?”

“Very true; the room is certainly haunted; and I wish I were well out of the house.”

At this, the village genius chuckled, and thought, that if he could that night impose upon the play-actor and his companion, he could have the inn at a low rent. He then determined to execute a grand performance; and proceeding to the room which adjoined, by means of the chimney, the apartment where Quin and Ryan were seated, he commenced operations, by ascertaining what sort of a fire was kept up, and what were the positions of the two gentlemen. He found the fire in the large chimney would not at all incommode his descent into the room, the chimney-place being of the old-fashioned commodious kind, calculated for burning wood; and he was hugely delighted, by hearing the snore of Quin, who, having the patience of a horse in harness, was persevering in his laudable determination of humbugging the ghost.

The juggling village spirit commenced proceedings by a terrific groan through the chimney, to which Quin and his companion did not answer a word. He then dressed himself in his winding-sheet, lighted his turnip-lantern, chalked his face, corked his eyelids, and proceeded to get through the aperture. The noise of this exploit was very audible to Quin, and in a minute he sprang up, fired a pistol, and ordered Ryan to light the candles. The departed spirit was taken before he had made good his appearance in character; and, when down on his knees before Quin, looked—so chapfallen was he—more like the ghost of an impostor than a spirited ghost of the supernatural world.

“Look, you villain!” shouted Quin, in the tragic tone, seizing another pistol from the table, and placing the muzzle at the head of the interloper, “if you do not instantly acknowledge yourself to be one of the human species, I'll make a ghost of you in earnest!”

The noise of the first pistol alarmed the house: the landlord and all his dependents soon rushed into the room, and beheld the dispirited ghost in a very pitiable condition, begging on his knees for life.

“This is a more sensible ghost, Mr. Landlord, than you took him to be,” said Quin; “he has only premeditated our fright, and finding no success, he gives in, and cries quarter.”

The remainder of this scene may be easily imagined. The ghost had to run the gauntlet through the inn; and Quin and Ryan retired to bed, determined to leave the place the next day, before the ghost could contrive any means of human revenge. On the following morning, therefore, the horses were called out, and on mounting them, Quin observed to the ostler, “Are there any more such thieves and housebreakers as the ghost here, Dick?” To which Dick replied, “No; we be all honest folk, except the ghost; but Moll, cook, says this is the time of year for one Quin, I think she called 'un, a strolling play-actor, from Lunnun, to come down here, and I suppose we shall have nothing to boast of soon.”

“How do you feel, Mr. Quin?” interrogated Ryan.

"As well as could be expected, thank you," answered the hero.

"It seems to make the hair on your wig stand on end," continued Ryan.

"Possibly so," replied Quin; "I can't tell how notorious a black-guard or thief the hair of my wig originally belonged to."

"That's singular," remarked Ryan. "I should have thought you would have taken pains on that particular. I always approve of your taste in perriwigs: the new one you have on now is an elegant specimen."

"I know not how good it may prove when paid for," answered Quin, as he trotted off; "but *at present* it has run me over head and ears in debt."

CHATSWORTH.*

WONDERFULLY diversified, considering it with reference to its extent, is the power now existing, and giving hourly such new proofs of its existence, in the several fields of tale, novel, and romance writing. Whatever points of difference may be detected between tales and novels, or novels and romances, they are multiplied a hundred times by the points of difference presented on comparing the qualities of the writing. Of the leading authors, ranking at the head of what may be called the Three-Volume Power, each has a range of subject, and a bold distinguishing impress, peculiarly his own; and that this is true of Mr. Plumer Ward, although the fact is by no means necessary as evidence of his claim to rank among the ablest writers of fiction in his day, no reader of "*Tremaine*" will hastily deny.

Here, then, with eminent powers of his own, and an unquestioned three-volume reputation which he can add to as he pleases, we have Mr. Ward coming forth as the good genius, the guardian angel of a work, written, as it would appear, expressly to prove that three volumes are no longer literary necessities,—that they cannot come into the class of useful expedients, and, in short, that they are evils to be dispensed with at the shortest notice.

Now there is nothing in the number three which is worth any sharp fighting in its defence; a tale—provided it be of equal length—in one volume, would be just as acceptable; but if the present be a grave proposal to cut down our novels into short and simple stories, and so to abridge our romances as to send them into the breathless world only half made up, we at once protest against it. If we must always go on living in a hurry, and time become yet more scarce and precious, let them try and lengthen the year—an hour or two added to the night in the full publishing season, there can be little objection to; but clip not the novel in two. Once admit the principle of reduction, and such is the eager, encroaching spirit of the age, that it will never be satisfied until "*Tom Jones*" is reduced to a mere skeleton,—an "abstract" of himself,—and "*Waverley*" re-written in a style of lucid brevity, to shew that it may be transmitted, printed on a single

* Chatsworth; or, the Romance of a Week. 3 vols. Edited by R. Plumer Ward.

sheet, by the penny post. Only let the notion prevail that the public may obtain within the compass of a volume the spirit of three, and when will the three ever meet again! The public would next desire the demolition of "Macbeth," under the guise of an abridgment or abstract, and content itself with a hasty perusal of its plot, narrated after the manner of the newspaper plots, of operas and farces, on the morning after production. That is the point to which the rush for condensation must infallibly come at last. But let us follow Mr. Ward to Chatsworth, where we arrive at the close of August.

It is a noble demesne. Within its classic walls a princely hospitality has collected,—we are assured,—“one of the most charmingly assorted companies that even the fine intellectual taste and consummate social tact of the noble host himself had ever before made acceptable to each other.” After fitting pauses, and slow movements, betokening admiration unspeakable of the surpassing beauties around us, and the intellectual aristocracy into whose presence we are advancing, we stand within the magnificent library. There are the guests assembled, each in his best light, and nobody in another’s. The group is strikingly formed, and all composing it are separately sketched with a masterly hand. The author of “Tremaine” should have been a not undistinguished member of the circle; but his portrait is omitted, for a very intelligible reason. Nevertheless, we have amongst the “chief stars in the constellation of illuminati,” the “Genius” par excellence, and the “Lion” of the Chatsworth forests; the Lady of Circassian form, who, ensconced in the deep recesses of a luxurious reading-chair, listens to a handsome dandy, and is the only lady-writer “whose pen ever acquired the power of a man’s without losing the ease and grace of a woman’s;” another, pictured as the “Dark Ladyée,” who is proud and serene, though “with a worse ill within her breast than the fire-tortured victims in the Hell of Vathek;” and other real or imagined “illuminati,” with names or with no names, for the guidance or the bewilderment of the reader.

These so happily congregated wits, though circled with refinements, are alive to the maxim of the vulgar currier in the fable, touching the superiority of leather; for literature is the one topic of their discourse, as fat oxen are the favourite themes of drovers; nor do they talk only—they write,—they doubtfully uphold the dignity of literature, by practising the art under the roof of their noble host, and thus contrive, with more cleverness than delicacy, to follow their vocation while enjoying his hospitality.

The romance of a week, then, consists in writing and reading to the assembled party at Chatsworth,—a series of stories, designed by their several authors to supersede the recognised Rule of Three in literary fiction.

Whether we owe to the pen of Mr. Ward any one of the six tales which constitute “the Chatsworth records,” we presume not to guess, for he tells us nothing; but they are very striking, in their way, and have an air of freshness breathing of the free and romantic locality with which the editor associates them. The plot of an old Spanish play, or an incident in Boccaccio, furnishes the topic; nay, subjects nearer home have been seized,—the “Maid’s Tragedy” yields one tale, and “Pericles” another.

We return to the opening, where some peculiarly clear and animated

sketches of Chatsworth and its neighbourhood place us for a time on the very spot whence the view is taken, and make us feel that we are on the threshold of the demesne of Chatsworth palace.

And yet it seems necessary to apologize for tracing the steps of our enthusiastic portrayer of its grandeur through the district he describes. Matlock has grown obsolete—some may even associate it with vulgarity, for it can be reached in a few hours, and for a few shillings. It is, therefore, “unreasonable” to ask people to be charmed with Matlock Bath.

“But when English spa-goers have expended all their spare admiration on the aristocratic ‘finery’ of Toeplitz and Carlsbad—(whose very innkeepers write themselves Countesses;) on the Greenwich fair gaiety, gambling, and gormandizing of Baden-Baden; on the cockney pastorals of Wiesbaden; the sullen, snake-haunted seclusion of Schlangenbad; the leaden solitude (Schwein excepted) of Langen Schwalbach; the Regent’s-park ruralities of Marienbad; the Primrose-hill prettiness of Kissingen; the tumble-down antiquity of Aix-la-Chapelle; and, in short, all the other manifold wonders and beauties of all the other spas that it is their present pleasure to patronise;—when, we say, English spa-hunters have exhausted and grown tired of all these, they may, perchance, think it worth while to bestow a glance (merely out of curiosity) at a spot, which as much surpasses them all in picturesque beauty, and scenic grandeur and sublimity, as its pure, limpid, life-giving springs surpass in salubrity the dirty ditch-water, and the ‘inconvenient distance,’ to which the places we have named owe their celebrity.”

That little nest of human dwellings, whose sea-coal smoke rises up, a light-blue mist, from the invisible vale below, whose roofs give shelter in what, but a comparatively few years ago, was a wild and inaccessible ravine, formed out of the broken faces of a rock rent asunder, must, indeed, have been planted there by that religious love of nature and her works which breathes throughout these descriptions. One glimpse more of Matlock Bath:

“There is not in all Matlock Bath half-a-dozen square yards of natural level: the road that traverses the hamlet is cut out of the solid rock, on the left or west bank of the stream (the Derwent) that runs at the bottom of the ravine; the buildings are, as it were, cemented into the receding face of the rock, on the same side of the river, and rise behind and above each other, tier above tier; the approach to every one of them is by a steep artificial terrace, that terminates when the dwelling is reached; and you have only to suppose the case of some giant hand agitating for a moment the green mountain side, and all the dwellings that cling to it would drop off into the water-course below, like insects from a shaken leaf!”

If only for the sake of a more beautiful and impressive reflection eloquently conveyed, let us follow the writer from the terrace of the Old Bath into the stony jaws of the ravine, where the wooded heights and precipitous cliffs rise often above the clouds.

“But, buried as we are in this marble mausoleum of the living, (for every building about us is formed of the rude marble which constitutes the entire district,) the impressions which come to us from without, are touched and coloured by anything but funereal associations. The smiling pastures, and the sparkling river that hurries or lapses through them, glance and peep at us through the trees at every step, telling tales of pastoral peace, that nothing around threatens to mar; and the towering heights above, on either hand, and in front, are clothed and crowned with that luxuriant ‘pomp of groves,’ and that lovely garniture of clustering shrubs and clasping parasites, which, from the multitudinous LIFE that lurks or sports within and among them, cannot be contemplated, even from the confines of the grave itself, without a feeling that DEATH is but a baseless abstraction of the human mind, and that Nature knows it not.”

And, if our earnest and eloquent guide be a little over-wrathful with that “pestilent demon of commerce,” who has desecrated and de-

formed the natural loveliness of the southern side of Matlock Bath, he must be forgiven, as the fiery mood is one that enables him to turn the deformity to poetry. He pictures midway up the side of some fair forest-clothed hill, "everlastingly overlooking the vale, for miles around, *with its innumerable eyes*, a vast cotton-mill."

Again, by the soft margin of the river, whose face is broken into sparkling dimples, "a never-ceasing noise of innumerable hammers issues from the blackened walls, that, day and night, in sunshine and in moonlight, vomit forth volleys of poisonous smoke, that blast the trees all round, till no bird will sing there." Yet poetry finds strange nooks, and is not absent even there.

In contrast with all this, and with the perfect taste and harmonized beauty of the Palace of the Peak, stands Edensor, the "Duke's own village," and his *one* mistake. We pass the aristocratic hostelry, with its pillared porticoes and carpeted saloons, rendering yet more exquisitely beautiful the little Gothic inn of the lovely pastoral village of Rowsley, overhanging the Derwent, and so Isaac-Waltonized, that every object about the place breathes of his delightful book. We are in the pattern-village of Edensor, looking at diminutive flower-gardens and diminutive dwellings, bearing a marked resemblance to the pretty plaster-of-Paris light houses of the Italian image-boys. They are fairy habitations. The windows are unsulliedly bright—the draperies immaculately white. The very smoke out of those elegant chimneys issues bluely and gracefully as the curling wreaths from a meerschau. This wicked writer, when he first saw them, seems to have fancied that they were alms-houses for decayed dandies. But the mystery is explained. The "romance in stucco" is neither more nor less than a real village, inhabited by real peasants and labourers, who live on bread and bacon!

THE PATTERN-VILLAGE OF EDENSOR.

"But no—the blank silence that reigns everywhere throughout this seemingly favoured spot, even now that the labours of the day are over, proclaims something apart from ordinary village life—something, if not wrong, *too right*, about this rural La Trappe,—where the men, and the women too, seem to have forgotten how to talk, the dogs how to bark, the cats how to mew, and even the birds how to sing; and as for the little children, they have evidently never come to their tongues at all—a 'hush!' or an upheld finger, being the extent of their intercourse with their parents and with one another!

"Seriously, this pattern village of Edensor is the prettiest idea imaginable—on paper; and there it is that the Duke must alone have contemplated it, before carrying the design of his architect into effect; or his fine natural taste would have predicted the almost painfully-artificial result.

"The case is simply this: on the spot at present occupied by the model village of Edensor, there not long ago stood, within the very precincts of the park, a squalid hamlet, comprising the usual amount of tumble-down cottages, reeking dung-heaps, dreary duck-ponds, draggletailed mothers, dowdy daughters, dirty-faced children, and all the accompanying ills and eye-sores that English poverty is heir to; not forgetting the usual proportion of those amiable inventions of modern legislation, where boor and beer are 'licensed to be drunk on the premises':—in short, a very blotch upon the fair aristocratic face of Chatsworth; an unwholesome, unsightly eruption, for which, all ordinary modes of treatment being tried in vain, there was none left but the empirical one, of *driving the disease inwards*. And this, by the shallow counsel of his estate's physician, the good, kind, and generous Duke has adopted, little guessing the fatal result upon the patient, and as little likely to learn it from *that* quarter as from any other,—seeing that the disease we are dying of is always the last to which we believe ourselves liable. The least reputable and tractable of the quondam inhabitants of Edensor have been relegated to a village about a mile off, erected purposely for them by the Duke; and the *élite* have been

installed in this *beau-ideal* of a village, at an almost nominal rent, but under a tenure, the conditions of which may be guessed from what we have observed while looking on this prettiest and most plausible of mistakes—which can only be described by negatives. It has no shops, no smithy, no ‘public,’ no pound, no pump;—no cage, no stocks;—no quoits, no single-stick, no wrestling, no kite-flying, no cricketing, no trap-ball, no pitch and toss, no dumps;—no shouting, no singing, no halloing, no squabbling, no scolding;—no love-making, no gossiping, no tittle-tattle, no scan—Yes! one thing the miserable denizens of this ‘happy village’ have gained, in vice of their elevation in the scale of social life: they may scandalize one another to their hearts’ content! And it is to be hoped that they do so; for what is left but scandal, to those whose lives must be conducted in a whisper?”

We offer no apology for introducing this admirable picture, since, if the reader have seen the original, it will vividly recal a spot which must have amusingly impressed him; and if he have never viewed in reality the pattern-village, he has easily obtained as distinct an idea of it as a Canaletti could have given him. We are thus brought to the Park and the Palace, to the meeting of the illuminati, and the romance of a week.

WHEN TO LEAVE OFF.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

“WHEN to begin” is the first grand lesson Life has to learn; for the study of it must precede even the consideration of the important question, “What we are to begin with,” seeing that we can have no useful searching into that secret, until we know when to begin. This first lesson learnt, the next grand one that arises is—“When to leave off;” without perfectly comprehending which, all investigation else will probably be unavailing.

The infallible teacher of his kind, humanity’s best expositor and adviser, reminds us of that tide in men’s affairs, “which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;” and thus forcibly impresses upon us the immensity of the interests involved in the question, “When to begin.” But having taken the tide at the moment of flood, “When to leave off” is as essential a point of study; for only by knowing the ebb-time can we avoid those “shallows and miseries,” in which our lives are bound when we commence in ignorance and rashness.

The lesson, which should be second on the list of practical ones, is rarely taught effectively in youth. At school, it is neglected on both sides; the master seldom attends to it in his admonitions, and never in his floggings; and the scholar heeds it as little either in the playground, in his pugilism, or at the pastry-cook’s. A few years pass, and the youth still stands in need of the unlearned lesson. He begins a flirtation, and knows not when to leave off. He enters rashly into matrimony, repents with equal alacrity, and never knows when to leave off. Perhaps he now grows cautious; he holds a tight rein over his boys, to keep them out of his own disastrous courses; he drives them into a road of his own choosing, urges them to ends unsuitable to them, by means the most inconsiderate; and perseveres in exercising an unnatural control over their inclinations, until they bolt—to bear

with them through life the sting of an early recollection, and the disposition to trace all subsequent wrong-doing to the first wrong guidance, and the undue pressure of arbitrary authority.

What, in the wide range of human influence, can be more softening, more refining, more calculated to elevate, to delight, and to sustain, than a mother's loving care for her children; but then the history of a thousand families in every city, of almost every family in some degree, shews us but too plainly, that her uncontrolled and all-indulging fondness, exquisitely beautiful in its flower, may bear bitter fruit. Her affection twines closely round its object, enervating not unfrequently what it should invariably strengthen; her exaggerated estimate of dawning merits has sometimes killed them before noon, and her affectionate culture has nipped many a promise in the bud. The virtue lost by mistaken training she assumes to be still striking deeper root, and unfailingly with this mistake of partiality grows a fatal blindness to faults. Her fond heart overflowed at first, and never knew when to leave off.

Equally evident are the mistakes of the head, hourly committed in the career of ambition, the pursuit of power, the acquisition of wealth and fame. The vast, insatiable Briarean-handed genius grasps at a hundred *and one* objects, and loses all. The ruler of states, the conqueror in every battle, covered with laurels, carries the war into his own household, and demands implicit submission from his wife; not knowing when to leave off, the victor is subdued, and without enjoying the glory of strife, forfeits when he needs them the blessings of peace. So the builder-up of fortunes, knowing when to begin, grasps with boyish fingers the breeding coin—clutches, gathers, and accumulates, piles up ingot upon ingot, and sleeps on money-bags; but all his thoughts, studies, speculations, having centred in the first grand lesson, he has been at length too unmindful of the significance of the second, and he wakes as from a dream, his gold having melted under him like snow. So the poet who has rhymed himself into fame, rhymes himself again into obscurity; the orator who has charmed his audience, dissolves the spell by wearying them; the advocate, having skilfully won eleven jurymen to his side, to puzzle and confound the twelfth, desperately proves too much, and ends with having the whole dozen against him. All these are among the knowing ones, who lack the essential knowledge—when to leave off.

The want is not much to be wondered at, manifested in individuals or in classes; since foreigners have not been slow to bring the charge against us as a nation. The French always insist that they brought the battle of Waterloo to its proper and natural close; to a point, that is to say, at which we were legitimately beaten; but the British, it will be remembered, did not exactly know when to leave off. This extraordinary ignorance has always been a marked characteristic of our navy.

In the pursuit of excellence in any art, it may be advisable to stop short of perfection—to leave off, just before it is attained. It will not be comprehended, and the result will be failure. There are instances on record of the discomfiture and defeat attendant upon entire success. Not to mention the case of the pig, whose squeaking was soundly hissed for its vile pretensions to the accuracy of the human imitator,

there were recorded not long ago, the disasters of a grainer of woods and marbles. His painted resemblances of mahogany and scagliola were so exact and true, that the eye wandered over their polished surfaces without discerning their merits. Not knowing when to leave off, the unfortunate professor had made them perfect. Everybody judged them to be the real things, and nobody admired. He fell a victim to his excellence—ruined by success. Now there are portrait-painters, and other artists of various grades, who seem to be well aware of this danger, and studiously avoid all such accuracy of resemblance.

Actors, when they introduce their own elegances of dialogue to give a grace and effect to Congreve's, and having made an exit, return within the wing three times to throw the barren spectators into ecstasies, may be fairly classed with the most impudent scorers of the art of leaving off. Sailors, after a long voyage, terminating in shipwreck, are perfectly excusable, if, when seated before a round of beef, they seem wholly insensible of the existence of such an art. Young ladies engaged in new quadrilles, or older ones congregated at the tea-table, are not seriously to be rebuked, if they manifest a similar unconsciousness; it seems but natural.

Having made this liberal allowance, some indulgence may be extended, in consideration of the infirmities of the other sex, for the lovers of the fragrant weed, when a box of "particularly fine" is inconsiderately placed before them. Persons of mild tempers, plagued with vicious servants whom it is necessary to scold sharply at the outset, are not apt to leave off before the end of the quarter; but they ought to stop when they have given the irreclaimable one warning, which they seldom do: on the other hand, servants are apt naturally enough to scan the habits of their employers,—watching the wear of coats, cloaks, and cardinals, and coming, of course, to the conclusion that masters and mistresses never know when to leave off.

In the first class, if not foremost in it, of the neglectors of the art, we must place those distinguished and remorseless sportsmen, who, beating about in preserves where birds are "plenty as blackberries," return after a few hours, with two hundred and forty-seven partridges, a hundred and seventy-one pheasants, and ninety hares. "Leaving off" must be a phrase unknown in this select circle of dead shots, where "letting off" is the only thing to be done, and the sole difficulty is to miss; but since letting off is the rule, they might let a few of the birds off, considering the dozens and scores they had brought down before breakfast.

The secret worth knowing—when to leave off—is undiscoverable by the dram-drinker. The water-drinker is immersed in a still deeper sea of ignorance. He resembles the Irish orator, who began again before he left off. Having filled himself to the teeth with the limpid stream, he applies it externally; and, always awake to water, is not, even in sleep, out of his element. "His delights are dolphin-like." Lawyers, when they are making out their bills, are proverbially deficient in that important branch of knowledge to which we are alluding. The same may not unreasonably be alleged of many "medical attendants" when they have once knocked at your door. As for creditors, when they have fairly made up their minds to call upon a

defenceless gentleman merely because he owes them money, their habit is experimentally known to nine-tenths of the community.

A sad want of instruction on this head has long been evinced by London tradesmen in reference to hours of business; but they are learning the lesson at last, and the knowledge they are rapidly acquiring will doubtless prove both useful and entertaining to all employed on their establishments.

Of still graver importance is it, that the wisdom of the lesson should be instilled yet more deeply into the minds of mill-owners, and all whose manufacturing operations depend so materially upon Infant Labour. The little labourers in our factories, so slenderly informed on other subjects, can feel to their finger-tips and in their very eyelids, the philosophy of the question involved in "short hours." Short hours need but short arguments. Beautifully, and with an exquisite woman's instinct, sings Mrs. Norton, in that tenderest and most touching of her many admirable poems, the "Voice from the Factories"—

" Ever a toiling child doth make us sad ;"

the little toilers on the slack-wire, in equestrian circles and stage fairy-tales, not excepted; but what are these to the long tribe of street-sorrowers, or these again to the infant workers in the factory—

" Where the air thick and close and stagnant grows,
And the low whirring of the incessant wheel
Dizzies the head, and makes the senses reel ;"

Where for them the rich fulness of the joyful summer-day, but brings

" A double curse of stifling, withering heat,"

which they must bear until the last weary hour of eve, when, worn with increasing torture and toil, they totter home, too sick to taste the food they need, too spent and exhausted for anything but sleep. And then—

———" Unable to forget
The anxious task's long heavy agonies,
In broken sleep the victim labours yet !
Waiting the boding stroke that bids him rise,
He marks in restless fear each hour that flies ;
Anticipates the unwelcome morning prime ;
And murmuring feebly, with unawakened eyes,
' Mother, oh, mother ! is it yet *the time* ?'
Starts at the moon's pale ray, or clock's far-distant chime."

How should the horrid day thus begun seem ever to have an end ! "When to leave off," was for long years a question only settled by ascertaining when the feeble pulse stopped, and the dull tearless eyes opened no more. But the moan and the whisper of accumulated suffering and wrong have at length gathered into a loud cry, and abashed Humanity has heard.

Our Library Table.

THE NOVEL OF RURAL LIFE.

The Crock of Gold, a Rural Novel. 1 vol. By Martin Farquhar Tupper. —Those who are acquainted with the "Proverbial Philosophy," or other productions of Mr. Tupper, will scarcely expect him to write a novel in the style and manner of people in general. He scorns custom, and must impress the reader in his own way, or be silent. There is in the idea of a "rural novel" something that takes us clean out of the fashionable road; and we accordingly find ourselves a long way from modern Mayfair, or ancient history, when we arrive at the opening words of the tale—"Roger Acton woke at five"—and the announcement that this, the leading personage of the scene, is "about forty, or from that to fifty;" labour, want, and weather having used him roughly; that he figures in a patched and well-worn smock, heavily clouted high-laced boots, a dingy worsted neck-tye, and an old felt hat,—warns us at once of the ground we are entering upon.

When we are apprised that this specimen of the English agricultural labourer, who has hitherto, amidst severe toils and trials, been honest, patient, and industrious, has just begun to grumble and repine, to feel his wants bitterly, and to dream of finding gold, we are prepared to hear that he does find it, and that it burns his fingers; that his principles are insensibly undermined, his miseries multiplied past numbering, and his struggles with himself and circumstances are destined to carry him to the criminal bar, and thence, either forward to the grave, or back again to a cottage of content. All this happens; his ultimate destiny being the said cottage, rendered a hundred times more comfortable than it was before he became a rogue through his raging hunger for gold.

In the conduct of the story which thus terminates, there is scarcely more attempt at skilful mystification or adroit concealment of the course of matters. Events are related, the most important in the tale, and then we have several chapters explanatory of the circumstances which brought them about—the catastrophe first, and then the details. And yet the author, chapter by chapter, sustains the interest unbrokenly, and keeps us listening to the last.

We do not mean to imply anything in the least disparaging, when we say that we regard the "Crock of Gold," as a first-class melodrama, delightfully embellished, and exalted often into poetry; yet a melodrama of the "rural" order, set off with many graces of reflection, and many flashes of fancy.

The characters are in humble life, and they are not lifted out of it; what little they say is in their proper language; their sentiments belong to them, and what the author says for them is all right enough; but in what they do, there is often exaggeration for the sake of effect. "Steady Acton" steals a sovereign in an almost impossible way; and the great villain of the story, the steward Jennings, tyrannizes over and tramples upon him in the very presence of a just and good-natured master, with an impunity that, to say the least of it, is strained. This is no grave objection in general novel-writing, but it is something in a tale which is designed to represent a natural order of things, and whose truth and completeness of effect depend upon fidelity. And the author appears to admit such a dependence, when he tells us (p. 112) that his story "purports to be a Dutch picture as becometh boors, their huts, their short and simple annals; so that, after its moralities, the mass of minute detail is the only thing that gives it any value."

There is considerable exaggeration in the death-scene of the detected villain Jennings; and the description of the murder which he commits—all the incidents of his struggle with an aged woman, and the details of her strangulation, being elaborately given—is an example of the power of portraying horrors, the effect of which is simply revolting.

Here ends objection,—objection which the story can well afford,—for we shall not vehemently protest against a good-hearted poacher being won from his illegal practices by the appointment to a keepership; nor will we quarrel with old Roger's luck in getting back all the rent he had paid, with an exemption from payment in the golden evening of his life.

The sketch of the old labourer's daughter, Grace Acton, is to be extremely admired. Simple and lofty-minded, pious and pure of heart, her affectionate devotion to her poor tempted father, who has fallen so suddenly, and from such a height, is eminently beautiful; and her tender, graceful, natural bearing, in the scenes with her humble and honest lover, brings love into the heart as we read.

The tale offers but few advantages in the way of extract, the reflections with which it abounds are so interwoven with it. We copy one of the few general remarks; it arises naturally out of the niggardly disposition evinced by the deluded and half-crazy Roger, when he has found the gold he covets, and become rich:

"It is astonishing how immediately wealth brings in, as its companion, meanness: they walk together, and stand together, and kneel together, as the hectoring, prodigal Faulconbridge, the Bastard Plantagenet in King John, does with his white-livered, puny brother, Robert. Wherefore, no sooner was Roger blest with gold, than he resolved not to be such a fool as to lose liberally, or to give away one farthing. To give, I say, for extravagant indulgence is another thing; and it was a fine, proud pleasure to feast a lot of fellows at his sole expense. If meanness is brother to wealth, it is at any rate first cousin to extravagance.

"When the dowager collects 'her dear five hundred friends' to parade before the fresh young heirs her wax-light lovely daughters—when all is glory, gallopade, and Gunter—when Rubini warbles smallest, and Lablache is heard as thunder on the stairs—speak, tradesmen, ye who best can tell, the closeness that has catered for that feast; tell it out, ye famished milliners, ground down to sixpence on a ball-dress bill; whisper it, ye footmen, with your wages ever due; let Gath, let Ascalon re-echo with the truth, that extortion is the parent of extravagance!"

This is followed by a touching and beautiful picture of the family of the altered father, and the horrible increase of desolation in the cottage which follows the possession of the fatal crock of gold. How far less desolate—rather, how radiant is the prison, which is the next scene in the sad history. The daughter makes a sunshine there, and in that beautiful light the father sees into his own heart, and is penitent. "We will leave thee," runs the sweet music of the moralist, "in the cold stone cell, with thy well-named angel Grace to comfort thee, and pray with thee, and help thee back to God again, and so repay the debt a daughter owes her father. Happy prison! where the air is sweetened by the frankincense of piety, and the pavement gemmed with the flowers of hope, and the ceiling arched with heaven's bow of mercy, and the walls hung around with the dewy drapery of penitence!"

The scriptural references, and the scriptural style, often introduced, give a peculiar character, both to the ordinary narrative and the reflections which adorn it. There are many, many other passages of a less studied and ambitious character, which the memory would willingly bring away with it, and treasure among its sweetest records—passages of high poetic thought and deeply-felt morality. We gratefully offer thanks to the writer for another pleasure.

SKETCHES FROM ABROAD.

Antigua and the Antiguans. 2 vols.—Chronology, in such a colony as the lovely and fertile island of Antigua, is little more than a collection of calamities—of fires, fevers, earthquakes, insurrections, and convulsions infinite. That "old almanac," its history, has but few red-letter days in it. Take the recent record of occurrences in Antigua—for we have not the remotest chance of accompanying our author in his backward researches, to trace out the early history of the colony. To go no further than the year 1828—that period will be remembered as the season in which the "dandy fever" prevailed—a dis-

treasuring malady, that took its name from the strange gestures which its excruciating agonies occasioned the unfortunate sufferers to exhibit. In 1831, there was an insurrection among the negroes, occasioned by the ill-managed suppression of Sunday-markets. The year 1833 was rendered memorable by the severe shocks of earthquake felt at Antigua, as well as at most of the islands throughout the chain—these being followed by a season of dry weather that rendered the fertile little island a barren waste. The red-letter day dawned next—a bright one in the colonial calendar of Great Britain—1833 being celebrated throughout the civilized world as the year of the abolition of slavery; but more particularly was it celebrated by the Antiguans, who, laying aside all claims to apprenticeship, gave their negroes immediate freedom—and a most gratifying, a most exulting reflection it is, that they have never had reason to repent their promptitude and humanity. The year following, 1835, brought with it a scene of fearful hurricane, and not long after, the yellow fever broke out with terrible malignancy. Things, however, have since been looking a little more steady and hopeful; and a gradual progress is reported—the authority being that of an eye-witness, who, though not a West Indian, appears to be an ardent lover of the localities he describes.

Of the sixty thousand acres which form the extent of this island, about four-fifths probably are in a state of cultivation. It was, we are told, the opinion of many planters, soon after emancipation, that the mountainous estates must, in a great measure, be neglected, as the steadiness of the negro is not always to be depended on, and the plough would be useless. These prognostications, says our informant, have not been fulfilled; “on the contrary, in my rides through the country, I have seen many spots of land which once bore only grass, or wild shrubs planted with canes, and bearing the title of a sugar-estate, which, had slavery continued, would never have been cultivated.” Still he admits that agricultural labourers are wanted; for the free negro, looking upon his patriarchal occupations as disgraceful because practised in his bondage, frequently quits the country, to turn mason, or carpenter, tempted by high wages, which he is incompetent to earn. These errors, however, are sure to cure themselves, as naturally as it is natural to commit them.

The writer has been long in the island, and seems intimately acquainted with everything worthy of reporting to the mother-country, and much that is not worth reporting at all. He gives, besides a full historical account of the colony and its inhabitants from the time of the Caribs, an interesting, and perhaps on the whole, an impartial view of the slavery and the free-labour systems. The rest of his closely printed volumes is composed of anecdotes and legends, written in a style sufficiently glowing and florid; statistical accounts, neighboured by extracts from our colonist's favourite poets, who are not few in number; and by biographical notices of the principal families in and out of the churchyard.

We find space for a short extract. The first brief passage is characteristic of the events recorded, the inhabitants of the island, and the author himself. An earthquake happened at St. Kitts, just as all the aristocracy were clustered in the gayest of groups at a ball in the court-house.

“I chanced to visit St. Kitts a short time after this awful occurrence. The inhabitants were still trembling from apprehension; and upon the slightest motion of the floor, the colour fled from the lips of many of the fair sex, and left them of a pallid white. I was present, upon one occasion, when a gentleman requested a young lady to favour him with a song. ‘Oh, no, sir! you must excuse me,’ said she, lengthening her very pretty face, and throwing an air of gravity into her countenance; ‘we never sing since the earthquake.’ *If no other good was effected, it had the power of alienating her mind (for a season at least) from some of the vanities of the world, if a simple song can be called one.*”

Earthquakes at St. Kitts are not such momentous things; otherwise one might be of opinion that this was but a small matter for an earthquake to accomplish—the task of stopping a young lady's singing, “for a season at least.”

Two Years in France and Switzerland, by Martha Macdonald Lamont. 1 vol.—The letters, journals, and diaries, records of tours, and reminiscences of travel, that have been written during the last thirty years, from the places described and commemorated in this little volume, would, if spread out in sheets of various sizes, almost suffice to cover the ground travelled over. What praise, then, we bestow upon that writer, to whom we tender thanks for a most pleasant entertainment upon such a subject—for information brought delightfully back to memory, mingled with novelty, and for a sense of freshness and animation pervading the whole record, so as almost to make us feel that we have been travelling instead of reading.

Such is the greeting we cordially give to the author of these impressions, thoughts, and sketches, which are amongst the most just, sensible, unaffected, and lively of their class. The writer joins to the kindest feeling, and an amiability which, ever desirable in our countrywomen, is especially to be wished for in those who travel, a generally clear-seeing sense, and an unprejudiced judgment, power of observation and power of remark, good humour, frankness, and a skill or a simplicity in writing that leaves nothing obscure or mistakeable, whether we like her sketch and opinion or not. Amongst the most agreeable letters are those from the boarding-schools and houses of Paris; but there is considerable piquancy in others, with grace and playfulness of description, where the subject admits of it. Critical remarks, generally in excellent taste, on such specimens of literature and art as are casually presented, are scattered over the letters, which contain also a few fragments of verse, that are very far from being unembellishing to the text.

The Gleaner. By Mrs. C. J. Parkerson. 2 vols.—To collect the opinions of the great and good on subjects which refer to the daily practice of individuals and society, is this lady's professed object in forming a very miscellaneous assortment of scraps into two comely volumes. The preface is sensible in its tone; but the remark, "it has been an object to avoid such extracts as have appeared in other collections, and to bring forward such as are in danger of being neglected," is amusingly contradicted by scores of the pages that follow; wherein we find among the extracts that have not appeared in other collections, the Byronian enigma (the letter *h*), beginning—

"'Twas whisper'd in Heaven, 'twas mutter'd in Hell;"

and among the passages that are in danger of being neglected, we notice some stanzas, commencing with this totally unknown assertion—

"All that's bright must fade,
The brightest still the fleetest;"

followed by a now-forgotten announcement, made by some obscure Eastern lady, one who—

"Never loved a tree or flower
But 'twas the first to fade away;"

together with a poetical reference to the dark eye of a certain graceful animal, who was sure to die the moment it came to know its mistress well, and to love her.

This objection, however, if it be one, does not apply generally to the collection, much of which is unknown, as some of it perhaps deserves to be. The extracts are all chosen with the nicest moral propriety, and may safely be committed to the perusal of the young.

IRISH MUSIC.—In this department we anticipate an interesting novelty this month. Mr. Lover, whose name is so successfully identified with the song and the story of his native land, promises a lecture on the Music and National Character of Ireland, with vocal illustrations. We rejoice that Mr. Lover undertakes this duty for Ireland. Poet and musician as he is, the cause is in worthy hands.

Saint James's:
OR
THE COURT OF QUEEN ANNE.

BY THE EDITOR.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

HARLEY DISCOVERS THAT CERTAIN IMPORTANT DOCUMENTS HAVE BEEN ABSTRACTED BY GREG.—HIS UNEASINESS IS INCREASED BY A MESSAGE FROM THE MARQUIS DE GUISCARD.

ON their return from the duel, it being still very early, Saint-John proposed to the others that they should repose themselves for a short time before breakfast, to which both readily agreeing, Masham was shewn to a chamber, where, being much fatigued—for he had not closed his eyes during the night—he threw himself upon a couch, and almost instantly fell asleep. He was aroused by the entrance of a servant, who told him breakfast was served, and assisted him to repair his toilette, which done, he descended to the lower room, and was greeted as he approached it by the sound of merry voices and laughter. He found Mrs. Hyde and Angelica at table with the host and Maynwaring, and some progress seemed to have already been made in the meal. A blooming countenance is always a pleasant object of contemplation in a morning; and notwithstanding her embarrassment, Angelica looked quite charming,—her complexion was so fresh, her eyes so liquid, and her teeth so white. She gazed with ill-concealed admiration at all around her—at the silver covers, shrouding the savoury omelette, the piquant cutlet, and the well-peppered grill; at the eggs reposing in the snowy napkin; at the exquisitely chased silver tea-kettle, with its spirit lamp, and still more exquisite chocolate-pot; at the delicious little blue tea-cups of the choicest porcelain; at the silver flagons for those who preferred claret to the simpler beverages; and having surveyed all this, her eyes wandered to the sideboard, with its well-ordered array of cold chicken, cold ham, tongue, raised pie and potted meats; while, hard by, a portly butler met her gaze, ready to carve the viands, or to dispense the contents of certain long-necked flasks, with which an adjoining cooler was filled. Like all country girls, who enjoy good health, Angelica had a tolerable appetite; and she knew too little of modish manners to put any restraint upon it. She took, therefore, with gratitude all that was offered her; but her doings in the eating line were mere child's-play compared with those of her mother, who was in ecstasies with the repast, and devoured everything before her.

"Dear me!" cried Mrs. Hyde, "why this is a much grander breakfast than we had at Squire Clavering's, when his daughter Sukey was married. Do taste the ham, Jelly! I'm a good hand at curing a ham myself, but this beats me. The tongue too is boiled to a bubble—there's a great art in boiling a tongue, as I'm sure your cook knows, Mr. Saint-John—another slice if you please, sir. Well, I don't mind a kidney, since you're so pressing. Jelly, my love, you don't eat! Bless the poor thing! she has fretted so much about her father, that she has quite lost her appetite. Try a little of this apricot marmalade, my dear. It'll do you good. Mr. Saint-John says he'll soon procure the dear man's liberation, so you may be perfectly easy. You see, I'm quite comfortable. Well, I've eaten a great deal, but I can't refuse a cutlet—it looks so nice. A few mushrooms with it, by all means. Another dish of tea, if you please, sir," to the footman. "You're very good. I shouldn't object to a drop of brandy in it. But it must only be a drop—mind that! You've a design upon me, Mr. Saint-John, or you wouldn't offer me some of the omelette. The first and last omelette I tasted was at the squire's, and I thought it so good then, that I can't refuse now. Jelly, my dear, you're doing nothing. Do eat, child; and recollect you don't get such a breakfast as this every day. You're quite right, Mr. Saint-John, an egg can do nobody any harm. Ah! there we country folk have the advantage of you. You should taste *our* eggs, sir,—fresh laid, white as snow,—they are a treat. Jelly fetches them every morning from the nest. You've such a way with you, Mr. Saint-John, that I can't say no. I must taste the pigeon-pie, though positively I've eaten so much, that I begin to feel quite uncomfortable. Don't look at me, Jelly, but take care of yourself. A little gravy, sir," to the butler, "while you're about it."

It was at this juncture that Masham entered the room.

"I'm afraid Mr. Masham will find little to eat," cried Mrs. Hyde. "We've got half an hour's start of him."

"Don't distress yourself about me, madam," he replied. "Abundance is still left upon the table, and I'll soon make up for lost time."

"Angelica says she should have broken her heart if Guiscard had killed you, Masham," Saint-John observed.

"Nay, I said another lady would break her heart," she replied. "But I should have been purely sorry myself, I must own."

"'Pon my soul, I didn't know how to express my thanks," cried Masham.

"You awaken a tender interest in all the ladies, Masham," remarked Maynwaring.

"It's not to be wondered at," said Angelica, "considering——"

And she blushed and hesitated.

"Pray finish your speech, my dear," cried Maynwaring. "Considering what?"

"I don't know what I was going to say," she rejoined with increased confusion.

"Do let Mr. Masham eat his breakfast, Jelly," said Mrs. Hyde. "Try one of these cutlets, sir; you'll find 'em excellent—or these kidneys, they're broiled to perfection. And so you have killed the marquis? My worthy husband declares that a duellist is a murderer, and ought to be hanged. But then he's rather too severe; and as I tell him if that was to be the case, we should hang some of the first quality; and would you believe it, he answered, 'And a good thing, too.' *Do* take a little of this peach preserve, sir; you'll find it delicious."

"How far Masham deserves hanging, I know not," said Saint-John, laughing; "but you are mistaken, madam, in supposing he has killed the marquis. He has only very slightly wounded him."

"More's the pity, I think," cried Mrs. Hyde. "But if the officer spoke the truth last night, he has only been saved from one death for another more ignominious."

"May be," observed Saint-John, somewhat gloomily.

But instantly resuming his former gaiety, he turned the conversation to the various amusements and attractions of town-life—expatiating upon the theatres, the opera, the concerts, the public gardens, the balls, the masquerades, the drives in the park, the promenades on the Mall, and drew such a captivating picture of fashionable existence that it quite charmed Angelica's fancy.

"Dear me!" she sighed, "how purely happy those fine ladies must be, who can lie a-bed as late as they like; and have nothing to do but amuse themselves when they get up. How I wish I had been born to such a lot! I should like of all things to have a little black page with a white turban and feathers on his head—a nice room with great japan screens, and cabinets full of lovely china monsters—a French perruquier to dress my hair—the richest silks and satins for my gowns and petticoats, and the finest lace for my caps and pinnars; but most of all, I should like to have a grand gilt charrot, with three footmen behind it, and a fat coachman on the box. Oh, it would be purely nice!"

"Save us! how sinfully the wench talks!" cried Mrs. Hyde. "It's very well your father doesn't hear you, or he would chide you heartily for your vanity."

"All this may be yours, Angelica," said Saint-John, in a low tone to her. "You have only to say the word."

"I think I had better give up the gilt charrot, and the fat coachman," sighed Angelica, looking down.

"You'll be a great deal happier and healthier if you continue to get up at five o'clock of a morning, to help Dolly to milk the cows, Jelly," said Mrs. Hyde, "than if you were to lie a-bed till eleven or twelve, and then get up with the vapours and a headache; and Tom the farming lad will wait upon you as well as the little black boy; and as to the chayney gimcracks and monsters,

I'm sure my delf is prettier by half, and my pewter plates brighter than any silver; and if you must ride, you know you can always have the cart and the old mare; or if you want to go to Thaxted, Phil Tredget will be too happy to give you a seat behind him on the pillion. You seem to have forgotten poor Phil."

"No, I haven't," replied Angelica, with a look of mingled vexation and shame, and who had vainly endeavoured to check her mother's loquacity; "I think of him as much as he deserves. But nobody knows him here."

"He's as honest a lad as any in Essex," said Mrs. Hyde; "and as good-looking, too, though I say it to you, Mr. Masham, who're an Essex gentleman yourself. He's about your height, sir; but a good deal broader across the shoulders, and with fine curly auburn hair, with a red tinge in it."

"It's as red as carrots," cried Angelica.

"Oh, I've no doubt he has the advantage of me immeasurably," replied Masham, laughing heartily.

"And so you've given your heart to Phil Tredget, eh—Angelica?" inquired Saint-John.

"Not quite," she replied, blushing.

"Then Phil deceived himself, strangely, Jelly," rejoined her mother.

"I didn't know my own mind then," said Angelica, with a furtive glance at Saint-John.

"To be sure not," he replied, with a meaning look. "Well, since you've finished breakfast, Masham, we'll proceed to business. Pray amuse yourselves here in the best way you can, ladies, till I send Mr. Hyde to you." So saying he arose, and accompanied by his two friends, quitted the room.

"What do you mean to do with the girl?" asked Maynwaring, as they issued into the street.

"Faith, I don't know," replied Saint-John; "but she is devilish pretty."

Maynwaring acquiesced in the opinion, and quitted them at the corner of King-street, while the two others proceeding to Mr. Harley's residence, in Saint James's Square, were without difficulty ushered into his presence.

They found Harley alone, and engaged in writing. His looks were troubled, and after congratulating Masham on the result of the duel, he took Saint-John into an inner room, and said to him—"This arrest of Greg gives me great uneasiness. I have been revolving the matter all the morning, and am still full of perplexity."

"Have you in any way trusted him?" asked Saint-John.

"No," replied Harley; "but it is impossible to say what the villain has done. He may have opened my boxes—my letters; and secrets of vital importance may have become known to him."

"Rest easy," replied Saint-John. "No credit will be attached to any statements he may make, unless borne out by proof."

"But I fear he *has* proof," replied Harley. "I have examined the *escritoir* in which I keep my secret papers, and there is one packet missing, which if it should fall into the hands of Godolphin and Marlborough, would ruin me."

"Cursedly unlucky, indeed!" exclaimed Saint-John. "I would almost recommend a flight to France."

"No, I will stay and confront the danger whatever it may be," replied Harley. "Would I could know the worst! But I dare not hold any communication with Greg."

The silence into which both fell was broken by the entrance of the usher, who said that Parson Hyde was in the ante-room, and begged an immediate interview with Mr. Harley, his business being of the utmost importance.

"Shew him in at once," cried the secretary. "As this man was arrested with Greg, we shall now probably learn something," he added to Saint-John, as the usher left the room.

The next moment, Hyde was introduced.

"You have heard of my arrest, gentlemen, I presume?" he said, bowing respectfully.

"We have, sir," answered Harley; "and are glad to see you at liberty."

"My detention was the result of misrepresentation, as it turns out," the divine replied; "but the consciousness of innocence supported me; and my confinement for the night in the Gatehouse has been the sole inconvenience I have endured."

"But what of your fellow-prisoner, Greg? Has he been released too?" asked Harley, hastily.

"No, sir," returned Hyde; "nor is he likely to be released, as far as I can learn. It is on his account I have come to you."

"Well, sir, proceed. What have you to say concerning him?" demanded Harley.

"I scarcely know how to justify what I have done," replied Hyde; "but I could not refuse to aid a friend in misfortune. As I have said, I was locked up in a chamber at the Gatehouse with my poor friend, and as soon as the door was closed upon us, he extorted from me, by urgent solicitations, a promise to do him a service, provided I was set at liberty, which he foresaw I should be, the first thing in the morning. This was to go to the Marquis de Guiscard, whose address in Pall Mall he gave me, and to tell him what had happened."

"Is that all?" cried Harley, impatiently.

"No, sir," replied Hyde. "He bade me tell the marquis to open a small box which he had entrusted to his care a few days ago, and with its contents purchase safety for him from you."

"That box contains the missing packet, I'll be sworn," whispered Harley to Saint-John. "Well, sir," he added to the divine, "you went to the marquis, I suppose—but you did not see him. He has been wounded in a duel, this morning."

"Pardon me, Mr. Harley," replied Hyde; "I did see him. On learning that I wished to speak with him, the marquis

caused me to be introduced to his bedside, and dismissed his attendants. I then delivered poor Greg's message to him, upon which he instantly rang for his French valet, and bade him take a small box from a cabinet to which he pointed, and break it open. This was done, and a packet of letters was found within it. Having examined them, the marquis's countenance brightened up, and he cried, 'A thousand thanks, reverend sir! You have done me infinitely more good than the surgeon who has just quitted me. These letters will save our poor friend, and I am glad of it. But do me a further favour. Go to Mr. Harley, and tell him as he values himself, to come to me instantly. I would go to him, but I cannot quit my chamber, and not a moment is to be lost. Observe the greatest caution.' And with a few words more, he dismissed me. 'This is all I have to relate.'

"And enough, too," muttered Saint-John.

"The marquis is the dupe of some trickery on the part of Greg, I fear," said Harley, vainly trying to mask his uneasiness. "Nevertheless, I will comply with his request."

"You will do well," observed Saint-John; "for though I cannot conceive how these letters can serve Greg, yet it may be desirable to see them. You will find your wife and daughter at my house in Saint James's-place, hard by, Mr. Hyde; and as they have been much alarmed by your arrest, it will be kind in you to set their minds at ease as soon as possible. You can make my house your home for the present."

"I return you my humble thanks, sir," replied Hyde, bowing respectfully, and quitting the room.

"I will go to this rascal marquis at once," said Harley. "I shall have to buy these letters dearly,—but buy them I will. I have a plan which I think will succeed. Remain with Masham, my dear friend, till I return. I shall not be long."

CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

THE PRICE PAID FOR THE LETTERS.

FOLLOWED by a queen's-messenger, whom he had hastily summoned, and to whom he gave certain instructions, Harley proceeded to Pall Mall. On arriving at the marquis's, he posted the messenger near the door, and knocking, was admitted by the grinning and obsequious Bimbelot, who, in reply to his inquiries, informed him that his master was somewhat easier, but expecting the honour of a visit from Mr. Harley, hoped he would excuse being shewn to his bed-room, as he was unable to leave it. With these, and many more apologies, the valet led the way, with much ceremony to a most luxurious chamber, in which stood a large canopy-bed with brocade hangings, a superbly-appointed toilette table, a cheval-glass, hung with muslin, two magnificent wardrobes in one corner, and a range of peruke-stands. Over the

chimney-piece was a fine picture of the Judgment of Paris, and there were other pieces of a similar nature hung about the room. On a couch, and partly covered by a loose silk dressing-gown, lay the marquis. The swarthy hue of his complexion had given place to a deathly pallor, and, notwithstanding Bimbelot's assurance that he was free from pain, he seemed to suffer intensely. He made an effort, however, to raise himself slightly on Harley's appearance, begged him to be seated, and motioned the valet to retire.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Harley," he said, with a smile, which communicated a sinister effect to his ghastly features; "I was sure you would come. You have been told by the worthy clergyman I despatched to you what has happened?"

"I have been informed by him that certain letters which I have reason to believe have been purloined from my *escritoir* by the villain Greg, have come into your possession," replied the secretary. "Is it not so?"

"It is," rejoined Guiscard. "Those letters, which are of the last importance, as proving that a correspondence subsists between one of Queen Anne's ministers and an exiled royal family, were entrusted to me by the poor devil you mention, who now wishes me to make terms by means of them for his safety; but I need scarcely say I require them for myself."

"You are sufficiently unscrupulous, I am aware, marquis," replied Harley, bitterly.

"Would you do otherwise if you were similarly circumstanced, Mr. Secretary?" rejoined Guiscard, in a derisive tone. "But to the point. No matter how obtained, these documents are in my possession. Greg's arrest may possibly compromise me, though I think I have provided against all contingencies. But with these letters I can purchase perfect security from Godolphin and Marlborough, so that I have no further uneasiness. Before doing so, however, I offer them to you, as they are of more value to you than to any other person."

"Let me hear the price you put upon them?" said Harley, coldly.

"First, protection to myself," replied Guiscard, "in case Greg's examination should at all implicate me."

"Accorded," rejoined the secretary. "What more?"

"Secondly, the hand of Abigail Hill," said the marquis.

"Refused," replied Harley, in a determined tone.

"Then I shall be compelled to treat with your enemies," said Guiscard.

"Now hear me, marquis," rejoined Harley—"those letters must be mine, and upon my own terms. Knowing with whom I have to deal, I have taken measures accordingly. A queen's-messenger awaits my orders at your door, and I have only to speak the word, and your instant arrest will follow. This will effectually prevent you from negotiating with Godolphin and Marlborough;

and even if the letters should be laid before the council, I have little fear of the consequences, so well am I provided against every difficulty. Like a prudent man, therefore, you will weigh the chances, and seeing on which side the advantage preponderates, will incline that way. What I offer is this—freedom from your present jeopardy, and two thousand pounds.”

And, as he spoke, he produced a pocket-book, and opening it, displayed a roll of bank-notes. Guiscard leaned back his head, and appeared to reflect.

“I would as lieve perish, as yield 'Abigail to that accursed Masham,” he cried at length, with a frightful expression of hatred and bodily anguish.

“She will be his in any case,” replied Harley; “and your wisest, and indeed only course, will be to abandon all idea of her, and instantly close with my proposition.”

“Say three thousand,” rejoined Guiscard; “your post is well worth that sum, and you are certain to lose it, if not your head, if these letters are given up. Say three thousand, and I consent.”

“I have gone as far as I care to go, and further than I need have gone,” replied Harley, closing the pocket-book. “Make up your mind at once. Mine is made up already.”

And he arose from his seat, as if with the intention of leaving the room.

“I have your solemn pledge for my own safety?” said Guiscard.

“So far as I can secure it—undoubtedly,” replied the secretary.

“Then here are the letters,” said the marquis, delivering the packet to him.

“And here are the notes,” replied the other, handing him in exchange the pocket-book.

And while the one examined the letters, to see that they were all right, the other told over the notes. Both were apparently satisfied with their scrutiny.

“You need fear no revelations from Greg, Mr. Harley,” said Guiscard. “Your enemies no doubt will attempt to tamper with him; but I will give him to understand, through Parson Hyde, whose simplicity will render him a capital agent, that his sole hope of escape depends upon his silence. The gallows will set all to rest. Leave him to me.”

“Adieu, marquis,” replied Harley. “You have seldom made a luckier hit—even at hazard—than this, and it may console you for your defeat by Masham, and for the loss of Abigail.”

CHAPTER THE EIGHTEENTH.

A LOVE-SCENE IN THE QUEEN'S ANTE-CHAMBER.—MASHAM IS BANISHED FROM COURT FOR THREE MONTHS.

HARLEY'S triumphant looks on his return announced his success to Saint-John; and after a word or two in private, they separated,

relieved of much of the anxiety that had previously oppressed them,—the one to return home, and the other to repair with Masham to Saint James's Palace.

On arriving there, they were conducted to the ante-room of the queen's private apartments, where they found Abigail and Lady Rivers. The manner of the former was much more cold and constrained towards Masham than he expected, and somewhat disconcerted Harley.

"I have just left her majesty, Mr. Masham," she said. "She has heard of your duel with the Marquis de Guiscard, and is much offended at it. She expressed herself so strongly on the subject to me, that I feel I am hazarding her favour in consenting to see you now."

"If I had been aware of it, I would not have exposed you to any such risk," replied Masham, much piqued. "And I will instantly relieve you from further responsibility."

"That is not at all what Abigail intends, Mr. Masham," cried Lady Rivers, bursting into a laugh; "and if you were not a very young man, you would not require to be told so. She only wishes you to understand that she would rather displease the queen than not see you."

"I mean no such thing, Lady Rivers," said Abigail, pettishly.

"Then what *do* you mean, my dear?" rejoined Lady Rivers; "for I'm sure you were dying for an interview with Mr. Masham just now, and since you've got your wish, you almost tell him to go."

"On my soul, you are enough to drive a man to distraction, cousin," added Harley; "and I thank my stars I am not in love with you. You seem to blame Masham for this duel, when you know, or ought to know, that you were the cause of it."

"Exactly what her majesty says," replied Abigail. "She rates me as if I could have helped it; while nobody knows better than Mr. Masham, that he did not consult me when he went to fight."

"No; but he consulted your reputation, cousin," said Harley.

"I can take care of that myself," replied Abigail; "and it will be time enough for Mr. Masham to fight for me, when I elect him my champion. What will the whole court say to it. It will be buzzed about that these rivals, like knights of old, have fought for me, and that I mean to give myself to the conqueror. But I will disappoint them. I will do no such thing. Mr. Masham, I'll be bound, thought more of the effect which this duel would produce upon me than of punishing the Marquis for his insolent vaunt. Such chivalrous motives are quite out of date."

"It may be so," replied Masham; "but unless I have wholly mistaken myself, I was actuated by a better motive than you give me credit for. It was love for you, Abigail, that made me resent the manner in which your name was used. I believed the marquis spoke falsely, and I told him so."

The earnestness with which this speech was uttered, dispelled all Abigail's coquetry of manner, as a sudden gust of wind might disperse a rack of clouds hanging over the moon. She trembled, and cast down her eyes. Seeing her emotion, and attributing it to its right cause, Lady Rivers and Harley withdrew to a window, and looked out into the palace-gardens.

"They are likely to come to an understanding now, I think," observed the secretary, in a low tone.

"Very likely," replied the lady, with a smile.

"I cannot carry on this deception further, Mr. Masham," said Abigail, at length. "I have trifled with you too long. It is true the queen is angry, but that is nothing to me. Thinking you would come here, flushed with your success, and anticipating an equally easy conquest over me, I determined to treat you as I have done—lightly. But I find that vanity forms no part of your composition, and it would be unfeeling to pursue such a course further. I am fully sensible of your devotion, and return it. We shall have no more misunderstandings now, depend upon it. Nor shall I again play the coquette—at least, with you."

"Nor with any one else, if I can prevent it," replied Masham, kneeling, and snatching her hand, which he pressed rapturously to his lips. "You are a matchless creature."

At this juncture, the inner door opened, and the queen, attended by Prince George of Denmark, issued from it. Masham instantly sprang to his feet, but not before his situation had been remarked by the royal pair.

A slight smile passed over the prince's countenance, and he glanced at the queen, but her majesty, whose strict notions of etiquette were greatly outraged, did not respond to it. Masham bowed profoundly to hide his confusion; Abigail blushed, and fanned herself; Prince George took a prodigious pinch of snuff, to prevent himself from laughing outright; while Lady Rivers and Harley returned from the window.

"I am somewhat surprised to see you here, Mr. Masham," said the queen, gravely, "after the disregard you have shewn to my wishes."

"I am not aware that I have disobeyed your majesty," replied the young equerry.

"You have paid little heed, then, to what was said, sir," rejoined the queen, the cloud gathering more darkly on her brow. "Having sufficiently interested myself in you to express a desire that you should not meet the Marquis de Guiscard, I scarcely expected you would so soon afterwards provoke another quarrel with him, the result of which has been a meeting this morning, at which, I understand, he has been wounded."

"The intelligence came from Marlborough House, I'll be sworn," said Harley, aside. "The devil is not more malicious than that woman."

"Is it so, sir?" demanded the queen, sharply.

"I cannot deny it, madam," replied Masham. "I did provoke Guiscard, and I have met him."

"The marquis had used my name most unwarrantably," said Abigail. "He deserved his chastisement."

"For Heaven's sake, don't draw down the queen's resentment on yourself," whispered Harley. "You will put your own place in jeopardy."

"I will risk anything rather than he shall be wrongfully treated!" she replied, in the same tone.

"Faith! your majesty is too hard upon the young man," interposed the good-natured Prince George, in a whisper to the queen—"sadly too hard. I'm sure his disregard of your wishes proceeded from inadvertence—sheer inadvertence."

"He shall be taught stricter attention in future," replied the queen. "I am determined to mark my disapprobation of the practice of duelling, and this young man shall be made the first example."

"Nay, madam," entreated the prince.

"I have said it," rejoined the queen, in a tone calculated to put an end to further discussion. "Mr. Masham," she added, "his highness will dispense with your attendance for the next three months, and you will avail yourself of the opportunity to visit your family in Essex, or to travel during the time."

"I understand your majesty," replied Masham, bowing. "I am banished from court for that period."

Anne made a slight movement of the head, in assent, and Prince George consoled himself with a prolonged pinch of snuff.

"This is the first time I have known your majesty unjust," said Abigail.

"Cousin, be advised," whispered Harley.

"Perhaps you will also call me unjust, Abigail," said the queen, "when I say, that if any one of my attendants gives away her hand without my consent, she will by so doing vacate her place, and forfeit my favour for ever."

Abigail was about to reply, but a slight pressure upon her arm checked her. The next moment, the adroit secretary passed over to Masham, and whispered to him—"It is proper for you, after what has occurred, to withdraw."

The young equerry instantly advanced to Prince George, kissed the hand which was graciously extended to him, and making a profound obeisance to the queen, was about to retire, when Abigail stopped him.

"I pray your majesty, suffer Mr. Masham to remain a moment longer," she said. "I have a boon to beg of you in his presence."

"If you ask her consent now," whispered Harley, "you will fail. Another time—another time!"

"Mr. Masham, you may go," said Abigail, blushing, and in confusion.

"Nay, since you have called him back, my dear, it is but fair he should hear what you have to say," remarked Prince George, whose good-nature frequently outran his discretion.

"Your majesty has just said, that if any one of your attendants gives away her hand without your consent, she will forfeit your favour for ever," hesitated Abigail.

"Precisely the words I used," replied Anne. "But what have they to do with Mr. Masham? I hope," she continued, in a severe tone, "you have not already taken this step without consulting me."

"Assuredly not, madam," rejoined Abigail, recovering her composure, and disregarding the gestures of Harley, "and though I may have chosen a very unfortunate moment for the request, yet I will venture to entreat your gracious permission to answer in the affirmative, in case Mr. Masham should put a particular question to me."

"I must consider of it," replied the queen, coldly.

"Faith, I'm sorry I called the young man back," cried the prince. "Good day t'ye, Masham—good day t'ye!" he continued, accompanying the equerry to the door. "I hope her majesty will be in a better humour when we next meet. Three months is it, eh? I'll try and get the term shortened. But never mind—soon be over—soon over. And as to Abigail, I'll stand your friend. So don't despair—don't despair. Good day!" And he pushed him gently out of the room.

As soon as the prince returned, the queen took his arm, and was about to re-enter the private apartments when Abigail advanced towards her.

"Does your majesty require my attendance?" she asked.

"Not now," replied Anne, regarding her with a look of greater displeasure than she had ever before evinced towards her. And she disappeared with her august consort.

"This it is to serve a queen," cried Abigail, bursting into tears, and falling upon Lady Rivers's neck.

"You have to thank yourself for much that has occurred," said Harley. "But the duchess is at the bottom of all."

"She is," replied Abigail, looking up; "but she shall not profit by her malice. The present turn is hers: the next shall be mine."

"There I am with you, cousin," cried Harley, grasping her hand, warmly. "It will be your own fault if you do not place Masham as high as the proudest noble that presses to Saint James's. Recollect, the fortune of John Churchill was made by Sarah Jennings."

"Meantime, I am in disgrace, and Masham is banished," sighed Abigail.

"Both affairs of a moment," replied Harley. "The wind that blows against us to-day will shift to-morrow. Like the Roman general, we will turn defeat into a victory."

CHAPTER THE NINETEENTH.

THE SERJEANT'S "DRUM."

"I TELL you what it is, Proddy," said the serjeant as they sat together over a bowl of punch at the Marlborough's Head, in Rider-street—a house patronised by Scales, as well on account of the ensign it bore, as of the admirable quality of the liquors dispensed at it—"I tell you what it is. I'm pleased with the way in which those two Mounseers behaved this morning."

"So am I," replied Proddy. "I'm particularly pleased with Savagejohn. I hated him at first—but one always begins by hating. I disliked you consumedly once, serjeant."

"I've been thinking the matter over," said Scales, who was too much engrossed by his own meditations to pay attention to the coachman's remarks; "and I'm resolved to invite 'em to a dance. I know it'll please our women, and it's sure to be to the taste of the Mounseers. They're a merry nation, the French, I will say that for 'em."

"I'm very fond of dancing myself, serjeant; and a tolerably good dancer too, though you would hardly think it," observed Proddy, laying down his pipe, and executing a step or two. "Before I grew so stout I could get through a jig as well as any man. There," he added, cutting a caper, and poisoning himself on one foot—"what do you think of that?"

"Capital!" exclaimed Scales. "This decides me. We'll have a hop this night week. The quality call a party of this kind a drum, though why I don't know, for I never heard any drumming at their routs; but if I issue invitations to a drum, as I mean to do, it'll be all right and proper, for the only music my guests will get will be such as I myself can produce from a couple of sticks and a piece of parchment."

"And famous rattlin' music too, serjeant," rejoined Proddy. "Rat-a-tat-a-tat-a-rara! Call it a drum, by all means."

"I don't know but I may get Tom Jiggins, the fifer of our regiment, to accompany me," said the serjeant, after a moment's reflection; "and in that case we'll keep you alive, for Tom's a first-rate performer. It wont be the first time the Mounseers have danced to the music of the fife and drum, eh, Proddy?"

"Not by a good many," replied the coachman, chuckling; "and to a pretty quick movement, too, if our gazettes speak truth. But we've concluded a truce now, serjeant; so we must have no more jesting. This night week, you say?"

"This night week," replied Scales. "Of course you'll come?"

"If I'm in the land o' the livin,' of course I will," replied Proddy; "we're two inseparables now. What's your hour?"

"Oh! you'll see that in the card," said Scales; "You'll have an invitation—all reg'lar. But I should say eight, or thereabouts;

and if you're too genteel to be punctual, don't make it later than nine."

"I'm always punctual, serjeant," replied Proddy; "every man as holds a office under government is punctual."

"Very right," said Scales. "Come, there's just a glass a-piece in the bowl. May we always be as successful as we've been to-day! It's time we were movin'. I hear the watchman bawlin' out past ten o'clock. I pay."

"No, you don't," cried Proddy.

"I tell you I do," rejoined Scales, authoritatively. "Here drawer," he added, flinging down a crown—"here's your dues. Now, comrade, right foot foremost." And they marched forth arm in arm,—Proddy strutting as usual, and thrusting out his chin, and the serjeant whistling Marlbrook.

Next morning, as he sat at breakfast with the rest of the household, in the servant's hall at Marlborough House, Scales intimated his intention of giving the drum in the course of the following week; and the announcement was received with unanimous applause by the whole assemblage, and with especial delight by Mesdames Plumpton and Tipping.

"Well, I declare, serjeant," cried the first-mentioned lady—"a drum! what a charmin' idea! And how improprieate to your perfession. My heart quite beats at the thought of it."

"So genteel too!" added Mrs. Tipping. "So different from a vulgar hop, as they call such things in the city. Ladies of quality give nothing but drums, now-a-days."

"Glad the notion meets with your approval, ladies," rejoined the serjeant. "As Mrs. Plumpton observes, I think it *is* improprieate. I'll do my best to amuse you."

"You've only to drum to amuse me, serjeant," said Mrs. Plumpton.

"Plumpton's sure to take the words out of a body's mouth," cried Mrs. Tipping, sharply.

"I feel the compliment just as much as if it had been uttered, Mrs. Tipping," observed the serjeant, gallantly. "His grace you think will have no objection to the party, Mr. Fishwick?" he added, appealing to the cook.

"I'll answer for his grace," replied Fishwick; "and I'll answer also for his gracious permission to provide a good supper."

"As you answer for the solids, I'll answer for the fluids, Mr. Fishwick," said the portly Mr. Peter Parker, the butler, with a knowing wink. "You shall have a bottle or two of wine from my own cupboard, and you shall also have such a bowl of punch as you never tasted before. Mrs. Plumpton, I dare say, will lend me the great blue china bowl that stands in the housekeeper's room to brew it in, so that we can have plenty."

"That I will," replied Mrs. Plumpton; "and as you all contribute something to the feast, I'll add a flask of usquebaugh, that was given me by—by—I forget whom."



Serjeant Scales's "Drum".

"By your late husband, most likely," suggested Mrs. Tipping, with a sneer. "Well, I don't think *I* shall contribute anything but my company."

"Nothing more is needed," replied Scales, gallantly.

"Of course, you mean to invite Mr. Proddy, serjeant?" said Mrs. Plumpton. "He's such a dear little man!"

"Of course," replied Scales; "and to please Mrs. Tipping, I shall ask Mounseer Bambyloo, the Marquis de Guiscard's gentleman, and his friend Corporal Achilles Sauvageon,—both magnificent dancers."

"Quite unnecessary to invite 'em on my account, serjeant," replied Mrs. Tipping. "However, I shall be glad to meet any friends of yours."

Soon after this, the serjeant retired to his own room, and with some difficulty, wrote out a number of cards, which were despatched by a trusty messenger, and in due time brought responses in the affirmative from most of the parties invited.

Later on in the day, Fishwick came to inform him that the duke had not only given his full consent to the entertainment, but had expressed a hope that it would pass off pleasantly.

"Did general say so?" cried Scales, in a transport of delight. "Well, it's just like him. Bless his kind, good heart! No wonder his soldiers love him so much, Fishwick, and fight so well for him. It's a pleasure to die for such a commander."

Some little talk was then held between them as to the arrangements of the night, and they separated with a conviction that the drum would go off remarkably well.

The six intervening days wore away, and the seventh arrived. During the morning, the serjeant's countenance was charged with unwonted importance. He had undertaken a task of which he evidently felt the magnitude. He was continually going backwards and forwards into the kitchen, and giving directions in a low tone to the scullions. Then he withdrew to furbish his accoutrements, to practise a little on the drum, and hum a song in a low key. About noon, Tom Jiggins, the fifer, arrived, and made his way at once to the serjeant's room, where they were shut up together till dinner-time, rehearsing, it would seem from the sounds they produced, the dances of the night. A gaunt, hard-featured little fellow was Tom Jiggins; not unlike the serjeant himself, on a small scale. He had a long nose, a very long upper lip, and a long chin in continuation. And he made the most of his size, standing as high as five feet would allow him. His eyes had the set stare peculiar to performers on wind instruments and cod-fishes. Jiggins was dressed in the regimental uniform—blue, with white cuffs and facings, and wore a broad white belt across his left shoulder, to which was attached by a cord the case containing his fife. The opposite hip sustained a sword. A cap, and powdered wig with a long tail, completed his accoutrements. Dinner over, the fifer and the serjeant had another

rehearsal, after which they esteemed themselves perfect, and whiled away the rest of the afternoon over a mug of ale and a pipe.

Evening at last approached, and the business of the day being over, active preparations were made for the Drum. The kitchen was cleared out, and lighted up by candles placed upon the chimney-piece, dresser, and plate-shelves; and at a quarter before eight o'clock, when the serjeant and Jiggins entered, all was ready. Just as the clock struck the appointed hour, a scuffling sound was heard in the passage, and the next moment, Mrs. Plumpton and Mrs. Tipping rushed into the room together; both looking very red and very angry.

"You're excessive rude, Plumpton, to push so," cried Mrs. Tipping. "I declare you've quite disarranged my dress."

"Serve you right, too," replied Mrs. Plumpton, sharply. "You shouldn't have tried to take proceedings of me. You've almost pulled off my cap and pinners."

"I wish I had," rejoined Mrs. Tipping—"and your wig into the bargain."

"Ladies," said the serjeant, "let me entreat, that on this evening, at least, we may have no quarrelling. You're both beautifully dressed, and would be irresistible, if you didn't look quite so cross."

This had the desired effect. Peace was instantly restored. Mrs. Tipping obligingly arranged Mrs. Plumpton's head-dress, and Mrs. Plumpton pinned up Mrs. Tipping's gown. Both were very finely dressed—the one exhibiting her buxom person in crimson silk, and the other her trim little figure in orange-coloured satin.

Soon after this, Fishwick, Parker, Timperley, and the rest of the household, male and female, amounting to more than a dozen, flocked into the kitchen, and were welcomed by the serjeant, who had a hearty greeting for every one of them. He had scarcely gone the round, when Timperley, who was stationed at the door to usher in the guests, announced "Mr. Proddy and friend."

Habited in his full-dress coat of crimson velvet-plush, striped with yellow, and bound with gold, with a waistcoat to match, and having a large muslin cravat tied loosely round his throat, the coachman presented a very imposing appearance. Marching up to Scales, he said, "Serjeant, allow me to present to you Mr. Mezansene—a young gentleman who has just been honoured with a place in her majesty's household, and who is desirous of making your acquaintance. I have taken the liberty of bringing him with me."

"No liberty at all, Proddy," replied the serjeant; "you did quite right. Glad to see you, sir." And he shook hands heartily with Mezansene, who was a tall, slight, and gracefully formed young man, with very good features, except that, like the serjeant, he had a broad black patch across his nose, and another some-

what smaller patch on the left cheek. He was clothed in the royal livery, and wore a full-bottomed, well-powdered wig.

"You have been in the wars as well as myself, Mr. Mezansene," observed the serjeant, in reference to the other's patches.

"These cuts were given me in the street the other night by a party of those wild rakes, who call themselves Mohocks, serjeant," replied Mezansene.

"I know the Mohocks well, and nice blades they are," observed the serjeant. "I should like to make some of 'em run the gauntlet for their pranks. That young man's face is familiar to me," he continued to Proddy, as Mezansene walked towards Mrs. Plumpton and Mrs. Tipping, who were standing near the fire; "I suppose I have seen him at the palace."

"No, you can scarcely have seen him there, serjeant," replied Proddy, "for he only entered the household a few days ago. He came in place of Mr. Chillingworth, one of the servants, who was taken suddenly ill, and allowed to provide a substitute. I met him in the guard-chamber to-day, and was so pleased with his manners, that I offered to bring him here."

Before the serjeant could reply, Timperley announced, Mr. Needler Webb, the Earl of Sunderland's gentleman, and Mrs. Loveday, the countess of Bridgewater's lady's-maid. A coat of green embossed velvet, which had very recently been the property of his noble master—a laced satin waistcoat, pink silk hose, and shoes with pink heels, constituted Mr. Needler Webb's attire. He affected a rakish air, and was very much bepatched and perfumed. Mrs. Loveday was equally gaily attired, and dropping a curtsy to the ground in reply to the serjeant's bow, joined the other ladies. Next came Mr. Prankard, Lord Ryalton's chief valet, another smart fellow; and after him, a smarter fellow still, Mr. Lascelles, Lord Ross's gentleman. Then came Lady Rivers's lady's-maid, Mrs. Semple, and Lady Di Cecil's maid, Mrs. Clerges. Half-a-dozen more arrivals occurred, and the room presented a rather crowded appearance, when Bimbelot and Sauvageon were announced. With a mincing gait the vain little French valet advanced towards the serjeant, and then bowed to the ladies. It was easy to see that he thought himself the best-bred, the best-dressed, and the best-looking person in the room. His master being still confined to his couch from the effects of the duel, Bimbelot thought it a good opportunity of wearing his full-dress suit, and accordingly he appeared in a coat of scarlet cloth bound with gold, a magnificent waistcoat, a campaign wig, a laced cravat and ruffles. The splendour of his attire won him the admiration of the fairer portion of the company, which he was not slow to perceive, but ogled them very familiarly all round, kissing his hand, grinning, bowing, and chattering. As to Sauvageon, he contented himself with talking to Proddy.

Mulled wine and biscuits were next handed round, and shortly

afterwards, the serjeant took possession of a stool at the upper end of the room, and beat a call, while Jiggins perched himself on a chair behind him. This was understood to be the signal for dancing, and the ball was opened by a minuet, in which Bimbelot and Mrs. Loveday, and Needler Webb and Mrs. Clerges were the performers; and in spite of the shrillness of the music, which was not exactly in unison with the grave measure of the dance, the two couples not only acquitted themselves to their own satisfaction, but to that of everybody else. Mezansene and Mrs. Semple next stood up for a rigadon, and executed it with so much spirit, that an encore was called for.

"Qui est ce jeune homme là, sergent?" inquired Bimbelot. "Il ressemble diablement à quelqu'un de mes amis, mais qui, je ne peu pas rappeler."

"I'm quite as much perplexed as you are, Bamby," replied Scales. "For the life of me I can't make out who he is like. I'll ask him when an opportunity offers."

It occurred immediately afterwards. The young man having quitted his partner, came towards them.

"Mr. Mezansene," said Scales, "Bamby and I have discovered a great resemblance between you and——"

"Whom?" demanded the other, with a slight start.

"Nay, don't be alarmed. Between you and a friend of ours, whose name we can't at this moment recollect. Have you ever been thought like anybody?"

"Not that I'm aware of," replied Mezansene, carelessly. "But it's very possible."

"Mezansene — c'est un nomme François, monsieur," cried Bimbelot. "Vous etes mon compatriote."

"Pas tout-à-fait, monsieur," replied Mezansene; "mais ma mère etait Française."

"Ah! c'est assez—c'est assez," cried Bimbelot, embracing him. "J'étois sur que vous etiez François—vous etes si beau—vous dansez si legerement—je suis fier de vous, mon ami."

And tapping him on the breast, he led him to Sauvageon, who upon being introduced to him, appeared equally enchanted with him.

Meantime, a cotillon had been called for; then followed a jig, in which Proddy and Mrs. Plumpton distinguished themselves, occasioning immense laughter by their extraordinary and unexpected agility; after that succeeded the fine old dance of "the hay;" and after a breathing-pause had been allowed, and refreshments handed round, the pretty and animating cushion-dance was performed—the serjeant drumming away all the while with untiring spirit, and Jiggins only stopping now and then to wet his whistle. The cushion-dance concluded, all sat down, and to be sure, such flourishing of handkerchiefs, such puffing and blowing, and such mopping of warm faces as followed! It was delectable to witness it, at least so thought

the serjeant. In the midst of it all, Mr. Parker marched into the kitchen, bearing an immense bowl (Mrs. Plumpton's loan) of cold punch, which he proceeded to set down upon the dresser. The moment was admirably chosen; and as large goblets of the cool and fragrant beverage were handed round, it was pronounced to be more delicious than nectar. And then the laughter and jokes that followed. Talk of champagne!—the best champagne ever grown would not have done its duty half so well, or so quickly, as that bowl of punch. Your health, serjeant, in a glass of it.

Again the serjeant's drum beats merrily rat-a-tat, and again the fife pours forth its shrilly notes. By this time all are in such tip-top spirits that nothing but a country-dance will serve their turn, and accordingly partners are instantly chosen, Proddy selecting Mrs. Plumpton, Bimbelot Mrs. Tipping, Needler Webb Mrs. Semple, Mezansene Mrs. Loveday, and the others suiting themselves as they can. In another instant all are in their places, forming two lines, extending the whole length of the kitchen, the fifer playing the liveliest tune imaginable, and Scales coming in every now and then, when required, with a most inspiring rub-a-dub. Proddy and Mrs. Plumpton lead off, and if they have distinguished themselves in the jig, they surpass their former efforts now. Wonderful is it to behold how lightly Proddy skips about, how he flies down the middle, turns his partner, and winds, without giddiness or apparent fatigue, through all the mazes and labyrinths of the bewildering dance. Even Scales cannot refuse his applause, but cheers him as he bounds along. And well is he seconded by Mrs. Plumpton. She dances with astonishing lightness and energy, and never flags for a moment till they reach the bottom, where a couple of glasses of punch refresh them, and stimulate them to new exertions. Bimbelot and Mrs. Tipping are soon beside them, and in a marvellously short space of time, they find themselves at the top once more.

"Why, you're not going down again, Proddy?" cried the serjeant.

"Yes, but I am though," cried the coachman, throwing open his coat, and displaying the full breadth of his chest, and the voluminous glories of his striped waistcoat. I won't be the first to give in, I can promise you. Blow away, fifer. Drum away, serjeant. And do you, girl," he added to a scullion who was standing on a chair near the fire-place, laughingly surveying the group, "snuff those candles, and throw a little more light on the subject. Now, Bamby, my boy, stir your stumps!"

And as he spoke, he recommenced, with greater spirit than ever, twirling about, and cutting all sorts of fantastic capers, while his example was followed by Bimbelot, who was excited to a pitch of the most hilarious enthusiasm. But the coachman was not destined to bring this second passage to an equally successful conclusion with the first. As he was mid-career, a foot was put

forward, whether designedly or not could not be ascertained, but down he came, dragging his partner with him, and upsetting Sauvageon and Needler Webb. But this was not all. Bimbelot and Mrs. Tipping, who were following closely at his heels at a headlong pace, found it impossible to stop, but tumbled over him, while Mr. Lascelles and Mrs. Clerges tumbled over them, completely burying the poor coachman. Fortunately he was rescued from his perilous position before he was quite suffocated; but a stop was put to the dance, and Mr. Parker proposed that they should adjourn to the supper, which awaited them in the servants'-hall—a proposition which was eagerly agreed to.

Amply had Mr. Fishwick redeemed his promise to provide a good supper, and the abundance and substantial character of the repast, proved his perfect conception of the powers of those who were to be its consumers. The centre of the table was occupied by a large raised pie, shaped like a drum, on the top of which was mounted a little baked model of the serjeant himself, pronounced as "like as life" by Mrs. Plumpton and Mrs. Tipping, and so accurately representing the original, that you might see the very patch on his nose. At the upper end of the table, where the serjeant sat of course, was a noble sirloin of cold beef; and at the other end was a gigantic barrel, or rather tub, of oysters. A goodly ham, tongues, cold fowls, lobsters, and less substantial matters, in the shape of sweets and jellies, constituted the remainder of the repast. And if the cook had been bountiful in his supply of eatables, the butler was not much behind him in a due provision of drinkables. Jugs of punch were placed at short intervals, with a bottle of wine between each, and a mighty tankard of hot-spiced ale, with a toast floating in it, flanked the sirloin. Altogether, the board presented as inviting an appearance as guests who had earned famous appetites by healthful and agreeable exercise could desire, and they gathered eagerly round it. Scales was supported on either hand by Mrs. Plumpton and Mrs. Tipping, and carved away at the sirloin, as if he were hewing down the ranks of the enemy; while Fishwick faced him, and took charge of the oysters, opening them with a rapidity only equalled by the quickness of their disappearance. Then for a brief while was there silence, broken only by the clatter of knives and forks; but as soon as a few glasses of punch had been swallowed, the laughter and jest broke forth anew, and with additional force, and were never afterwards hushed—not even by the plates of toasted cheese that followed the removal of the beef and oysters. The mighty tankard then went round, exciting much merriment as it described its circuit, from the circumstance of Bimbelot and other gallants striving to drink from the particular spots that had been pressed by the sweet lips that had preceded them. Lastly, Mrs. Plumpton's bottle of usquebaugh was introduced, and proved peculiarly acceptable to those who thought the oysters sat rather

coldly on the stomach. The serjeant then rising, requested bumpers to be filled all round, and with great earnestness, proposed, "The Queen and the Duke of Marlborough!" The toast was drunk with prodigious enthusiasm. After which Proddy got on a chair, and calling out for fresh bumpers, proposed "the giver of the drum," and in the hurrahs that followed it, unintentionally threw the contents of his glass into Bimbelot's face.

The serjeant returned thanks in a song, and seeing that the spirits of his guests had reached a point of elevation, any increase beyond which might be dangerous, suggested a return to the dancing-room, and a movement was made thither accordingly. The fifer played a country-dance, and Proddy would fain have re-engaged Mrs. Plumpton, but Bimbelot had been beforehand with him, which, together with the valet's triumphant grin, so exasperated the coachman, that he presently contrived to jostle the Frenchman, and in doing so, pushed him rather forcibly against Mezansene, who fancying the attack intentional, replied by a kick so well applied, that it sent the little valet capering to the other end of the room. The dancers instantly stopped, and the serjeant abandoning his drum, rushed to interpose. But all would not do. Bimbelot was furious, and demanded instant satisfaction; upon which Scales declared, if he fought anybody, he must fight him, as he was determined to espouse Mezansene's quarrel—the latter being a stranger. The little Frenchman then turned his wrath upon the mediator, and affirmed that he displayed the grossest partiality, and that sooner than not fight at all, after the outrageous insult he had received, he *would* fight him—a decision in which he was confirmed by Sauvageon. After considerable altercation, as no arrangement could be come to, the irate parties withdrew to a back chamber, attended by the male portion of the assemblage, when the serjeant, who had retired to his own room for a moment, returned with a pair of huge horse-pistols, at the sight of which Bimbelot was observed to turn excessively pale.

"Here are pistols ready loaded," said Scales; "and since you're determined to fight, have it out at once."

"Je suis content," said Mezansene. "Nous tirerons à travers un mouchoir, si vous voulez, Monsieur Bimbelot."

"No," replied Scales. "We'll remove the candles—and then you shall shoot at each other in the dark. That'll be the best way to settle it."

This proposition was not entirely satisfactory to Bimbelot; but on a word from Sauvageon he acceded to it. Each combatant having taken a pistol, the candles were removed, and they were left together in the dark. Not a word was spoken on either side, nor any movement made so as to be audible to the other for a few moments. Mezansene, who had laughed at the whole affair, was determined to abide his opponent's fire;

but as the other appeared so slow, he grew impatient, and came to the resolution of discharging his own pistol. But how to do so without mischief was the question. "I don't want to hurt the poor fellow," he thought; "and in whatever direction I fire I may chance to hit him. Ah, a plan occurs to me!"

The scheme was no sooner thought of than put into execution. He stepped forward noiselessly till his hand touched the wall, and then felt along it till he came to the fire-place. Putting the pistol up the chimney, he drew the trigger, and immediately after the discharge a heavy body came tumbling down. A strange surmise crossed Mezansene, which was confirmed next moment when the lights appeared. Poor Bimbelot had taken refuge in the chimney, and his adversary, in his anxiety to avoid him, had chanced upon his hiding-place. Luckily no damage was done him further than a few trifling bruises, occasioned by the fall, and the serjeant informed Mezansene, privately, that "if Bamby was hit at all, it must have been with the wadding, for he had put no balls in the pistols." Mezansene kept this piece of information to himself, though he laughed heartily at it, nor did he say anything of what he knew of Bimbelot's place of refuge. Matters were therefore easily adjusted. Hands were again shaken; more punch was introduced; more dancing followed; more jokes; a great deal more laughter; and the serjeant's drum terminated as merrily as it began.

CHAPTER THE TWENTIETH.

ANOTHER LOVE SCENE IN THE ANTE-CHAMBER.

ONE morning, about a week after this merry party, the door of the queen's private apartments in Saint James's palace opened, and Abigail and Lady Rivers entered the ante-chamber. No one was there except the new attendant, Mezansene, who drew back respectfully as they paused.

"I have come with you, my dear Lady Rivers," said Abigail, "to learn if you have heard any tidings of Masham."

"I guessed your motive," replied the other; "but I am sorry I can tell you nothing more of him, than that it is believed he is gone abroad. He is certainly not with his father, Sir Francis Masham, at High Laver, for a letter was received from the old baronet yesterday, by Lord Rivers, making inquiries after his son."

"How very strange!" exclaimed Abigail. "As far as I can learn, he has written to no one. On quitting the palace, it appears he immediately went home, and after giving some directions to his confidential servant, and saying he should probably not return for two or three months, and that no inquiries need be made about him, he set out unattended, and has not been heard of since. All Mr. Harley's inquiries have been fruitless.

I own I begin to feel very uneasy, and though I try to reason myself out of my apprehensions, I cannot succeed."

"Oh! you needn't be alarmed about his safety," returned Lady Rivers. "It's more than likely he has gone to Paris to amuse himself at that gay court."

"Perhaps so," said Abigail. "But then he might write."

"But consider the attractions of the French capital, my dear," rejoined Lady Rivers, somewhat maliciously. "Besides, he may have fallen in love again."

"I don't think it likely," cried Abigail.

"And do you really—seriously imagine he will remain constant to you during his exile, my dear?" asked Lady Rivers.

"I should not bestow another thought on him if I supposed otherwise," replied Abigail.

"And how as to yourself?" continued her ladyship. "Can you remain constant, too?"

"I can answer for myself more positively than for him," rejoined Abigail. "I can."

"Well, three months is a long time," said Lady Rivers. "It would try me very hard—especially if I were exposed like you to the attentions of so many agreeable fellows. Three months—Poor Masham! he stands but a poor chance—ha! ha!"

"Your ladyship may laugh as much as you please," replied Abigail, in a slight tone of pique; "but if I know myself, my sentiments will continue unchanged."

"So you think now, my dear," rejoined Lady Rivers; "but scarcely a fortnight has elapsed since his departure. Come, I'll lay you a wager you forget him before the month is out. Hush!" she exclaimed, pointing to Mezansene with her fan; "that young man is listening to us. We'll talk of this another time. Good day, my dear."

"If you hear anything of Masham, be sure and let me know it," said Abigail.

"Be sure I will," replied Lady Rivers. "I hope I shan't have any unpleasant intelligence to communicate—that he has got a new lady-love! ha! ha!"

"In pity spare me!" cried Abigail.

"Oh that he could see you now!" cried Lady Rivers, screaming with laughter. But she suddenly checked herself, muttering—"that young man again."

"Your ladyship is excessively cruel," said Abigail. "To hear you laugh thus, one would think you had never been in love yourself."

"Perhaps I never have," replied Lady Rivers; "but at all events, I profess no romantic constancy. And now adieu, for I really must go." With this she left the room, the door being opened for her by Mezansene.

"Oh, the pain of being separated from the object of one's regard!" exclaimed Abigail, half aloud. "Every occupation loses its interest—every pleasure its zest; and though the surface may

appear as bright and gay as ever, the heart will ache bitterly the while, and tears—bitter tears flow in secret. Heigho! The queen must not see I have been weeping," she added, drying her eyes with her handkerchief.

As she was moving towards the inner door, Mezansene followed her. He was greatly embarrassed; but Abigail was too much confused to notice him particularly.

"I have a letter for you, Miss Hill," he said, in a voice husky with emotion.

"For me!" cried Abigail, in surprise. "It must be from him!" she exclaimed, as she took it.

And unable to resist the impulse, she broke the seal, and eagerly devoured its contents. "He has not left London, he writes," she murmured, in irrepressible delight—"he will contrive to see me soon—here—in the palace. But how and when, he does not state. Where did you get this letter?" she asked of Mezansene, but without daring to raise her eyes.

"I am bound to secrecy," he replied, still in troubled tones; "but thus much I may say,—he who wrote it is now in the palace."

"Here—imprudent!" exclaimed Abigail, placing her hand on her heart.

"You look faint, madam," cried Mezansene; "shall I bring a chair?"

"No, it is passed," replied Abigail; "but are my senses wandering? Have I cheated myself into the belief that I heard his voice? Is it," she added, looking up, and regarding Mezansene, fixedly—"is it you, Masham?"

"It is indeed, Abigail," replied the young man, falling on his knee before her, and pressing her hand rapturously to his lips.

"And you have run this risk for me?" she said, with a look of grateful tenderness.

"I would brave death itself, to be near you, Abigail," he replied, passionately. "I could not obey the queen's harsh mandate. I could not tear myself from you. But not daring to present myself in my own person, I assumed this disguise. I bribed one of the royal servants, Chillingworth, whom I knew to be a trusty fellow, to feign illness, and to engage me as his substitute. I am at present known by my mother's maiden name of Mezansene. Though I have been in the palace nearly a fortnight, it is not till this moment that I have found an opportunity of speaking with you, without incurring needless risk. But I have seen you often, Abigail—often, when you have not noticed me. I have seen you look pensive, and have persuaded myself that the sadness was occasioned by my supposed absence. Oh! how I have longed to approach you—to make a sign to you—to hazard a whisper—but I restrained myself. I was content to see you—to be near you—for I knew a time of meeting would come."

"It is well you failed in making me aware of your presence," said Abigail, "for if I had perceived you suddenly, I should infallibly have betrayed myself. If you are discovered, our hopes are for ever blighted. The queen will never forgive me; and the duchess has so many spies, that the utmost caution is necessary."

"I have hitherto escaped detection," replied Masham; "and now that I have made you aware of my propinquity, I shall be more easy, and therefore less liable to be off my guard. But tell me—are you restored to the queen's favour?"

"Quite," she replied. "For a few days the duchess had regained all her old influence, and during that time made every effort to procure my dismissal. And if she could have controlled her arbitrary nature, she might, perhaps, have succeeded; but, luckily for me, the queen's disinclination to listen to her roused her passion, and she gave vent to it in her customary violence and threats. A breach followed this explosion; and though it is in some degree made up, a coldness still subsists between them. In my own opinion, and in that of Mr. Harley, the queen never will be reconciled with her again, not even ostensibly; but the duchess thinks differently, and has lost none of her confidence. She comports herself with unparalleled haughtiness and insolence towards her majesty, who shrinks from any encounter with her."

"Poor queen!" exclaimed Masham.

"Ay, poor queen indeed!" echoed Abigail, with a sigh. "She well deserves your sympathy. Never was affection and kindness more unworthily requited than hers has been; never was good-nature more abused; never forbearance more presumed upon. But even she may be tried too hard, and that the tyrannical duchess will find out ere long."

"Why does not the queen free herself at once?" cried Masham. "Is she not absolute mistress here?"

"Absolute mistress in appearance, but not in reality," replied Abigail; "there is no person in this palace more dependant than its sovereign mistress. Her nature is so affectionate, that love with her is a necessity; and since she has lost all her children, her heart has had a void which she has sought to fill up with friendship. How she has been disappointed, you see. But the pang of for ever sundering old ties and old feelings is so great, that she shrinks from it. It is the kindness of the queen's heart that makes her irresolute. This the duchess knows, and she takes advantage of it. When matters become desperate between them, she adroitly makes some slight concession, soothes the queen's wounded feelings, and all is right again. But if I can prevent it, the present difference shall not be healed."

"You are right," replied Masham; "your duty to the queen demands it. It is intolerable to see so much excellence so greatly abused. But how stands Harley with her majesty?"

"His favour increases," replied Abigail. "He is admitted to frequent private conferences, and strenuously urges measures which he affirms would prove beneficial."

"Unfortunately, Harley has only the furtherance of his own schemes in view," observed Masham.

"So the queen suspects," rejoined Abigail; "and therefore she has not entire confidence in him. Poor lady! she is sorely perplexed. She fears the duchess—doubts Harley—and distrusts herself. Ah!" she added, as the inner door slowly opened. "She comes."

Masham had scarcely time to draw back a few paces, when the queen, accompanied by Prince George of Denmark, entered the room.

"Ah! Abigail, I am glad to find you," said Anne. "I thought you long in returning. But what is the matter? You appear agitated."

"I have just received a letter, madam," replied Abigail, in some confusion.

"From Mr. Masham—ha?" said the queen. "Nay, I see it by your blushes. You need not be alarmed. I did not interdict him from writing to you. Well, and where is he?"

"Pardon me, madam, I am not at liberty to tell you," replied Abigail.

"Well, I will not use my prerogative, and enforce an answer," rejoined the queen. "Provided he obeys my injunctions, and absents himself from court, I am content."

"Heyday, who have we here?" cried Prince George;—"a strange face. Come hither, young man. Why don't you move, sirrah, when you're called? Zounds! is the fellow deaf?"

"You frighten him," said the queen, smiling good humouredly.

"What's the matter, sirrah?" cried the prince, stepping towards Masham.—"'Sdeath! how very like?—It must be——"

"Must be whom?" asked the queen, half turning round. "Who is he like?"

"One of the servants at Hampton Court," replied the prince, adroitly placing himself between her and Masham. "Your majesty recollects Tom Ottley. This young man is the very image of him. Oh! you rascal! I've found you out," he added in an undertone, and shaking his hand at the alarmed equerry.

"You have gone very pale again, Abigail," said the queen to her. "You are certainly unwell."

"I shall be better presently," replied Abigail, in a faint voice.

"Your paleness increases!" cried the queen, in some alarm. "A chair!"

Masham immediately flew for one, but the prince took it from him, and carried it to Abigail, who sank into it.

"The salts!" exclaimed the queen, "there is a bottle on that table."

Masham rushed to obey her, and in the hurry knocked down a couple of China ornaments, which were broken in pieces upon the floor. Aghast at what he had done, he stood irresolute, while the prince, darting an angry look at him, ran up, and snatching the bottle of salts from his hand, gave it to the queen.

"That is a very careless person," said Anne, making Abigail breathe at the salts. "What is his name?"

"Masham!" exclaimed Abigail, faintly.

"Masham!—nonsense!" exclaimed the prince. "Her thoughts are for ever running on her lover. The queen desires to know your name, sirrah?" he added, turning towards Masham, and winking at him. "How are you called—Tomkins or Wilkins, eh?"

"Neither, your highness," was the reply. "My name is Mezansene."

"Mezansene—ha!" rejoined the prince. "Well then, Mr. Mezansene, I hope you'll be more careful in future. I rather liked your looks, and designed to keep you in attendance chiefly on myself. But if you're so confoundedly heedless, I can't do it."

"I crave your highness's pardon," said Masham.

"Well—well, I'll overlook the first fault," rejoined the prince. "Come to my apartments in the evening. My apartments, you understand," he added, with a wink at Masham, who replied with a low bow.

"You look better now, child," said the queen, who had been lavish in her attentions to Abigail. "I hope you will have no recurrence of these attacks."

"I shall never have another, I am sure, gracious madam," replied Abigail, "if you will revoke your sentence on Mr. Masham."

"Do not press me on that point, Abigail," replied the queen. "I cannot do it. You had better retire to your own room. I am going to the library to Mr. Harley, who desires an immediate audience with me. Come, prince, we have detained him long enough. Take care of yourself, child, and think no more of Mr. Masham, if you can help it."

Abigail passed into the inner room without hazarding a look at her lover, while he opened the door for the queen.

Prince George lingered behind for a moment, and said in his equerry's ear—"Confounded scrape you would have got into but for me. Take care you're not found out, or I shall come in for a share of the blame. Coming, your majesty." And he added aloud—"Mind and don't forget what I've told you, Masham—Mezansene, I mean. Deuce take it, I hope she didn't overhear me."

And he hurried after the queen.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-FIRST.

WHEREIN MARLBOROUGH AND GODOLPHIN DEMAND HARLEY'S DISMISSAL
OF THE QUEEN.

SHORTLY after this, the queen and the prince entered the library, a large, lofty, well-proportioned room, constructed by Charles the Second, and slightly altered by William the Third. It had a semi-coved ceiling, with a deep, richly-moulded cornice, and the windows, which were square and formal with heavy frameworks, and placed under round arches, supported by pilasters in the worst Italian taste, looked out into the gardens of the palace. Between the springings of each arch, on a pedestal, was set a bust; and there were numerous others disposed in different parts of the room. Well-filled bookcases projected from between the windows so as to form charming nooks for reading; and the walls on the opposite side were covered with goodly tomes and maps. Throughout the palace, there was not a pleasanter retreat than the library.

Harley was expecting the queen with much impatience, and even exhibited it when she appeared. After returning his salutation, Anne seated herself at a small round table, on which writing materials were placed, and behind which stood a large japan screen, while the prince stationed himself beside her with his arm leaning on the back of her chair.

"The time is at length arrived, madam," said Harley, speaking hurriedly, and energetically, "when some positive decision must be come to, and when either I and Saint-John, or Godolphin and Marlborough, must retire. It can be no longer averted. Positive assurance has been given me that at the cabinet council which, as your majesty is aware, has been summoned this morning, these lords will announce their intention of resigning, if I am not dismissed. It will therefore be a trial of strength; but if I am supported by your majesty, I can have no fear as to the result."

"I hope their threat will not be put into execution, sir," replied Anne, much alarmed at what she heard. "This is a most unfortunate juncture for a change of ministry."

"It must be avoided, if possible," said Prince George, helping himself to a large pinch of snuff.

"There is no way of avoiding it," replied Harley. "The difficulty *must* be met; and I confess I have none of the apprehensions apparently entertained by her majesty. An outcry will no doubt be raised at first, but it will instantly subside. Marlborough's popularity has reached its climax—nay, is on the decline. The war in the Low Countries has been too long protracted, and the public coffers have been too heavily drained by the vast supplies required, not to have opened the eyes of all thinking persons to the grievance; and they have begun to perceive, now that the dazzle of victory is over, that this most expensive pastime



Marlborough and Godolphin demanding Harley's dismissal of the Queen.

is only carried on to enrich the commander-in-chief himself. The Earl of Rochester, who will support the new administration, threatens to inquire why the attack on France is ever made through the Netherlands, instead of through Spain, the principal object of the war, and where our success might be double what it is, if we had a larger army than that commanded by the brave, though rash, Earl of Peterborough. Public feeling, moreover, is against the continuance of the war. We have bought our honours too dearly; and though the noisy mob may lose their idol, Marlborough, a new puppet can be bought for them, and at a less ruinous price. As to Lord Godolphin's resignation, with submission to your majesty, it will be scarcely felt, for it can be well supplied."

"By Mr. Harley?" said the prince, somewhat sarcastically.

"No, by a far better man, your highness," replied Harley—"by Lord Poulet. I shall be well content to hold my present office, or any office in which I can effectively serve her majesty; but she has expressed a wish, in the event of a change, that I should take the chancellorship of the exchequer."

"With the real powers of government," muttered the prince.

"A Tory ministry can be instantly formed," continued Harley, "of which Lords Rochester, Nottingham, Haversham, and Dartmouth, may be members. All your majesty's favourite measures can then be carried. You will never again be thwarted as you have been, so repeatedly, and so vexatiously, by the insolent and domineering Whigs."

"You promise fairly, sir," remarked Anne.

"I promise what I will perform, madam," replied Harley. "And I also promise your highness," he added to the prince, "an exemption from those sneers and censures with which your administration of the admiralty has been visited. Your highness owes the Tories some favour for a special service they have rendered you, to which I need not allude."

"I am not forgetful for the handsome provision they have made for me in case of her dear majesty's demise before mine, as I think I have shewn, sir," replied the prince, with a low, and somewhat sarcastic bow; "but I don't see how I can advise the queen to support them now. It is a very critical juncture; and the slightest error in judgment will be fraught with the most perilous consequences."

"At all events her majesty will determine," replied Harley. "I have used every argument I think right with her."

"My inclinations are with you, undoubtedly," replied the queen.

"If such is really the case, gracious madam," replied Harley, bending the knee to her, "do not hesitate. Consult your own happiness—your own greatness. And do not forget that if Marlborough and Godolphin go, the duchess goes likewise."

"Enough, sir," replied the queen. "You may rise. I have decided. I will support you."

"Take time to reflect—take time!" cried the prince.

"I *have* reflected," replied Anne. "Whatever the consequence may be, Mr. Harley shall have my support."

"Your majesty will never repent your decision," rejoined the secretary, scarcely able to repress his satisfaction.

At this moment, an usher entered the library, and informed the queen that the duke of Marlborough and Lord Godolphin were without, and craved an instant audience of her majesty. Anne looked significantly at Harley.

"I will retire," said the secretary. "It were better they did not know of this interview."

"You cannot retire without passing through the room where they are waiting," replied the queen.

"What is to be done?" exclaimed the prince. "Stay, I have it. Perhaps Mr. Harley would not object to step behind this screen?"

Harley signified his ready acquiescence, and as the usher withdrew, ensconced himself as directed by the prince. The next moment the usher returned, and announced the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Godolphin.

The commander-in-chief looked grave; and the gloom habitual to the countenance of the lord-treasurer was now almost deepened to severity. Godolphin's usual deportment, though destitute of haughtiness, was cold and repelling; and so averse was he to flattery, or to the show of it, that he almost resented common civility; while frankness, which passed with him for sincerity, obtained more credit than it deserved. His complexion was black, with thick beetling brows, which added to the sternness of his expression. He was somewhat below the middle size, and of a spare frame; and though turned sixty, looked full of vigour, bodily as well as mentally. He seemed one of those men made to last. He was plainly attired in a snuff-coloured suit, and wore a black campaign wig that harmonized with his complexion. Godolphin was one of the best, if not one of the greatest, prime-ministers that this country ever possessed. The exalted post which he filled so admirably, had been modestly refused, when proffered to him, and was forced upon his acceptance by Marlborough, who declared that he himself would not undertake the command of the army, unless Godolphin regulated the supplies. By this great master of finance the revenue was so much improved, that in spite of the debts of the nation, five per cent. interest was paid for money placed in the public funds; and so incorruptibly honest was he in the administration of the treasure confided to him, so utterly free from venality in the disposal of place, that, in spite of the most rigid economy in his own establishment, he quitted office little richer than he entered it.

Neither would he ask for the retiring pension which had been promised him.

The customary salutations having been gone through, but more coldly and formally than usually, on both sides, Marlborough spoke.

"It is with infinite concern that the lord-treasurer and myself present ourselves before your majesty, to advise a course of conduct which we have reason to believe may prove at variance with your own inclinations. Nevertheless, it is our duty so to advise you, and we do not shrink from the task, however painful it may be to us. Of late, to our great grief, we have found that your majesty has withdrawn your confidence from your long-tried and most responsible advisers, and has bestowed it upon one little worthy in any way of such distinction; while the person in question has been further favoured by frequent conferences with you, from which we have been utterly excluded. If we have been misinformed your majesty will be pleased to say so."

"If your grace refers to Mr. Harley, I have certainly permitted him to visit me rather frequently in an evening," replied the queen, fanning herself impatiently.

"Our information was then correct," resumed Marlborough, "and your majesty having made the admission, we demand Mr. Harley's dismissal."

"Demand it?" echoed Anne. "But let that pass. On what grounds do you *demand* his dismissal?"

"On these, madam," replied Godolphin, coming forward. "By lending your countenance to so notorious an intriguer with France, you degrade your own cabinet, and lessen its power, while you increase the confidence of its opponents."

"You do not speak with your wonted calmness, my lord," observed the queen, with asperity. "Can it be jealousy that moves you so?"

"I had hoped that my long services would have saved me from such an unworthy imputation," replied Godolphin. "But if your majesty has forgotten my deserts, I have not forgotten the loyalty and devotion I owe you, and both prompt me to implore you not to commit the honour and security of your kingdom to this traitor. He will be as false to you as he has been to us."

"Though we have hitherto failed in bringing the matter home to Harley through his miserable creature, Greg," said Marlborough, "not a doubt can exist that he has betrayed the secrets of our cabinet to that of France; and I have yet stronger confirmation in these letters," tendering papers to the queen, "which were found upon the persons of two smugglers named Vallière and Bera, who have just been arrested, and who were professedly employed by him to obtain intelligence on the French coast, while it is thus proved, beyond all question, what was the actual nature of their service. It is true that the correspondence

has been so artfully contrived that Harley may not be implicated by it, but his criminality is unquestionable. On these grounds it is, madam, as well as on the ground of his treachery to us, his colleagues, that we demand Mr. Harley's dismissal from your service."

"And if I should decline to comply with the demand—what then?" said the queen, agitating her fan more violently than before, while Harley, with his finger on his lips, peered from behind the screen, to watch the effect of her speech on the duke.

"If after what has been said your majesty remains insensible to the prejudice done you by this person, we can only lament your wilful blindness," replied Marlborough, firmly; "but we are bound to regard our own honour and reputation; and we hereby respectfully announce to you, that no consideration shall induce us to serve longer with one whom we hold unworthy of association with men of honour."

"The Duke of Marlborough has fully expressed my sentiments, madam," said Lord Godolphin.

"You will act upon the determination you have so *respectfully* announced, my lords, if you think proper," replied Anne, rising with dignity; "but I will *not* dismiss Mr. Harley."

"Will your majesty grant me a hearing?" interposed the prince.

"Not if your highness is about to support their arguments," replied Anne, peremptorily.

"Bravo!" cried Harley to himself behind the screen. "All is won."

"Your majesty will then consider us as forced from your service," said Marlborough in a firm, but mournful tone.

And bowing profoundly, he withdrew with Godolphin.

"How shall I thank your majesty?" cried Harley, stepping from behind the screen.

"I know not how I have got through it," said Anne, sinking into the chair. "My mind misgives me."

"And so does mine—terribly," cried the prince. "You would not listen to me while there was yet time."

"You have acted nobly—courageously, madam," said Harley. "But the blow must be followed up to ensure a victory."

"True," replied Anne, rising; "and, therefore, let us go to the privy-council."

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-SECOND.

SHEWING HOW THE TABLES WERE TURNED UPON THE SECRETARY.

ONCE again, on that same day, Masham and Abigail met, and in the same place too. Ascertaining that the queen was engaged with the privy-council, the fair attendant took advantage of the

opportunity that presented itself to return to the ante-room, where she was not without the hope of finding her lover, and where she in reality did find him. Delightful was the interview that ensued, but it was unfortunately cut short, and at the tenderest point too, by the abrupt entrance of the queen and her consort. Anne was in a state of too great perturbation to notice Masham, who sprang backward as the door opened, and affected to be employed at one of the tables; but the prince shook his head at him, with a look that seemed to say—"You are resolved to be detected, you imprudent rascal!"

"What has happened, gracious madam?" cried Abigail, flying to the queen. "I thought you were engaged with the privy-council."

"The council is broken up," replied the queen, hurriedly. "They met not to deliberate, but to dispute; and I therefore put a sudden termination to the meeting."

"I can guess the cause of the dispute," said Abigail. "The treasurer and the duke made their threatened attack on Mr. Harley."

"Neither the duke nor the treasurer were there," replied the queen; "but you shall hear what occurred. I took my place as usual,—the whole of the council being assembled, with the exception of the two important members you have mentioned, for whose absence, however, I was prepared, and was therefore not surprised at it. After a brief pause, during which I observed the council eye each other significantly, I motioned Mr. Harley to open the business of the meeting. He obeyed; but had scarcely commenced, when he was interrupted by the Duke of Somerset, who arose, and exclaimed with great vehemence, 'It is a mockery to proceed further. We cannot deliberate when the two leaders of the cabinet—persons by whose opinions we must be governed—are absent.' The duke had scarcely sat down, when the Earl of Sunderland arose, and said in a stern tone to Harley, 'I demand to know from Mr. Secretary why we are deprived of the attendance of the commander-in-chief and the lord-treasurer? When I parted with them both, an hour ago, I know it was their intention, under certain circumstances, to be present.'—'You have no right to put the question to me, my lord,' replied Mr. Harley, 'and I decline to answer it. But as you state that the duke and treasurer only meant to attend, under 'certain circumstances,' perhaps you will state what those circumstances are?—'The circumstances are these, sir,' the earl rejoined: 'they were about to signify to the queen that they would no longer serve with you, whom they find have played them falsely. And by their absence, I understand that her majesty has accepted their resignation. As their lordships will not serve with you, neither will I, nor will any of the council.' 'There you are wrong, my lord,' cried

Mr. Saint-John, 'for *I* will. I will fearlessly and strenuously support her majesty's determination against all opposition.' Sir Thomas Mansell, and Sir Simon Harcourt followed, to the same effect, but all the rest sided with Sunderland, and so fierce a discussion commenced between the conflicting parties, and such opprobrious language was used towards Mr. Harley, and so little respect shewn to myself, that I broke up the meeting, and retired."

"Your majesty has therefore placed yourself entirely in the hands of Mr. Harley?" cried Abigail, joyfully.

"Entirely," replied the queen.

"Oh! how glad I am to hear it," cried Abigail, hazarding a side-look at Masham, who was listening attentively to the conversation. "Your majesty will now have some quiet."

"On the contrary, I am afraid all chance of quiet is at an end," cried the prince, heaving a deep sigh.

"I am expecting a visit from Mr. Harley to advise what course is next to be pursued," said the queen. "Ha! here he is," she added, as the door opened. "No;" and her countenance fell. "It is the Duchess of Marlborough!"

"The duchess!" exclaimed the prince and Abigail together.

"I am unwelcome and unexpected, I perceive," said the duchess, maintaining her imperious air and deportment as she advanced towards the queen. "No matter. I have that to say which *must* be said, and quickly. Before your majesty is finally and irretrievably committed to this step, you will do well to pause. At all events, I will shew you the dangerous position in which you stand. The rumour of the change of administration has spread with lightning swiftness. The coffee-houses are thronged with members of both houses of parliament, who have expressed their dissatisfaction in no measured terms, and the language they now hold will be repeated when they take their places to-night. Those of the commons declare that the bill of supply which was ordered for to-day shall be allowed to lie on the table unread. Already the news of the treasurer's resignation has reached the city, and stocks have fallen lower than they have ever been known during your majesty's reign, while a meeting of the wealthiest merchants has been called to consider what is to be done in a crisis so alarming. As to the people, they are in a state of ferment. The precincts of the palace are surrounded by crowds, who are giving vent to their anger in hootings and groans."

"It is true, your majesty," cried Masham, looking out of the window; "the park is thronged with a vast mob, who appear in a very excited state. There! you may hear their shouts."

And as he spoke, distant groans were heard.

The duchess watched the queen's changing countenance with exultation. She read in it the impression she had produced.

"A popular tumult will ensue," she cried; "and once begun, who shall say where it will end."

"It is a plot!" cried the queen, enraged and alarmed. "I will not be intimidated."

"Your majesty had better listen to reason," remarked the prince. "Mr. Harley may find these difficulties unsurmountable."

"Mr. Harley cannot carry on the government, as her majesty will find," said the duchess. "Hated by the Whigs, distrusted by the Tories, he will neither have the confidence of the one party, nor the support of the other, while labouring as he does under the grave suspicion of trafficking with France, his instant dismissal will be called for by the voice of the whole nation. So circumstanced, he cannot stand for a day; and her majesty will have to bear all the fearful consequences of the attempt, with the disgrace of failure."

"Your majesty had better re-consider your opinion," urged the prince.

"There is no time to re-consider it," said the duchess. "An instant decision must be made. There is but one way of dispersing those crowds, and of appeasing the popular indignation."

"And that way I will not adopt," replied Anne, firmly. "I have promised to support Mr. Harley; and as long as he chooses to persevere, I will uphold him."

"Worthily resolved, madam," cried Abigail.

"Peace, wench, and deliver your opinion when it is asked," cried the duchess, coarsely. "I take my leave of your majesty. To-morrow, it will be your turn to come to me."

She then moved towards the door, but her departure was checked by the sudden entrance of Harley. His looks bespoke agitation and alarm.

"She here!" he muttered. "I hoped to have anticipated her. But no matter. Stay, duchess," he added, aloud, "you may wish to hear what I have to say to her majesty. Madam," he continued, throwing himself at the queen's feet, "I humbly thank you for the trust you have been graciously pleased to repose in me; but with the most ardent desire to serve you, and to carry out your designs, I am unable to do so."

"He confesses his incompetency!" exclaimed the duchess, triumphantly. "I knew he would be compelled to do so."

"The friends on whom I relied have fallen from me——," pursued Harley.

"It is needless to proceed, sir," interrupted the duchess. "I have already shewn her majesty the utter incapacity of the persons to whom she has thought fit to entrust the affairs of her kingdom."

"I hope you have also shewn her majesty that our inability arises chiefly, if not wholly, from your machinations, duchess,"

replied Harley. "It is with inexpressible concern that I am compelled to tender my resignation to your majesty."

"Resign before he has ever held office!" cried the duchess, derisively. "A capital jest—ha! ha! So ends this farce."

"My friends, Saint-John, Mansell, and Harcourt, retire with me," continued Harley.

"Cholmondeley, Walpole, and Montagu shall have their places," muttered the duchess.

"I accept your resignation with as much regret as you tender it, Mr. Harley," said the queen; "but though I lose your services, you shall not lose my favour. Duchess, as you have excited this tumult, you will now perhaps take means to allay it."

"Your majesty's happy decision needs but to be publicly announced to change those demonstrations of discontent into rejoicings," replied the duchess. "I will set about it immediately. Poor ex-secretary! He resembles his slippery namesake Harley-quin, when robbed of his wand by Pierrot."

"A sorry jest!" exclaimed Abigail—"and as ungenerous as sorry."

"If your majesty desires to propitiate the friends you have deserted, and have been obliged to recal, you will discharge your forward attendant," cried the duchess.

"Whatever happens, duchess, Abigail will remain with me," replied the queen.

"Your majesty has seen how ineffectual your resolutions are," rejoined the duchess, sarcastically. "Again I take my leave."

"To the door, Masham!" cried the prince.

"Masham!" exclaimed the duchess, looking round; "I thought he was banished."

"I meant Mezansene," replied the prince, in some embarrassment. "Deuce take my unlucky tongue!"

"There is something in this," muttered the duchess. "That young man is very like Masham. I must have an eye upon him. I go to execute your majesty's behests." And making a profound obeisance, she withdrew.

"I am now nothing more than your majesty's servant," observed Harley.

"You are no longer my minister," returned the queen; "but you are as much my friend—my adviser—as ever."

THE NEW GULL'S HORNE-BOOK.

"Poor Tom, thy horn is dry."—LEAR.

"A few horn-shavings with a bone or two."—BEN JONSON.

"To use many metaphors, poetical phrases in prose, or ink-horne terms, smelleth of affectation."—WRIGHT'S PASSIONS OF THE MIND.

UNDER the title of "*A New Spirit of the Age, edited by R. H. Horne, author of 'Orion,' 'Gregory VII.,' &c.*" we have a work, which might better have borne the designation that introduces our remarks; except that, so designated, there would have been some incongruity to notice, between the fairness and truth of the title, and the remarkable want of those qualities in the work itself.

This new "Spirit of the Age" is avowedly sent into the world to do for the twenty years last past in England, what Hazlitt, in the old "Spirit of the Age," did for the first twenty years of the century. The editor consequently announces himself, in no unintelligible terms, as a new Hazlitt. And a new Hazlitt he is.

We are bound in all conscience to acknowledge that there is a uniform exactness—yea, admirable harmony—between the modesty of this tacit declaration and the tone of most of the criticisms upon the New Spirit. Still, it might have been better to have recollected *Lady Teazle's* maxim about leaving honour unmentioned—and to have said nothing about Hazlitt. That bold and brilliant writer produced, in the volume referred to, the least valuable and satisfactory of his works; but whatever gaps he may be seen to have left in his design; however short of a full and complete measurement of his age his single-mindedness may have fallen; and however wanting even his acuteness and sympathy may have been, in the requisite variety of power to observe with distinctness, to picture with equal force, and to appreciate with universal fidelity all the many qualities of morality and intellect combined in the "spirit" he was to review—yet he at least proved at the very outset that he felt and comprehended the first distinguishing principle of his great subject—its "many-sidedness:" a principle which the philosopher of the New Spirit appears to have never once recognised or thought of, from the beginning to the end of his toils.

Hazlitt, if unfitted to realize his own conception, and to do what nobody else could perhaps at any period, clearly understood the "Spirit of the Age" to mean a power visible in the working of infinite and most opposite influences; the action of many minds, in ways essentially different and wonderfully remote from each other, while running very often insensibly to a point; the distinguishing quality of the time, manifested in the operation of its hundred principal products of Thought and Action. His sympathies were no narrower in their range than his understanding. In his work on the age, he wrote of Wordsworth, and he wrote also of Bentham. In the number of *his* spirits, he included Moore, and he included Malthus too; he took in Irving the Reverend, and Crabbe, and Wilberforce, as well as Byron and the Wicked; if he had one eye on Eldon, he had his other on Burdett; while Cobbett paired off with Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt

was in companionship with Gifford; Brougham and Southey walked arm in arm.

Here, at least, was something like a general scheme, an aim at comprehensiveness, and the frank acknowledgment and recognition of sufficient varieties of character and genius—(each, after its kind, working in its own original field, for an end specified, and in the open eye of the world)—to conjure up the idea and image of a Power anything but contemptible even when calling itself the Spirit of the Age.

But the New Spirit is altogether, from head to foot, quite another affair. Father Mathew, for example, has never been heard of by the hero of the New Spirit—pity but he had. The present Spirit is the spirit of a selection of names more or less conspicuous on the roll of literature, omitting almost every honoured name whatever that happens to be in any respect celebrated out of it. It is not, like the old, a meeting of the mighty waters; but a rivulet, very shallow and frothy in places, calling itself the ocean because it runs into it.

Twenty years ago! Why, Peel was then in his political apprenticeship, hardly venturing to dream of attaining to the undivided leadership of a great party; and O'Connell, at that time of day, had not carried the Clare election, which made some difference. Since then, the twinklers of that time have, in the sight of all men,

“Flamed in the forehead of the morning sky,”

and may in some quarters be regarded as not absolutely unentitled to be numbered among the spirits of the age—good or evil—but perhaps the people in those quarters are all wrong.

These, however, are but two—mentioned for their eminence and oppositeness—two only of the many distinguished names which should have crowded the list, and rendered it startling with prodigious contrasts of force and pretension, had the object pursued been the object advertised—to picture a new spirit of the age, and thus to portray its leading minds in their several spheres of action impartially. The object, indeed, has not been even attempted; unless we are to imagine that in Lord Ashley (almost the only name unassociated with literature contained in the two volumes) are comprised all the talents and all the excellences, all the wisdom and virtue put into action, all the philanthropy and enlightenment of the age, that happens to be not monopolized by authors.

We must, therefore, look at these volumes as attempting to portray not a new spirit of the age, but simply a new literary spirit. This is narrowing the ground wonderfully; and yet we see in the smaller design a deficiency as glaring. The impotence of the attempt is not a jot less ludicrous, and the partiality and presumption not a jot less censurable.

We make no objection to the spirits chosen to constitute the “new spirit”—not to any one of them. Several, if they are modest, will wonder perhaps at seeing themselves there at all; and others have undoubtedly earned a right to be left out, and to have been spared the pain of being unceremoniously dragged forth for sham-review and mock honour in this way. There, however, they are; of them anon. Our business is first with the deficiencies—or we should say, with more correctness, the omissions, for the other word applies equally to the

treatment which the majority of the introduced have experienced. And to these omissions, the following passage of the preface refers:—

“It has been throughout a matter of deep regret to the editor, more keenly felt as the work drew towards its conclusion, that he found himself compelled to omit several names which should have been included; not merely of authors, who, like himself, belong only to the last ten or fifteen years, but of veterans in the field of literature, who have not been duly estimated in collections of this kind. Inability to find sufficient space is one of the chief causes; in some cases, however, the omission is attributable to a difficulty of classification, or the perplexity induced by a versatility of talents in the same individual.”

“Several” names then are confessedly omitted, names without which the new spirit is a spirit that requires to be rectified. No mention of them is made, but amongst the “several” are a few writers of history, such as Hallam, Alison, Turner, and Lingard; and certain members of the aristocracy, who, though not exclusively of the Ashley school, have served in the fields of philanthropy; but what is more to the point here, have also associated themselves with literature; the names of Lord Francis Egerton, Lord Mahon, Lord Normanby, and Lord John Russell, occur among others to the reader’s recollection. The exact reason for the omission of these writers (of their very names, except in one instance or two) it would be tedious to make a matter of speculation—whether their talents were too versatile, or the space too contracted, remains a secret.

It must be from one of these two assigned causes, that a few of the novelists are as unceremoniously left out—more unceremoniously, seeing that the list of additions to the “several” commences with ladies—as Ladies Blessington, Charlotte Bury, and Morgan. Better however to omit, than to vituperate with the grossness that marks the assault on Mrs. Trollope. Who are the civilized critics that thus “tomahawk” ladies! Miss Edgeworth surely belongs still to the present, and Mrs. Southey, and Mrs. Bray, too; yet these can scarcely command a word—a tribute not accorded at all to such novelists as Morier and Ward; Warren and Benjamin D’Israeli; the author of “Tom Cringle’s Log,” the author of “Cyril Thornton,” Chamier, Grattan, Ollier, &c. Hogg, Galt, Hope, Lister, and one or two more of his contemporaries, are, like Theodore Hook, dead; but Hook only is mentioned, for Hook is a subject for an article, which touches with anything but dignity upon a small portion of a large subject. Lockhart and Professor Wilson also figure among the illustrious omitted; for what reason they are left out it is absolutely impossible to guess; perhaps, their powers are so confoundedly versatile—perhaps, they could not be packed up, easily, in half a line; perhaps it was thought safer to let them alone.

The American writers whose works, like those of Washington Irving, (one of the elder “spirits,”) form part of modern English literature, have nothing whatever to do with the new spirit of the age. Cooper and Haliburton are out. “Leatherstocking” and “Sam Slick” are bodily substances, not to be mentioned in the presence of spirits.

Equally will the reader be at a loss to discover, on what principle of selection, by what crotchet of taste, conformably to what rule of philosophical criticism, the poets have been adopted or rejected. Croly and Rogers may have been rejected as of the past, yet they are

present also upon a principle not in the least Irish. Allan Cunningham may have been excluded because he is dead; and Moir because he is living. What principle governs the rejection of Barry Cornwall, who is just singing new songs, and yet is not of the new Spirit! *Robert Montgomery*, by the way, is a noticeable spirit—*James Montgomery* is not! After this fact, it may be idle to say more.

It would take us too far, and into strangely mingled company, to consider at length these mystic points; and as we now approach that short consideration of the articles themselves which is all they are entitled to, and as literary criticisms much more, it will be necessary to have in mind the editorial announcement at the close of the preface:—

“It will be sufficiently apparent that *several hands* are in the work.”

That the “several” here alluded to are not the “several” alluded to before as excluded by virtue of the number of their claims to admission, or for the reason assigned by Joseph Andrews for not carving horses and heroes on the head of his walking-stick—“want of room”—is fairly supposable; but of course it would be altogether as unfair to suppose, that the “several hands” engaged in the work itself, have been employed therein in a reciprocity of puff, in bandying personal compliment, and decorating each other’s dirty fingers with tawdry rings. It is infinitely more allowable, and indeed quite within the compass of fair conjecture, to presume that the editorial example openly and somewhat ostentatiously set, has been followed by each of the several modest contributors, and that the rule adopted was, that each “hand” should help itself, each bell have its own clapper, and every censor of others be judge in his own case. A notable example of this new mode of “blowing one’s own horn,” is to be found at the hundredth page of the second volume, from which we quote the following remark and reference. The “unacted dramatists” are the gentle persons spoken of in the text.

CONTRIBUTOR.

“That in the pure element of dramatic composition they also consider themselves worthy to be ‘ranked with some of the dramatists of a nobler era,’ is undoubtedly true,—and one of them has been heard to set at nought the scoffs of his time, *by claiming to rank, in the pure elements of tragedy, with the dramatists of the Greek or Elizabethan ages.*”

MR. HORNE.

“Our esteemed contributor avoids naming the Author of ‘*Cosmo de Medici*,’ and ‘*Gregory VII.*,’ for obvious reasons; but lest some others might have to bear the odium of taking their position into their own hands, the offender is hereby ‘given up’ to justice.”

Great events from trivial causes are common things enough; the curiosity now-a-days arises, not so much from the smallness, as from the extreme oddity of a cause. The incongruity, the apparent *non-sequitur-itiveness*, is sometimes comical—as in the present case. If one particular tragedy had been but acted, in all probability these critical sketches would never have been written; the Age would not have been made to laugh at its distorted image, nor the Body of the Time had reason to blush for its new Spirit.

Having copied the editor's note, it would be unjust to omit the expression of his anxiety (which refers especially to whatever has been written by himself in the work) that his readers "should never mistake the self-confidence of the critic for arrogance, or the presumptuous tone of assumed superiority, which are so revolting;" it is to be attributed to his "strong feeling of conviction, and a belief that he clearly sees the truth of the matter in question." That is all.

The work, then, is to be taken as the production of several hands—or Hazlitts, as they may be called—hands, with nobodies attached to them; hands that do their "spiriting," not quite so gently, so pleasantly, or so faithfully, as the hands with invisible owners in the fairy tale.

Here we have incidentally made an allusion that brings us by a short cut to one of the principal "features" of the work. Hands and fairy-tales! Alas, for fairy-tale and legend, for now they have fallen under the iron hand of a merciless moralist.

Truly, one of these hands is by its own confession—for it has a voice—an "iron hand;" of no less hard a metal; and it is laid thus heavily in purpose, crushingly in intention, on no other author alive than the author of the famous "Ingoldsby Legends." We quote verbatim from p. 150, vol. i.:—

"The present age is bad enough without *such assistance*. Wherefore an iron hand is now laid upon the shoulder of Thomas Ingoldsby, and a voice murmurs in his ear, 'Brother, no more of this!'"

No more of *this*! That is, no more of the Ingoldsby Legends! Knowing of what the hand consists, it would be pleasant to know of what metal the face that belongs to it is made. "No more of this!" Such is the fraternal injunction; and nothing else could we make of it, though we were to read it and print it a thousand times. What innocent sin hath the Ingoldsby legend committed! Alas, the worst of sins—it has made men laugh; it has incurred the deadly, the in-expiable guilt of popularity!

"The 'Ingoldsby Legends' stand quite alone,—and they always will stand quite alone,—for the 'joke' will never be repeated. They are constructed upon a very curious and outrageous principle. As everybody finds his self-love and sense of the ridiculous in a high state of enjoyment at a 'damned tragedy,' by reason of the incongruity of the actual emotions compared with those which the subject was naturally intended to convey, and the luckless poet had built all his hopes upon conveying—the author of these legends has hit upon a plan for turning this not very amiable fact to account, by the production of a series of self-damned tragedies. Or, perhaps, they may be more properly termed most sanguinary melo-dramas, intermixed with broad farce over the knife and bowl."

"Refinement is an essential property of the ideal, and whatever is touched by ideality is so far redeemed from earth. But where there is *no* touch of it, all is of the earth, earthy. In this condition stands the Genius of the Ingoldsby Legends, eye-deep in its own dark slough. Everythings falls into it which approaches, or is drawn near."

It is not necessary to pause for one moment here, to echo what has been so widely and deeply expressed, in many circles of readers, among the learned and the unlearned, the jovial and the sedate, the wise and the simple;—a feeling of enjoyment in the wild and original pleasantries of Thomas Ingoldsby—in his thoughts and in his rhymes—in his wit and his music—in the astonishing ease of his verse, and the playfulness with which his humour can deliver itself not unfrequently of wise truth, as well as exquisite burlesque. The reader who is

familiar with the legends would anticipate all that we could say. But perhaps he has yet to learn that in every smooth but tortuous line of the many-winding legend, there lurks a snake—it hisses in the melody, and stings in the moral. Where he has laughed, he should have trembled and shuddered. When he has been shaking his sides, he should have shaken his head—shed iron tears, and stretched forth the iron hand. Any objection that may have been made heretofore, has been a shallow, undiscerning, insufficient objection, and now for the first time has a discovery been made—that what our good spirits have fed upon so merrily, was either “poison” or “twaddle.”

“The ‘Moral’ at the end, is not very symphonious; but in the usual twaddling style, affecting to be humorous—‘married pilgrims don’t stay away so long,’ and ‘when you *are* coming home, just write and say so;’ learned Clerks ‘stick to your books’—‘don’t visit a house when the master’s from home’—‘shun drinking;’ and ‘gay ladies allow not your *patience* to fail.’ A fair average specimen of the beautiful concentrated essence of that ‘fine vein of morality’ which runs, or rather, gutters, through these legends.

“In the Legend of Palestine (second series), which is called ‘The Ingoldsby Penance,’ (?) the knight, who has gone to the holy wars, leaving his wife at Ingoldsby Hall, intercepts a letter, carried by a little page, from his wife to a paramour with whom she has ‘perhaps been a little too gay,’ as the holy father remarks—whereby we discover what meaning is attached to those words. Sir Ingoldsby gives the little page a kick, which sends him somewhere, and the child is apparently killed on the spot. The paramour turns out to be the revered Prior of Abingdon! Sir Ingoldsby forthwith cuts off the reverend man’s head. His account of the style in which he murdered his wife, the Lady Alice, must be told in his own words:—

“‘And away to Ingoldsby Hall I flew!
 Dame Alice I found—
 She sank on the ground—
 I twisted her neck till I twisted it round!
 With jibe, and jeer, and mock, and scoff,
 I twisted it on—till I twisted it off!’

“Serious or comic? Surely this cannot be meant as a laughable thing, but as a dreadful actual revenge? At any rate, however, it is laughed at, and the very next couplet institutes a paraphrastic comparison with Humpty Dumpty who sat on a wall! ‘All the king’s doctors, and all the king’s men,’ sings the primitive Muse—who is sometimes ‘rather too gay’—‘can’t put fair Alice’s head on *agen*!’ It must by this time have become perfectly apparent that the only possible attempt at justification of such writings must be on the score of some assumed merit in the unexampled mixture of the ludicrous and the revolting—the ‘exquisite turns’—‘the playfulness’ of these bloody fingers.”

It is gratifying to know that the Ingoldsby legends possess “very great talent of its kind;” but it is dreary to reflect that—

“Their merit is certainly not *wit*, in its usual acceptation; and their humour can scarcely be regarded as legitimate, being continually founded upon trifling with sacred, serious, hideous, or otherwise forbidden subjects, beyond the natural region of the comic muse, and often beyond nature herself.”

Moreover, we have all been innocently imposed upon by the “moral” at the end of the legend—

“As for the distiches and stanzas at the end of most of the legends under the old-fashioned head ‘moral,’ they are all written upon the same principle of arrant twaddling advice, the self-evident pointlessness of which is intended to look like humour, and are humiliating to common sense.”

“The quantity of common-place slang in these legends is a remarkable feature. Very much of it is of a kind that was in vogue in the time of our fathers and

grandfathers, such as 'Hookey Walker—apple-pie order—a brace of shakes—cock-sure—meat for his master—raising the wind—smelling a rat—up to snuff—going snacks—little Jack Horner,' &c.; and there is no want of the slang of present days, such as—'done brown—a shocking bad hat—like bricks—coming it strong—heavy wet—a regular guy—right as a trivet—a regular turn up—tipping a facer—cobbing and fibbing—tapping the claret—a prime set-to!' &c. These choice morsels are all introduced between inverted commas, to mark them as quotations; as if this rendered them a jot the more fit to illustrate murderous tales; or as if their dull vulgarity was excusable because it was not original. To use slang with impunity requires great tact, and good taste and invention, and the finest humour;—inverted commas do nothing.

"Many of the tales end with some very fusty old sayings, presented to the eye all in capital letters:—'Don't hallo before you're quite out of the wood; never borrow a horse you don't know of a friend; look at the clock; who sups with the devil should have a long spoon,' &c., each of which is intended as a rare piece of humour to wind up with. The stanzas also display in capital letters such excellent new wit as—'Keep your handkerchief safe in your pocket; little pitchers have long ears; beware of the Rhine, and take care of the rhino; I wish you may get it; you can't make a silk purse of a sow's ear; a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.'"

Fairy tales, it is admitted, are exquisitely "pure and innocent," that is, when they are very grand and very tragic matters; but there is no innocence or purity in fairy tales when they happen to be—

"Written upon the principle of one of those Olympic doggerel burlesques, the desecration of poetry in sense as in feeling. Their tendency is to encourage the public not to believe in true poetry or innocence *on the stage*, but to be always ready to laugh or think ill things."

If these passages, among many similar ones, afford the same description of the legends as black affords of white, they do not so utterly fail of illustrating some qualities of this "New Spirit of the Age." Alack for Tom Ingoldsby, to be so "disgraced by an inkhorne mate!" Poor Tom, *thy* Horne is, indeed, dry!

The passage we have given touching the Great Unacted, is from a paper on Knowles and Macready; persons who are therein acknowledged to possess some merits, although it is made but too plain that in one shape or the other they have been sadly in the way of the unacted dramatists—the most unpardonable of all offences theatrical or literary. As an actor, Mr. Macready is, to be sure, treated very handsomely at first; it is generously admitted, that "his merits are far greater than his defects"—only it happens that this praise, conformably to the principle on which the whole paper and several others are written, is blotted out by what immediately follows:—"He has no revelations of genius, no inspirations except those which are unconsciously 'given off' at times from great *physical* energies. *If he had,*" proceeds the amiable critic, in a spirit of liberality equal to his discernment—"if he had any such revelations, *he would* adopt them doubtfully and partially, and so *defeat their essential meaning.*" This is profound criticism, and displays an exalted sense of justice. First make a bold and positive assertion, denying to the object of your dislike the possession of any ennobling quality you choose, and then make another assertion, as bold and positive as the first,—that he would totally destroy its virtue and render it valueless, if he had it.

The article is a streaky one—eulogy and depreciation succeed each other in regular layers. There is scarcely one small blossom of appro-

bation that is not instantly trodden under the wilful heel of censure. The spirit of a jealous and injurious misrepresentation is ever alive to extinguish, as soon as it awakens, the little spark of candour and fairness. It would be sickening to cite examples—a dozen words suffice; thus—"He reads poetry very badly"—"and yet he speaks with exquisite distinctness and very impressively." Every page contains its specimens of this ingenuity, which only fails at times when the sense of wrong, unspeakable and inexpiable, done to the Unacted, rises to fever-heat; and then insulting disparagement has its full swing.

With reference to the past in management, the vice of the Macready-system is disclosed in a second;—there was at least one tragedy in manuscript which he did not produce either at Covent Garden or Drury Lane! But with reference to the future, he may proceed, if he should see fit, to give us revivals of Shakspeare in one of the smaller theatres—only it must be observed particularly—"He should carefully avoid *all* new pieces, and all *pretence* of encouraging living dramatists; first, because, instructed by long experience, he must have found it is his destiny to select mediocrity or failure; and secondly, because he will thus cease to excite the efforts and occupy the time of men of intellect to no purpose."

There is nothing half so grand as this, though raised on stilted verse, to be found in the whole range of the unacted drama. The spirit of all the Rejected speaks in it at once with a vast capacity to settle the entire question. It is the sublime of pertness.*

Mr. Macready is coolly alleged to have "wasted more of the time of men of genius and talent than any individual on record." The case, then, stands thus:—He devotes his own time night and day, he destroys his health, he impairs his fortune, he employs his knowledge, talents, and experience, in promoting dramatic interests—pale and panting crowds of the Unacted flock to him, instantaneously, flourishing intolerable tragedies in their hands—and when, having produced several, he declines to be ruined further, he is reminded (herein) with respect to one of them, that he only lost five hundred pounds by it, and that he has "wasted the time of men of genius and talent!" What these unacted dramatists know of human nature, they best can say who have attempted to read their works; but of the said human nature, it must be admitted, they are in themselves most eccentric and astounding specimens. They ought to be brought out instead of their plays.

The article on Bulwer and his writings will hardly prove less distasteful to all persons of right feeling, and a proper regard for the decencies of literary portraiture and criticism. The "opinions" are not worth a moment's cavil. The crotcheteer may think the "Last of the Barons" "intolerably tedious and heavy," and be of opinion also that "Rienzi" is the "*least* marked by genius of any of its author's later works of fiction." These random eccentricities are as good as

* On the words "mediocrity or failure," we may just pause to remark, that the dramatic writings of Knowles, Talfourd and Bulwer, were produced on the stage by Mr. Macready, with, during his late management, several other works which were neither failures nor mediocre;—amongst them that fine play of Griffin's, *Gisippus*, which is here most discreditably alluded to as the "much-puffed *Gisippus*," an "equivocal" tragedy. Ah! but then it was *acted*.

the rest, and the man is free to cherish them until every unacted tragedy shall have been produced and damned. But what are a little more offensive are the "supposes" of the critic as to his author's personal likings and preferences, the substitution of some dandifications of his own for the reality he professes to scrutinise, and the self-sufficiency with which he gropes about in the dark, deciding upon the right and the wrong of all things.

The preface speaks of the exclusion of all "disagreeable personalities and unwarrantable anecdotes." The assertion as to the first is very equivocally borne out; and as for the second—though to be sure the volumes are as bare of biography and as scant of anecdote as they can well be—there is an example of the unwarrantable in the allusion to a tragedy of "Cromwell," (by Bulwer,) "said to have been rewritten," "totally changed" while going through the press, and finally, when printed, suppressed. "*The public was not worthy of it*"—we heard this intimated." We heard; yes, but why did we repeat, in spite of a pledge to the contrary? The assumed saying is either an invented or an eagerly adopted sneer. Again:—

"If the saying attributed to Sir Lytton Bulwer concerning his editorship is true, it belongs to that 'dandaical' portion of him, which disagreeably interferes with one's confidence in his sincerity; for if he said he became an Editor 'to shew that a gentleman might occupy such a position,' it must simply be set down to the same Beau-Brummel idiosyncrasy which makes him seriously careful of the cut of his coat, and the fashion of his waistcoat."

If the saying be true!—why it has falsehood on the face of it! What an undignified and pitiful evasion of the asserted principle is this—to introduce unwarrantable personalities and anecdotes upon *ifs*!

Enough of the Unacted, who are also the Unactable, as well as the Unread and the Unreadable. Men who are so little acquainted with themselves and their performances are not likely to be deeply skilled in a true knowledge of the works and characters of others—especially of those among their contemporaries who happen to be successful.

And enough too, or more than enough, of the New Spirit of the Age. Some say that the spirit of the age is quackery; only grant that, and then the projectors of this design become its fair and legitimate representatives.

We fancied that it had been reserved for Mr. Grant alone to picture all Paris and its People from the observations of a fortnight. He is more than rivalled—he is beaten upon his own ground. But, active and inventive as he is, it is surprising that he should have missed such a subject as his rival, Mr. Horne, has seized upon. Grant would have treated it more satisfactorily, because less grandly—more generally, more equally, and more amusingly. We should have had about as much of the real philosophy, and rather less of the false. There would have been a smaller quantity of himself, and a larger proportion of his sitters, in the historical group. He portrayed the Parliament-men, with an equal knowledge of them, and greater impartiality. At least, he would have described externals, boots, hats, and buttons, without prejudice or favour. On the whole, we prefer Grant to Horne.

THE SUPPRESSED COMEDY.*

WHOSOEVER in these days bestows even a passing thought upon theatrical occurrences, must have noticed the extraordinary fortune that befel this Comedy at the beginning of last year. It was performed at Covent Garden with decided success; it was announced for repetition amidst great applause, extending to a call for the appearance of its author; its triumph was, in a particular fashion, recorded in the ensuing playbills; it was therein advertised to be performed three nights a week; other pieces, not new, but worn out, were substituted for it; and it was never acted a second time.

Mr. Bell, in his explanation, reminds us of several theatrical anomalies; how the "Rivals" was hissed off the stage, how the "Iron Chest" failed, and how other works, now quite lively and enjoying a green old age, came to a tragical end in the hour of their birth. Here, the dramatists drew blanks which afterwards turned out to be prizes; but the author of this comedy drew a prize which speedily proved to be a blank. Now this never before happened; it is truly said that the fate of "Mothers and Daughters" is unique.

As now published, we have a comedy and a farce too, the drama and the preface—if indignation at injustice, and sympathy for an accomplished writer, may be allowed for a single moment to be set aside as in a parenthesis. The manner in which, from first to last, Mr. Bell's work was treated, either by manager or by actor, forms a picture at once pathetic and absurd; he writes about it in a far better temper than thinking men less immediately interested in the disclosure, can maintain while reading his statement. His conduct is as honourable to him as his comedy.

Theatrical absurdity is at its height in this affair. The manager of the Haymarket frankly accepted the play, but the principal comedian there, for whom author and manager thought the leading character peculiarly adapted, "could not see himself in it," and declined representing it. The manager of Covent Garden was equally cordial in accepting the comedy, but felt it to be almost essential to have for the representative of the chief character that very Haymarket actor who had refused to undertake it. These cross-purposes were curious enough, but there was a whimsical addition to them, when the tragedian of one theatre was installed as substitute for the comedian of another—Mr. Vandenhoff, in short, performing the part of Mr. Farren. Yet the comedy was produced; was applauded, "and that highly;" was announced for repetition as aforesaid, and acted not again—without reason assigned, which would have been difficult, and without recompence given, which was impossible.

This is a dull story, but Mr. Bell's longer one is infinitely lively, and may class, different and superior in spirit as it is, with Colman's preface to his "Iron Chest." The end is, that after a twelvemonth, the manager who destroyed the comedy as an actable production by performing it for a single night, yields a little on the pecuniary point, and pays, not for the sacrifice of the dramatist's labour, but for the publication of the instructive and unmatchable "moral" that crowns the catastrophe.

No author but a dramatic author could have been so injured. Let it be some slight consolation to Mr. Bell, that he has done more than even the authorship of an elegant and carefully-studied comedy, implies; he has vindicated, as far as he possibly could, the interests of dramatic literature, deeply involved in the proceedings which were so fatal to his own; and he has completely demolished, by good-humoured satire, and, what is more essential, sound argument and simple statements, every frivolous excuse that tortured ingenuity could set up in defence of the system by which he suffered. The comedy has been read with delight, and it will be long before the preface that now introduces it loses its relish.

* Mothers and Daughters, a Comedy, in Five Acts. By Robert Bell. Second Edition, with an Explanatory Preface.

HENRY WELBY, THE HERMIT OF CRIPPLEGATE.*

BY CHARLES OLLIER, AUTHOR OF "FERRERS."

"Thy works, and alms, and all thy good endeavour,
 Stay'd not behind, nor in the grave were trod;
 But as Faith pointed with her golden rod,
 Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever."

MILTON.

ON a glowing day, about two centuries and a half ago, a great bustle and merry-making roused the little village of Boscumbe, in Wiltshire, from its usual pastoral quiet. This festivity was caused by the marriage of Mistress Anne Welby, only daughter and heiress of the lord of the manor, to Sir Christopher Hilliard, a gentleman of large possessions in Yorkshire. Never was a more auspicious wedding; nor one which, in all its circumstances, could be more flattering to the bride and bridegroom. Village-inhabitants, old and young, lads and lasses, were abroad in all their country bravery, busy in paying homage, after their fashion, to the young couple; gentry living miles round assembled at Welby Hall to do honour to the occasion; the road through which our wedding-pageant passed to church was for the most part o'er-canopied by elm-boughs; and the church itself was a quaint, picturesque, and ancient edifice, of which the pavement was decorated in several places with brass effigies and armorial bearings of certain ancestors of the Welbys, inlaid on the stones. Last, though not least, the marriage was to be solemnized by the illustrious Richard Hooker, at that time rector of this parish, to which living he had been presented by Mistress Anne's father, Henry Welby, Esquire, of Vale Priory, in Lincolnshire, and of Boscumbe, in Wiltshire.

It has been held by many that the form of marriage, as prescribed in our ritual, is much weakened by certain clippings and omissions, tolerated in the present day. We do not know whether in the sixteenth century such abbreviations were permitted, or not, in the celebration of this solemn contract; but be this as it may, it is quite certain that Richard Hooker was too stanch a ritualist to epitomize a sacred order of the church. He, who at this time was composing his great work on "Ecclesiastical Polity," would never dream of abridging ecclesiastical forms, nor would Mr. Welby have acquiesced in so irreverend an indecorum, even had the minister been inclined to perpetrate it. The ceremony was, therefore, performed in all its impressive details before a congregation which filled every part of the humble fane; and when the "Blessing" on the newly-married pair had been pronounced, a choir of skilful singing-men chanted in learned counterpoint the "*Beati omnes*." Then followed other observances which, being completed, the young couple devoutly received the communion. A pealing voluntary was now heard from the organ,

* The ground-work of this story is derived from a note by Dr. Calder, in an edition of the "Tatler," published in 1789. This note, containing a brief account of "the noble and virtuous Henry Welby, Esquire," is inserted in Mr. Leigh Hunt's "Hundred Romances of Real Life"—a very admirable collection of true stories, sagely annotated. With few exceptions, the present writer is accountable for the narrative now before the reader.

and as the sounds died away, Mr. Hooker ascended the pulpit, and preached a marriage-sermon with much of the rich eloquence, apostolical fervour, fertility of allusion, and erudite illustration which distinguish his immortal "Ecclesiastical Polity."

Before the sermon had concluded, one of the lower windows nearest the pulpit was suddenly darkened by the figure of a man who looked earnestly and sternly at the preacher. "Master Basil!" was whispered from one to another, when the eyes of the congregation were simultaneously turned on him. Disconcerted by so universal a scrutiny, he gradually drew back from his post, and disappeared. Though Mr. Hooker, in common with others, had seen the intruder, and knew that his glances were directed especially at him, he paused not in his discourse, nor abated one atom of his fervid emphasis.

When all was over at the church, the wedding-party returned in state to Welby Hall, where a sumptuous banquet was prepared. The bride and bridegroom, however, remained not long with their father's guests; and having received Mr. Welby's tearful benediction, departed for London, where they intended to remain a few days preparatory to the removal of Lady Hilliard to her husband's seat in Yorkshire, where in a short time she was welcomed as mistress by Sir Christopher's relations and tenants.

No joy, however, is unmixed with its contrary in this world of ours. Mistress Anne, it is true, was united to the man of her election, who deserved the treasure he had won; still, she grieved at leaving, in comparative loneliness, her father, whom she dearly loved, and at residing in so distant a county; and Mr. Welby, though cordially approving Hilliard for his son-in-law, felt the separation even in a greater degree than his daughter. It was a melancholy contradiction to his habits; his table would be desolate; the loss of Anne would make an irreparable void in his house. How should he endure the sight of her vacant chair—how beguile the time till he again should see her? In fact, a wedding, even when, as in the present case, congenial hearts are linked together, is not in reality, and ought not to be, a merry affair. Trick it out as you may in external gauds and triumphs, the exultation will generally be dashed with a lurking sadness. The sacrifice of parental home, of old associations, of the caresses which, from infancy, were daily renewed—these form, during many weeks, a canker in the very core of happiness.

But time mitigates every kind of suffering. The father and daughter, though separated, were not without the comfortable intercourse of frequent letters; and as Lady Hilliard had every reason to be happy in her new home, and in the devoted fondness of her husband, Mr. Welby became, in a manner, reconciled to the loss of his only child's society, and derived pleasure from considering how adequately she was settled in life, and how fortunate in a partner who would protect her both now and when her father should have descended to the grave.

One only source of disquietude remained to Welby, and this originated in his brother—a dissolute, violent, and unprincipled man, who, hoping to secure for his own emolument, certain church-preferments in the gift of his family, had taken orders, but more than once had been in danger of losing his gown in consequence of his quarrelsome disposition and intemperate habits. On the death of the last incum-

bent of Boscumbe, Mr. Welby found it impossible, without incurring great scandal, to confer the living on his brother. To the learned, pious, and eloquent Hooker, it was accordingly offered, and by him it was accepted.

One day, when Mr. Welby was walking in his park, "chewing the cud of sweet and bitter melancholy," (for he was a man of sensitive temperament, and much given to lonely musing,) he saw his brother striding with hurried paces towards him. Knowing, from painful experience, that he was thus sought, only to be entangled in an altercation, he turned towards the house, determining, if possible, to seclude himself, and to decline any interview with the unworthy churchman. The latter, however, soon overtook him.

"Henry," ejaculated he, "I do not wonder that you wish to avoid me; but I will not allow you to do so. I have suffered many grievances at your hands. I have much to say, and you *shall* hear me. Brother, you have done me great wrong."

"You have done yourself great wrong, Basil," returned Mr. Welby, quietly.

"Have you nothing else to say? Can you invent no newer rhetoric?" retorted Basil. "I have heard this whining fustian so often, that I sicken at its repetition. Sir, I directly charge you with cheating me of my birthright. This is a plain, straightforward accusation, and must be answered plainly. Under the cloak of a legal device, you have committed a real injury, and deprived me of that to which by the laws of nature and common sense, I am as fully entitled as yourself."

"Be explicit, Basil."

"I will. Presuming unworthily—treacherously, on the foolish right of eldership, you have proved yourself a dishonest steward of property, to which my claim is equal to your own. Am I not the son of my father?"

"Oh, Basil," sorrowfully ejaculated Welby; "fortunate for him is it that our father lived not to hear of your riotous courses, and to know of the disgrace you have brought on his name, and on your own calling."

"Disgrace!" echoed Basil, furiously. "Take more heed, elder brother, of your words, or, by this light, my hand shall thrust them down your throat!"

"I am no stranger to your violence," returned Welby; "but it shall not daunt me, nor turn me from the path of duty."

"The path of duty, sir, should tend towards your kindred," said Basil. "Have you not basely strayed from it in giving to Master Hooker that which was part of my father's privilege and property?"

"It is mine now by the same right through which it descended to our father," answered Welby. "I have never denied you money, Basil; never stood upon accounts, or reckonings, or over-payments. You almost held the strings of my purse, and I have tried to be content. But the cure of souls is a weightier matter; and the parish have a sacred right to demand from me a fitting and a pious minister."

"Well, sir?"

"Ask yourself, Basil, if my duty would have been discharged had I given to you the rectory of Boscumbe. Would the congregation have relied on your spiritual teaching? Would your mediation

have had any weight with men at variance? Would a trembling conscience have sought ghostly counsel from you? Would any one 'in the time of tribulation, and in the hour of death,' have sent for Master Basil Welby to point the way to Heaven? Oh, brother, ponder on your past life; think of your graceless bearing, your divers excesses, your tavern brawls, (unmeet in any one, but fearfully so in a minister of God's church;) reflect, moreover, on the manner in which all men are forced to estimate you! Then supplicate for grace, and let me love you, dear Basil."

"These are mere words, Henry—idle words. What have they to do with your daring appropriation of my patrimonial right? How do they warrant you in bestowing on a low-born mongrel—a beggar who was fain to accept doles, paltry alms, pitiful groats from Bishop Jewel—a man to whom his lordship could not lend even a walking-staff without a strong and iterated injunction that he would not *forget* to return it;—how, I ask, do your puling phrases justify your overlooking me, your brother—a born gentleman, in favour of such an upstart cozenener?"

"Fie, Basil—fie! Verily, you know not the man of whom you speak. Master Hooker is no cozenener, but a holy priest whose life and actions are no doubt pleasing in the sight of his Creator. The world will reverence his memory for centuries to come. But you know, Basil, I have another living in my gift—that of ——— in Lincolnshire, of which the present incumbent is very old and infirm. Mend your life—draw down oblivion upon your past errors, and this living shall be yours in due time. How my heart will be comforted when I shall be able to bestow it on you!"

"I care not for the living you speak of, and I will not have it," returned Basil. "'Sdeath, sir, you shall not banish me to fenny Lincoln! I like not its marish agues. No; Boscumbe is the parish wherein I was born; it is the parish which holds my father's house, and the best of his lands; in it I was christened, and in its church my ancestors have assembled for generations. By being excluded from its pulpit, I am indelibly disgraced! You have stamped upon my brow a burning shame, for the sake of a Devonshire clown—an arrant adventurer."

"All men know you are skilful in railing," rejoined Welby. "Had you ever heard or read any of Master Hooker's discourses, even *you* would speak with respect of a man who, if I err not widely, is destined to be a pillar of our English church. He is so learned a divine, so abounding in grace, so zealous and effectual in his high calling, so gifted with saintly faculty, that it is impossible he should long remain hidden in our sequestered rectory of Boscumbe. Therefore, dear Basil, reform, and Boscumbe shall yet be yours."

"I place no faith in your promises, Henry."

"How!" exclaimed Welby. "Have I ever deceived your expectations?"

"Yes, in alienating Boscumbe from your own blood. But come, I'll test your sincerity. Will you solemnly swear, here, before we part, that as soon soever as Master Hooker shall vacate the living, you will induct me into it? Do this, and much as I have been wronged, there shall be peace between us."

"I will *not* do it, Basil, save upon conditions."

"Then," vociferated Basil, foaming with rage, "you are a villain—a base colluder with a hypocritical priest. May the burning lake of

hell surge eternally over your heads! One of you shall soon be there," continued he, suddenly presenting a pistol at his brother's head, and pulling the trigger.

The weapon missed fire; but Welby heard the click and saw the flash. Rushing on his brother with a view to disarm him, a desperate struggle ensued, which terminated by Basil being thrown to the ground with such violence as to be stunned; when taking the pistol from his grasp, Welby walked to his house, thoughtfully and with sorrow.

Having shut himself up in his library, and locked the door, he sat down to meditate on the strange event which had just occurred. That his life should have been attempted within sight of his own home, in mid-day, and by the hand of his brother, was almost too monstrous for belief. It was like "a phantasma, or a hideous dream."

"He could not have meant to destroy me," soliloquized Welby. "No, no! rash and violent as he is, he never intended *that*. His design, no doubt, was to terrify me into compliance with his demand. The pistol merely flashed in the pan. Surely, surely it was not loaded. Still, the very pretence to do such a deed was outrageous and iniquitous. How can he look me in the face again? I must nevertheless do what I can to reclaim him. No, no; I will never believe that Basil intended to slay his brother."

The pistol was on the table before him. Welby looked at it. "There," said he to himself, "is an evidence capable of strengthening my belief that no worse harm than frightening me was meditated. I might examine it, and so prove Basil's innocence of murder, even in thought."

Welby took up the weapon, and held it awhile irresolutely; then, with a shudder, laid it down again, exclaiming, "God help me! I have not courage to dare the test. What if I should discover a damning proof of guilt? Better be in ignorance than wither under so terrible a conviction!"

Groaning under the very surmise of such a possibility, Welby paced up and down his room, sorely troubled in spirit. At length, becoming more calm, he ejaculated, "Poor misguided Basil! I do thee grievous injustice in suffering thee to labour even for one instant under such a fearful suspicion when the means to certify thy guilt or innocence are in my power. It is my duty to examine this pistol, and I *will* do it."

With a hurried and trembling hand, he clutched the weapon, drew the contents from its barrel, and finding two bullets, sank into his chair and swooned away.

It was sometime before he recovered his consciousness. But what an utter, what a dreadful, change had been wrought during that interval. A total revolution had taken place in his mind. By this one blow, the world and all in it was suddenly darkened to poor Welby—a wide blank was before him. Though not destroyed, his reasoning powers were stunned; and he desperately resolved to avoid for ever any intercourse with mankind. "He was shocked," says Mr. Leigh Hunt, "by the strangeness as well as inhumanity of his brother's attempt; it gave him a horror of the very faces of his fellow creatures; perhaps, also, something of a personal fear of them, and very likely a hypochondriacal dread even of himself, and of the blood of which his veins partook."

Without apprising any one of his intention—without seeing the good and great Hooker, whom, under any less overwhelming calamity than the present, he would doubtless have consulted—without even leaving a letter for his well-beloved daughter—he ordered a horse to be saddled and brought to him, and having turned his back for ever on his ancestral mansion, and on the haunts of his youth and manhood, arrived, after two days' journeying, in London. This was in the year 1592. He now authorized an agent to dispose of all his property in Wiltshire and Lincolnshire, and then, according to the old pamphlet, published in 1637, "took a fair house in the lower end of Grubstreet, near Cripplegate, and contracting a numerous retinue into a small family, having the house prepared for his purpose, he selected three chambers for himself, the one for his diet, the second for his lodging, and the third for his study. As they were one within another, while his diet was set on table by an old maid-servant, he retired into his lodging-room; and when his bed was making, into his study, still doing so till all was clear."

That a man should leave the country, and repair to London for solitude, may, at first sight, appear unreasonable; but Welby desired to destroy all former associations of his life. He thought, moreover, that in such an intricate wilderness of houses his brother would be unable to trace him; and that while he could render his seclusion as inviolable as he chose, the neighbourhood of other men would make it safe.

It could not be otherwise than that so strange and obstinate a determination should be much talked about, and that it should soon travel to his daughter's ears, who immediately, on learning what had happened, left her house in Yorkshire, and, accompanied by her husband, repaired to London, sought out her father's residence, and desired the old maid-servant to tell her master that his daughter was come to see him. But, alas! Welby had taken an oath that he would never again behold a human being, save the serving-woman he had hired to tend him; and after many ineffectual attempts, the poor lady was constrained to return without the blessing of an interview with her woe-stricken father. No circumstance, of what kind soever, had strength enough to shake, or even to modify the strange resolve he had formed. From middle age, when he first plunged into his solemn seclusion, till he died, at a very advanced time of life, (a space of forty-four years,) he was never seen by any of his fellow-creatures; though divers attempts were made during that period by his son-in-law, his daughter, and his grandchildren.

Though *in* the world, Welby was not *of* the world. In one small, narrow room, which, as it looked towards an open space formed by Moorfields, and the pasture-land of Finsbury, was hushed and silent, he spent forty-four summers and winters, "debaring himself from the fresh and comfortable air," and staining his windows, to veil from his eyes the cheerful scene without. Yet was the day not tedious, nor the night unvisited by sweet and lofty thoughts. The walls of his room were clothed with books; and in his intercourse with those silent chroniclers of men's minds, he found indemnity for his self-imposed exclusion from their living companionship. He gave directions that every new book, immediately on its publication, should be brought to him; but such as had a controversial turn, he laid aside and never read: even Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity" he did not look into,

probably fearing it might be polemical. The books which he rejected were found from time to time by his servant on the table in his dining-room with a written instruction to send them away. It must have pained his gentle spirit to discard the great work of Richard Hooker, his sometime pastor and dear friend; but he yearned for peace of mind, and consolation, and hermit-like tranquillity, dreading debate even as an adder's sting. In the books which most engaged his mind, he was in the habit of making marginal observations, as appeared on inspecting his library after his death, when it must have been delightful to ascertain the vast amount of pleasure he had derived from the imagination, nature, affluent thoughts, knowledge of the human heart, and profound, but bland, philosophy in the plays of Shakspeare, which he eagerly read, as they successively appeared in quarto. His servant frequently found on the dining-room table a slip of paper, with these words: "Inquire whether anything new be extant of Master Shakspeare? If there be, send to the stationer for it with all speed." Some of these plays had more or less affinity to Welby's own situation, as referring either to outrages of brother upon brother, or to more general family feuds, or to the ingratitude of men, or to their vile selfishness which hesitates not at the perpetration of any wrong, however mean or treacherous, so that its own ends may be compassed. It might seem that works thus cognate with Welby's circumstances would have been shunned by him as opening anew his wounds; and so they would, had not our poet's healing wisdom—the demonstration of "a soul of goodness in things evil"—been everywhere apparent in them. In the above category, are "*As You Like It*," wherein are two Cains, (Cains at least in intention,) *Frederick* and *Oliver*, and two gentle *Welbys*, the *Senior Duke*, and *Orlando*; "*The Tempest*," with *Prospero* driven in "a rotten carcase of a boat" to the mercy of the winds and waves by his brother *Antonio*, and though thrown upon a desert island, finding his comfort in priceless books; "*Hamlet*," wherein the ghost of the royal Dane relates, in words sounding of the sepulchre, that he was murdered by his brother; "*Lear*," mad with the monstrous cruelty of his children, (besides the terrible underplot of *Edmund*, foully practising against his brother *Edgar's* life;) and "*Timon*," hunted, by the ingratitude of his fellows, from the haunts of men, and howling his resentment to the wild woods. Welby must have been especially interested in the "*As You Like It*," for the top, bottom, and sides of nearly every page of the serious portions of that drama, whose irresistible strength is in its tenderness, were covered with expressions of loving admiration. A note on the six lines (Act 2, scene i.), beginning—

"Sweet are the uses of adversity!"

was very touching. "Were it not," wrote he, "for my forepassed oath, methinks I should much rejoice to look into the face of that man who can write thus, and who has done so great service to poor human nature in other his all-solacing conceits. But alas, alas, I may not!" "*The Tempest*," too, seemed to have absorbed the recluse's attention deeply; but "*Timon of Athens*" had evidently not much attracted him: perhaps its wrangling scenes, and general tone of acerbity had repelled his meek spirit. "*Lear*" had been carefully perused, as was obvious from the reader's many written observations. It would seem,

however, from a note at the end, that his pleasure in it was not unqualified. The note ran thus: "Lear doth not win my sympathy so much as the banished duke in 'As You Like It.' Lear's agony dateth from his own foregone wilfulness. According to mine own conceit, it is borne with too much impatience, and giveth birth to too many blazing gusts of passion and proud defiance. He looketh to repair his wrongs by wrath and impotent resentment; and the fury of his imprecations shocks me. Peradventure, Master Shakspeare is right for all this." Welby's misgivings of his own criticism were evidenced (so it was said at the time) by marks of his tears on the pages of this great tragedy.

His servant, Elizabeth, saw her master but seldom (and then only in cases of extraordinary necessity) during his seclusion of four-and-forty years. She stated that, except for the mildness of his eyes, his appearance was wild and starting. The white tresses of his head fell down his shoulders, and partly over his face, shadowing his thin, pale, and prophet-like visage; and his breast was covered by his beard. He moved under a veil of hair. It is probably from this description, that Shakerley Marmion, in alluding to Welby, says—

"Yet saw we one of late, that when he stood,
He look'd as he were born before the flood."

"His habit was plain and without ornament; of a sad-coloured cloth, only to defend him from the cold." In diet, he was remarkably temperate, subsisting chiefly on oatmeal gruel; and now and then, in summer, he would indulge in a salad of cool herbs. He never tasted wine, or strong water, but contented himself with weak beer. "Nevertheless," says the old pamphlet, "he kept a bountiful table for his servants, and sufficient entertainment for any stranger or tenant who had occasion of business at his house. In Christmas-holidays, at Easter, and other festivals, he had great cheer provided, with all dishes in season, served into his own chamber, with store of wine, which his maid brought in; then, after thanks to God for his good benefits, he would pin a clean napkin before him, and putting on a pair of white Holland sleeves, cutting up dish after dish in order, he would send one to one poor neighbour, the next to another, whether it were brawn, beef, capon, goose, &c., till he had left the table quite empty; when giving thanks again, he laid by his linen, and caused the cloth to be taken away; and this would he do, dinner and supper, upon those days, *without tasting one morsel of anything whatsoever.*" How beautiful—how affecting—is this! Benignity the most liberal, and self-privation the most severe, acting together—fulfilling their separate purposes hand-in-hand! Then the formal preparation for the no-meal, and the grateful thanks to God before and after meat—for others! Kind, good, and pious Welby! Long suffering should not have been the destiny of thy meek heart.

His pecuniary charities were numerous and judicious. He would occasionally inquire, "what neighbours were industrious in their callings? and who had great charge of children? and withal, if their labour and industry could not sufficiently supply their families? to such, he would liberally send, and relieve them according to their necessities."

But no benefits of this kind can be conferred without subjecting the giver to importunities from persons who may not be deserving; and Welby knew that to this penalty his good deeds must submit, though he did not, at first, reckon that applications would be made by sturdy mendicants to see him personally. Whatever might have been given to many of them, had a different mode of solicitation been adopted, was certain to be withheld when sought in this way. In the last year of Welby's life—namely, 1636—his house was much pestered by the repeated visits of an old woman, who, though admittance was constantly denied to her, came again and again with a plea that she knew Master Welby would see her if he could anticipate what she came about. It was to no purpose that Elizabeth told the woman her master would not grant audience to any human being under any circumstances whatever; in vain: one day's repulse was sure to be followed by renewed application. At length, she brought a man with her—a wretched-looking, squalid, and aged man, who, saying little, pushed his way into the room, next Welby's study. Having arrived there, followed by Elizabeth, who loudly protested against the outrage, he said in a faint voice to the latter—

“Tell your master that an old man, broken down by fate—one who has not long to live, is here to crave—humbly to crave a brief interview. I am ruined, grievously worn by sickness, sin-laden, bruised by the blows of a revenging conscience, but penitent. Tell him this. *Thou, O God!*” continued he, lifting his dim eyes heavenward, “wilt not despise a broken and a contrite heart. Vouchsafe, I beseech Thee, some portion of thy pardoning spirit to my brother. He is here, I know. I have trodden many a weary pilgrimage to find him. My brother—O, my brother!”

The unusual bustle so near at hand, drew Welby from his books. He arose, took his station at the interposing door, and listened. The word “brother” smote on his ear; and there was silence for a time. What passed in the mind of the recluse during that trying interval—what struggles with the remembrance of his oath—what heart-throes at thinking he was so close to the author of all his long agony—to the man from whom he had hidden himself in horror nearly half a century—the brother who had blighted his life, and cast him into a living grave, cannot now be known. Elizabeth was sorely perplexed, not knowing how to act in so unlooked-for an extremity.

In a little while, however, the study-door was slowly opened, and, for the first time during four and forty years, Welby stood in view before two of his fellow-creatures. Gaunt, white, shivering, and amazed, he seemed like Lazarus coming forth from his tomb. His lips moved as if in the act of speaking; but sound there was none, though his beard shook with the convulsive movement of his chin. And so he remained, as one in a trance, over-against his strange visitor, who, after gazing at the apparition before him, looked with an inquiring and bewildered expression at Elizabeth, as if saying, “Surely *this* cannot be he!” But the stranger spake not at the moment. Neither he nor Welby knew each other; but stood mutely opposed like silent shapes in a dream.

At length, Welby's tongue found utterance. “Some one,” he gasped, “uttered the name of brother. Didst thou?” he added, addressing the intruder. “What art thou?—Support me with thy arm, Eliza-

beth. I cannot feel my feet on the floor, and I may fall.—Now speak, friend—what meant that word, ‘brother?’”

The voice was instantly recognised, though Welby himself was so piteously transformed, stooping, moreover, under the weight of eighty-four years.

“I am Basil—Basil Welby,” the intruder ejaculated. “O Henry, wilt thou not forgive me? I faint—I die! Forgiveness, O forgiveness!”

The shock was too great for our melancholy recluse. The torturing image which had dwelt in his thoughts for four and forty years, was once more invested with flesh and blood. But how different did his miserable brother now look! The meeting was too much for Welby, especially at his great age, and he sank on the floor.

Elizabeth stooped over him, threw the long grey hairs aside from his face, and bathed his temples with cold water. Alas, her care was of no avail! Welby’s hour had come.

“Lift me up a little,” he murmured, “that I may behold him once again. Look at me, Basil. Thou seest before thee little else than the shade of Henry Welby. Lo, I am dying! Stoop thy head, brother, to my hand. It shall not lie heavily on thee. There!—all has passed away. The dismal thing is gone. May Heaven bless thee! Examine my papers. O Basil, Basil!”

These few words were followed by a long-drawn sigh, when Welby’s head sank on his breast; he was too weak to fight with death; and after one or two faint struggles the stricken recluse was at peace for ever.

By a will found after his decease, his property was bequeathed to the son of his brother, provided any such person should be in existence; otherwise, it was to descend to the children of Lady Hilliard. Basil, it appeared, had married late in life; his only offspring, Henry, had long shared his father’s poverty, though not without laudable efforts to relieve it. Basil himself did not live long after his brother; and his son, well husbanding what he had inherited from his uncle, became in time, wealthy enough to purchase the ancestral acres of Boscumbe.

MUSIC ON WINDERMERE.

BY MRS. PONSONBY, (LATE MISS SKELTON.)

HARP! whose wild and witching strain,
Floating o’er the glassy lake,
Rouseth in my heart again

Memories I would not awake;
Calling up the dreams of years,
With all their unavailing tears.

Voice! with sweet and silvery tone,
Singing that familiar song,
Filling all the woodland lone,
With the cadence shrill and long;
Bidding every heart be glad,
Chiding all that would be sad.

Wherefore do ye come? To fill
All my thoughts with sudden strife;
Passions, that have long been still,

Wildly starting into life;
All the pleasures, all the woe,
All the pains of long ago.

Hours of anguish—hours of joy—
Hopes, believed in vain—
Love, that time may not destroy,
These are mine again;
Many a dear and vanish’d face,
Riseth in departed grace.

Harp! thy chords are hush’d at last—
Mute the magic lay;
But these phantoms of the past,
Long by me must stay,
Shining through the heavy gloom,
With their bright unfading bloom.

THE ELLISTON PAPERS.

(Second Series.)

EDITED BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

Mrs. Garrick—Elliston fights a duel—"Invisiblin's" letter thereon—Anecdotes of young Macklin and Mrs. Charke—The new Drury Lane Theatre—"Rejected Addresses"—Lord Byron—Lord Holland (letters).

MRS. GARRICK (the widow of our British Roscius) had frequently honoured Mrs. Elliston by marks of attention, and expressed herself warmly interested in the welfare of her family. The friendship of Mrs. Garrick was not confined to these professions alone; for now, in her eighty-eighth year, she would occasionally drive to Stratford-place, personally to delight the young Ellistons by some agreeable surprise or well-timed present. It was at this period, a request was made to her on the part of Elliston, that she would become sponsor to one of his children, Lucy; to which the following letter was written in reply:

"MY DEAR SIR,—I cannot withhold expressing to you my feelings on the receipt of your letter; and you must believe me when I say the contents have equally distressed and gratified me. My regard for Mrs. Elliston, yourself, and family, would at once have caused me sensations of pleasure in a proposal to bring us more nearly connected than we have been; but, my dear friend, the refusal which I am compelled to send you, for becoming godmother to your child, arises from a sense of duty, which I am sure you will respect, and freely release me from all charge of insincerity in my professions towards you.

"In the course of the happy days I passed with my revered, departed husband, comprehending, as you know, thirty years, the question of baptismal surety occasionally became a subject of his notice (for he had frequently been invited to an honour similar to this which I have received from you), and having strong feelings on the spirit and intent of this Christian institution, refused that as a distinction or gratification, which he felt he might not be able to fulfil as a moral and religious duty. This conviction he duly impressed on me; and it is, indeed, in compliance with his own request, I am now led to decline your proposal, from the knowledge that I am already placed beyond the possibility—even if God be pleased to spare my life a few years longer—of acquitting my conscience in the responsibilities I should bring upon it through my consent.

"Baptism is a holy sacrament of the church of Christ, which, in the engagements of all parties therein concerned, should be religiously remembered and observed; but I fear, with one half the world, the office of sponsor to a Christian infant is looked upon in no graver light than as a piece of fashion.

"Your children will not want the regards of a warm friend, so long as I may be spared; and I trust, my dear friend, in your proper anxiety to protect them according to this ordinance of the church, you will ever remember the moral well-being of children must depend

ERRATUM.—In the "Elliston Papers" of last Month, for "eruption" read "irruption."

materially on the example of parents, and that God will bless you with his grace to fulfil this to his express will.

"I am, yours faithfully,*

E. M. Garrick

"Adelphi, March 21, 1812."

In September, Elliston was again distinguished by one of those collusive differences of opinion (by which "The Noble Art of Self-Defence" is so characteristically understood) with his old playmate, De Camp. That Elliston should take a box in his own theatre, was at least reasonable—that De Camp, his officer, should participate the same, by no means extraordinary; and that the Surrey should afford "a clear stage and no favour," was only that which a meritorious management should promote. But we fear our own colouring will stand no comparison with the more distinct lights and shadows of the real picture, and that the black eye of one comedian and purple nose of the other, will demand satisfaction in plainer terms. We beg therefore to insert a copy of a letter addressed to the *Morning Chronicle*, by Sam Russell, on the 15th of the same month.

"SIR,—I perceive by your paper of this morning, that some good-natured friend has furnished you with an allusion to a *fracas*, which took place at this theatre a week ago, between Mr. Elliston and Mr. De Camp, in such a form as grossly to misrepresent the circumstances. As I have been referred to, I think it right, in justice to myself, as well as to Mr. Elliston and Mr. De Camp, to say that it is true, dissension did occur in the theatre, on the evening of Tuesday the 8th, in which some hasty expressions were used on both sides, and which *for a single moment* did occasion a slight personal encounter. The effect of this was a meeting, the next morning, on Dulwich Common, where Mr. Elliston was accompanied by myself, and Mr. De Camp by one of his friends. Mr. Elliston and Mr. De Camp exchanged shots, when, on the interposition of Mr. De Camp's friend and myself, the parties were prevailed on to shake hands. And thus the matter ended.

"Your most obedient servant, SAM. F. RUSSELL."

On the above subject "Invisibline" admonishes our hero. Her spirit appears to have been greatly moved; and in wonted mystery enthroned, she thus pours out the vials of her wrath:—

"So! you've been fighting—admirable!—that short antiseptic which many a rakehell has adopted to sweeten his offensive reputation. Your credit shattered, you take the benefit of an act of violence, and are turned out again with a clean sheet. Alas! alas! in sober sadness (a sadness I fear you are but little acquainted with) I view you in your new

* Eva Maria Garrick was born at Vienna, 1725; her maiden name was Viegel; "Violette" she assumed, whilst in the service of the Empress Maria Theresa. Violette, on her arrival in England, was highly patronised by the Countess of Burlington; as a dancer, she was in equal favour at the Opera-house. On Violette's marriage with David Garrick, the earl presented her with a portion of 6000*l.*; this fact gave rise to a suspicion that she was a natural daughter of the earl's—a belief not altogether abandoned to this day. Mrs. Garrick died in 1822, in her 98th year. She was placed in the same vault with her husband, in Westminster Abbey.

character — emulous of your illustrious predecessors, Quin, Ryan, and Walker—a duellist! The declaration of the Great Frederick has ever pleased me: ‘My subjects may fight if they like it, but unless one of the parties be killed, I’ll hang both.’ If such were our English law, we should have few of these mock heroics to salve rotten reputations. How easy is it to become a hero, and you have taken the shortest cut. How will admiring crowds flock now to Dulwich Common, to view the spot on which this *Paris* and *Menelaus* contended; then will they say—

“ ‘Can none remember that eventful day—
That ever-glorious, almost fatal fray—
When *Vincent’s** leadless pistol met his eye,
And *Surrey columbines* stood laughing by.’

“With what open arms the good people at Cheltenham must have received you after this exploit; and how sunny must be the face of a gentleman who has *just received satisfaction*! Pray let us have no more of these scenes—the town is already laughing at you, from May Fair to Redriff.

“Your wife will receive this day some brawn; and the little Christian a token of ‘*Invisiblina’s*’ regard. Let the opening of Drury Lane Theatre be your great chance to come.”

There is an anecdote recorded of a son of Macklin, who, when in India, fell into quarrel with a brother cadet, the result of which was a hostile meeting. When Macklin came on the ground, he appeared enveloped from top to toe in a large great-coat, so that no part of his figure could be distinguished but his head. On the parties taking their stand, Macklin, to the surprise of all, threw aside his extensive wrapper, and appeared in a perfect state of nudity, with the exception of a pair of yellow slippers. To the inquiries of his antagonist, he observed, “I am told that most of the wounds which prove mortal in India, arise from some part of the woollen or linen of a man’s dress being forced into the flesh by the ball, occasioning in that climate a speedy mortification—to avoid which I am determined to fight in the manner you see me.”

Now Mrs. Charke, the eccentric daughter of Colley Cibber, was guilty of an adventure still more outrageous, in which (not to alarm the reader) we will at once premise, that although she appeared without her own attire, she had very abundantly borrowed that of another person. Mrs. Charke had long lived on unpleasant terms with her father, by whom she was treated with just severity for her total disregard of all social duties and common decorum. Being on one occasion greatly irritated by the dramatist’s refusal to honour her drafts, she equipped herself after the style of a gentleman of the road, and hiring a suitable charger, actually waylaid her father upon Epping Forest, by stopping his chariot, presenting her pistol, and desiring him to deliver. The affrighted comedian, to save his life, could do no less than part with his purse. “Young man—young man,” said the dramatist, “this is a sorry trade; take heed, in time!”

“And so I would,” replied Charlotte; “but I’ve a wicked old hunk of a father, who rolls in money and mistresses, yet denies me a guinea, and has had the impudence to make so worthy a gentleman as yourself answer for it.”

* De Camp.

By the enterprise and perseverance of Mr. Whitbread, the new Drury Lane Theatre, in the spring of 1812, was announced complete. The grand movement was now making for opening this splendid edifice for dramatic action, and rehearsing those antique glories, by which the site had still remained memorable, amidst the ruins which had lately surrounded. The sum subscribed for the re-erection of the theatre, was 400,000*l.*, out of which 40,000*l.* was applied to the purchase of the old interest—viz., 20,000*l.* to Sheridan, and the other moiety in equal portions, between Mrs. Linley, Mrs. Richardson, and T. Sheridan. The old renters, and other creditors, accepted 25 per cent. in full of their respective demands, and the Duke of Bedford released the property of his claim, amounting to 12,000*l.* The remainder of the sum subscribed was deemed sufficient to the completion of the undertaking.

Mr. Richard Wilson, of whom we have before had occasion to speak, proposed to the committee a rent of 20,000*l.* per annum, and to take a lease jointly with Elliston, for a term of twenty-one years. The offer, however, was declined.

Arnold being now appointed to the management, Elliston signed articles with the proprietors for five years' service, determinable at their option at the end of the third year, at 30*l.* per week for three nights' performances, and 5*l.* nightly for any extra service.

In August, the committee announced, by advertisement, that the authorship of the poetic Address to be spoken on the restoration of the theatre, was open to public competition. This declaration gave rise to the celebrated publication of the "Rejected Addresses," one of the happiest efforts of its precise nature, which has ever perhaps appeared, and likely to enjoy the favour of posterity equally with "the only true and particular" composition, by which the play-going public were welcomed for nine consecutive nights.

Upwards of one hundred sealed addresses were forwarded to the dread Sorbonne of the Drury Committee, of which "*sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura,*" and not a few of the number, as may well be imagined, attracted notice after a fashion somewhat different to the secret promptings of the respective bards, and like the tinker's terrier, have owed their preservation to being the "ugliest dog" in the whole country. Some examples of the litter we have seen; one or two we beg here to offer. The first ugly dog ran after this manner:—

"A new theatre in quite a modern style,
Beautifully finish'd—a stupendous pile,
In a short time uprears its lofty crest,
Just like a burnt-out Phoenix from its nest;
Where loyalty once more shall raise its voice,
All that can make a British heart rejoice.
Here the proud Corsican shall quickly know
The fortune which shall humble England's foe;
Here shall he find the battles all recast—
Blenheim to Salamanca—July last.
For 'tis the drama's duty to inspire
Britannia's sons with patriotic fire.

To Whitbread thanks, and noble Holland too,
For bringing all this beauteous scene to view;
Raising a temple, where but yesterday
All was a mass of smoking stones and clay,
Shewing so much of industry and skill,
And what the English can do if they will."

This composition was spun to above eighty lines. We will now pull out another cur by the ears:—

“Once more we meet you—meet you once again,
Patrons and good old friends, in Drury Lane;
Once more in spite of all the fates can do,
Welcome a British audience—you—you—you!
But, oh! my thoughts are driven to recall
That fearful night, which you remember all,
When furious flames assail’d these hallow’d beams,
And sent their fury in ten thousand streams.
When you, good citizens, with aspect dire,
Shouted through London—“Drury is on fire!”
And pallid consternation held the town,
From the mechanic upwards to the crown.

Such, for a moment, must we all retrace,
Whilst I address you from the self-same place,
The very spot the element controll’d,
And where the mighty fabric toppling, roll’d;
While tears which follow’d, only served to swell
The red devourer which they could not quell;
Such having claim’d our sympathetic sigh,
Forget what’s past, and wipe the weeping eye.”

Thus we see the same ridiculous and blind affection, which made the ape, in the fable, produce her young one, when a decree had been published amongst the beasts, that the most beautiful offspring should become their king.

So much for the “ugly dogs,” and we really know not that, amongst the whole pack (100 copies), there was a single pet, beauty, or real “King Charles” worthy perpetuating the Merry Monarch’s patent at old Drury; or, in other words, a single address deserving the great occasion; but of this we are quite convinced, that it was intended from the very first that Lord Byron should be ultimately fixed on for the part, though Petrarch’s crown had been so ostentatiously declared the inheritance of “him who was most worthy.” Lord Holland managed the affair—a management more adroit than many which followed under the same roof.

Under, what was called, an emergency, Lord Byron was applied to for an address. The following is one of many letters which the poet addressed to Lord Holland on the subject:—

“Sept. 27, 1812.

“I have just received your very kind letter, and hope you have met with a second copy corrected and addressed to Holland House. As to remarks, I can only say, I will alter and acquiesce in anything. With regard to the part which Whitbread wishes to omit, I believe the Address will go off *quicker* without it, though, like the agility of the Hottentot, at the expense of its vigour. I should like Elliston to have it, with your leave.

“As there will probably be an outcry amongst the rejected, I hope the committee will testify that I sent in nothing to the congress whatever, with or without name, as your lordship well knows. All I have to do with it is, with and through you; and though I, of course, wish to satisfy the audience, I do assure you, my first object is to comply with your request, and in so doing to shew the sense I have of the many obligations you have conferred upon me. Yours, ever,

Byron

The address, by Lord Byron, is well known to most of our readers. A copy was forthwith forwarded to Elliston for study; some days subsequent to which, he received the annexed from Lord Holland:—

“DEAR SIR,—I have referred to Lord Byron’s copy, and find it agrees with my notions respecting the lines, and with great deference to Walker, it should be so. Would you begin your *Hamlet* soliloquy with—‘*Either to be, or not to be?*’ There can be no question in the matter. The fact is, these grammarians hand down rules from other languages, or from their own theories, and then endeavour to reduce our English tongue to their own arbitrary standard, instead of making good idiomatic writers their rule.

“It has occurred to me, that by repeating the 22nd and 23rd lines, a little more rapidly than you did this morning, you will relieve the passage somewhat of its solemnity, which, though striking and poetical, might be felt monotonous.

“But you can judge of this matter better than I can, and I only make the suggestion for the purpose of shewing you how little fault I can find with your recital. I am, dear sir, your humble servant,

Vassall Holland

On the day preceding the opening, came another note:—

“DEAR SIR,—I have just received a letter from Lord Byron, and he is anxious, should it not be too late, that you should repeat the lines after ‘Brinsley cease to write,’ as thus altered:—

‘Heirs to their labours, like all high-born heirs,
Vain of our ancestry, as well as theirs,
While thus remembrance borrows *Banquo’s* glass,
To claim the scepter’d shadows as they pass;
And we the mirror hold, where, imaged, shine
Immortal names, emblazon’d in our line,
Pause, &c.’

“The alteration is so trifling, that although it reaches you at this late hour, I trust it will not embarrass you.

“Your humble servant,

“VASSALL HOLLAND.”

Whitbread had also, at a “late hour,” cut out of the address the passage which Lord Byron denominated his “cavalry lines,” these being a fling against the horses, at this time unduly attractive at the rival house, Covent Garden; and several members of the committee, also desirous of claiming some little suggestion as their own, all persecuted poor Elliston with trifling alterations, so that his embarrassment might have been well forgiven, had it really taken place. The alteration suggested through Lord Holland, was the form in which the address was subsequently published.*

* Amongst the competitors for the prize Address, we find Wm. T. Fitzgerald, Ch. Masterman, Mary Russell Mitford, G. F. Busby, George Lamb, John Taylor, Joseph Hume, H. Jameson, Paul Jodrell, Horatio Smith, Wm. Linley, Ch. Brinsley Sheridan, J. Edwards, (a sign-painter, who afterwards turned actor,) and Wm. Burton, (another painter and glazier,) &c.

A JAR OF HONEY FROM MOUNT HYBLA.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

NO. IV.

MYTHIC STORIES OF ANTIENT SICILY.—ALPHEUS AND ARETHUSA.—ACIS AND GALATEA.—RAPE OF PROSERPINE.

THE mythic portion of the history of Sicily is like its region—small, rich, lovely, and terrible. It may be said to consist wholly of the stories of Typhæus, of Polyphemus and the Cyclopes, of Scylla and Charybdis, of the Sirens, of the Rape of Proserpine, of Alpheus and Arethusa, of Acis and Galatea—names, which have become music in the ears of mankind.

What! is Typhæus a musical name? and Polyphemus and the Cyclopes? Yes, of the grander sort; organ-like—the bass for the treble of the Sirens; the gloom and terror, over which floats away, through vine and almond, the lovely murmur of Alpheus and Arethusa.

We shall not explain away these beautiful fables into allegory, physics, or any other kind of ungrateful and half-witted prose. They may have had the dullest sources, for aught we know, as beautiful streams may have their fountains in the dullest places, or delightful children unaccountably issue from the most common-place ancestors; but there they were of old, in Sicily, and here they are among us to this day in poets' books, in painters' colours, among the delights of every cultivated mind, true as anything else that is known by its effects—spiritual creatures, living and breathing in the enchanted regions of the imagination. The poets took them in hand from infancy, and made them the real and immortal things they are. We shall not deny their analogy with beautiful or grand operations in nature, as long as the mystery and poetry of those operations are kept in mind also. Typhæus, or Typhon, for instance, may be the Tifoon, or dreadful wind, of the eastern seas, or the *smoking* of Mount Ætna, (from *τυφω*, to smoke,) or both in one, from some old primitive root; for as long as the cause of this remains a secret, and his effect is poetical, so long the spirit of the mystery may be embodied as imagination pleases. Suffice for us, that the thing is there, somehow. All that we object to is stopping at mechanical and prosaical causes, and thinking they settle anything.

This said personage Typhæus is, it must be owned, a tremendous fellow to begin stories with of beautiful Sicily—to put at the head of creations containing so much loveliness. He was a monster of monsters, brought forward by Earth as a last desperate resource when her Giants had been overthrown. His stature reached the sky; he had a hundred dragons' heads, vomiting forth devouring flames; and when it pleased him to express his dissatisfaction, there issued from these heads the roaring and shrieking yells of a hundred different animals. Jupiter had as hard a task to conquer him, as Amadis had with the Endriago. A good report of the fight is to be found in Hesiod. Heaven trembled, and earth groaned, and ocean flashed with a double ghastly radiance, as they shot flames and bolts at one another. The king of the gods at length collected all his deity for one tre-

mendous effort, and leaping upon him with his whole armory of thunders, made all his foaming mouths hiss in the overwhelming blaze; the mountain hollows flashed fainter and fainter where he lay smitten; the rocks dropped about him like melted lead; and Jupiter tore up the whole island of Sicily, and flung it upon him, one promontory acting as a presser on one hand, another on another, a third on his legs, and the crater of Mount Ætna being left him for a spiracle. There he lay in the time of Ovid, making the cities tremble as he turned his neck; and there he lies still, for all that Brydone, or Smyth, or even Monsieur Gourbillon have proved to the contrary; though scepticism has attained to such a pitch in that quarter, that the only danger in earthquakes is now attributed to people's not being quick enough with displaying the veil of Saint Agatha.

Compared with this cloud-capped enormity, our old friend Polyphemus (Many-Voice), the ogre, or Fee-Faw-Fum of antiquity, becomes quite a human being. He and his one-eyed Cyclopes (Round-Eyes), are the primitive inhabitants of Sicily, before men ploughed and reaped. They kept sheep and goats, and had an eye to business in the cannibal line; though what it exactly was that gave them their name, we cannot say; nor is it necessary to trouble the reader with the controversies on that point. Very huge fellows they were, beating Brobdignagians to nothing. Homer describes Polyphemus as looking like a "woody hill." He kept Ulysses and his companions in his cave to eat them, just as his oriental counterpart did Sindbad, and the giants of our childhood proposed to feast on Jack; and when Ulysses put out the eye of roaring Many-Voice with a firebrand, and got off to sea, the blind monster sent some rocks after the ship, which remain stuck on the coast to this day. Yet by the magic of love and sympathy, we have seen even Polyphemus rendered pathetic in the pages of Theocritus; and Handel has done as much for him in his musical version of the story, especially in those exquisite caressing passages between Acis and Galatea, ("The flocks shall leave the mountain," &c.) which might fill the most amiable rival with torment, much more such a desperate innamorato as the man-mountain. Acis (*Acuteness*) and Galatea (*Milky*)—(we like this fairy-tale restitution of the meanings of ancient names, the example of which was first set, we believe, by Mr. Keightley)—forgot themselves, however, too far, when they made love before the very eyes of the rival,—not the only instance, we fear, of similar provocation given by the vanity of happy lovers. We regret it the more on account of the monster's hopelessness; and considering the little patience that was to be expected of him, almost half-pardon the rock which he sent on their ecstatic heads.

Scylla and Charybdis, or Scylla and Glaucus rather, is a far more appalling story of jealousy. Scylla properly belongs to the opposite coast of Naples; but as she and her fellow-monster Charybdis are usually named together, and the latter tenanted the Sicilian coast, and the strait between them was very narrow, she is not to be omitted in Sicilian fable. Charybdis (quasi Chalybdis, *Hiding?* though some derive it from two words signifying to "gape" and "absorb") was a female robber, who, having stolen the oxen of Hercules, was condemned to be a whirlpool, and suck ships into its gulf. But she was a horror not to be compared with Scylla, though the latter was thought less

dangerous to pass. Mr. Keightly has so well told this story out of Homer, that we must repeat it in his words:—

“Having escaped the Sirens, and shunned the Wandering Rocks, which Circe told him lay beyond the mead of these songsters, Odysseus (Ulysses) came to the terrific Scylla and Charybdis, between which the goddess had informed him his course lay. She said he would come to two lofty cliffs opposite each other, between which he must pass. One of these cliffs towers to such a height, that its summit is for ever enveloped in clouds; and no man, even if he had twenty hands and as many feet, could ascend it. In the middle of this cliff, she says, is a cave facing the west, but so high, that a man in a ship passing under it could not shoot up to it with a bow. In this den dwells Scylla (*Bitch*), whose voice sounds like that of a young whelp: she had twelve feet *and six long necks, with a terrific head, and three rows of close-set teeth on each.* Evermore she *stretches out these necks* and catches the porpoises, sea-dogs, and other large animals of the sea, which swim by, and out of every ship that passes *each mouth takes a man.*

“The opposite rock, the goddess informs him, is much lower, for a man could shoot over it. A wild fig-tree grows on it, stretching his branches down to the water: but beneath, ‘divine Charybdis’ three times each day absorbs and regorges the dark water. It is much more dangerous, she adds, to pass Charybdis than Scylla.

“As Odysseus sailed by, Scylla took *six of his crew*; and when, after he had lost his ship and companions, he was carried by wind and wave, as he floated on a part of the wreck, between the monsters, the mast by which he supported himself was sucked in by Charybdis. He held by the fig-tree, till it was thrown out again, and resumed his voyage.”—*Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy*. Sec. edit., p. 271.

It has been thought by some, that by the word Scylla is meant the bitch of the sea-dog, or *seal*,—a creature often found on this coast. Be this as it may (and the seal having a more human look than a dog, might suggest a more frightful image, to say nothing of its being more appropriate to the water), who was Scylla? and how came she to be this tremendous monster? From the jealousy of Circe. Scylla was originally a beautiful maiden, fond of the company of the sea-nymphs, and Glaucus (sea-green), a god of the sea, was in love with her. She did not like him; and Glaucus applied to Circe for help, from her skill in magic. Circe fell in love with the lover, and being enraged with the attractions that made him refuse her, poisoned the water in which Scylla bathed. The result was the conversion of her lower limbs into a set of barking dogs. They were part of her; and when in her horror she thought to drive them back, she found herself “hauling” them along with her,—one creature, says Ovid, hauling many:

“Quos fugit, attrahit una.”—METAM. xiv., v. 63.

This is very dreadful; yet Homer’s creature is more so. Her proceedings exactly resemble the accounts which mariners have given of a huge sea-polypus, — a cousin of the kraken, or sea-serpent, — who thrusts her gigantic feelers over the deck of an unsuspecting ship, and carries off a few seamen. There is a picture of it in one of the editions of Buffon. But the dog-like barking, and the terrific head and teeth,

to which the imagination involuntarily gives something of a human aspect, leaves the advantage of the horrible still on the side of the poet.

An old English poet, Thomas Lodge, at a time when our earliest dramatists, who were university-men, had set the example of a love of classical fable, wrote a poem on Glaucus and Scylla, in which there are passages of the loveliest beauty; but it was spoilt, as a whole, with conceits. In describing the nymph's yellow hair, he makes use of a Sicilian image, very fit for our Blue Jar:—

“Her hair, not truss'd, but scatter'd on her brow,
Surpassing Hybla's honey.”

We are to suppose it lying in sunny flakes. Lodge, though an Oxford man, or perhaps for that reason, has curiously mixed up paganism and Christianity in Glaucus's complaint of his mistress: but the second verse is fine, and the last truly lover-like and touching:—

“Alas, sweet nymphs, my godhead's all in vain;
For why? *this breast includes immortal pain.*”

“Scylla hath eyes, but two sweet eyes hath Scylla;
Scylla hath hands, fair hands, but coy in touching:
Scylla in wit surpasseth grave Sibylla:

(This is the Sibyl of Æneas)

Scylla hath words, but words well-stored with grutching;
Scylla, a saint in look, no saint in scorning,
Look saint-like, Scylla, lest I die with mourning.”

The modulation and antithetical turn of these verses will remind the reader not only of Lodge's friends, Peele and Greene, who had both a fine ear for music, but of Shakspeare's first production, *Venus and Adonis*, in which he exhibited that fondness for classical fable which never forsook him. It is remarkable, indeed, that the old English poets, and those true successors of theirs whom we have seen in our own time, have been almost more Greek in this respect than the Greeks themselves. Spenser was half made up of it; Milton could not help introducing it in *Paradise Lost*; and it was rescued from the degradation it underwent in the French school of poetry, with its cant about the “Paphian bower,” and its identifications of *Venus* and *Chloe*, by the inspired Muse of Keats. He has told the present story in his “*Endymion*,” though not in his best manner, except where he speaks of *Circe*; of the inflictions of whose sorcery he gives a scene of the very finest and most appalling description—

“*A sight too fearful for the feel of fear.—*
In thicket hid—

(It is Glaucus who is speaking, and whom the poet represents as having been beguiled into *Circe's* love)—

In thicket hid I cursed the haggard scene—
The banquet of my arms, my arbour queen,
Seated upon an upturn forest root,
And all around her shapes, wizzard and brute,
Laughing and wailing, groveling, serpentine.
Fierce, wan,
And tyrannizing was the lady's look,
As over them a gnarled staff she shook.”

The look of a sorceress, full of the passions, was never painted more

strongly than in the meeting of those epithets, "wan and tyrannizing;" and the word "lady" makes the fierceness more shocking.

But Keats has not the heart to make the love part of the story end unhappily, much less to endure the brutification of the lovely limbs of Scylla. He revives her to be put into a Lover's Elysium. So, in telling the story of Alpheus and Arethusa, he will not let Arethusa reject Alpheus willingly. He makes her lament the necessity as one of the train of Diana; and leaves us to conclude that the lovers became happy. It would hardly be necessary to tell any reader (only it is as pleasant to repeat these stories, as it is to hear beautiful old airs) that Alpheus was a river-god of Greece, who fell in love with the wood-nymph Arethuse; and that the latter, praying for help to Diana, was converted into a stream, and pursued under land and *sea* by the other enamoured water, as far as the island of Sicily, where the streams became united. The strangeness of the adventure, and the beauty of the names, have made everybody in love with the story. All the world knows how "divine Alpheus," as Milton says—

"Stole under seas to meet his Arethuse;"

or rather they all knew the *fact*; but the *how*, or manner of it, was a puzzle, till the English poet related the adventure as it was witnessed by Endymion in a grotto under the sea. The lover of the Moon suddenly heard strange distant echoes, which seemed—

"—— The ghosts, the dying swells
Of noises far away—hist!—Hereupon
He kept an anxious ear. The humming tone
Came louder; and behold! there, as he lay,
On either side out-gush'd, with misty spray,
A copious spring; and both together dash'd
Swift, mad, fantastic round the rocks, and lash'd
Among the conchs and shells of the lofty grot,
Leaving a trickling dew."

(These are the two living streams, one in pursuit of the other)

"—— At last they shot
Down from the ceiling's height, pouring a noise
As of some breathless racers, whose hopes poise
Upon the last few steps, and with spent force
Along the ground they took a winding course.
Endymion follow'd, for it seem'd that one
Ever pursued, the other strove to shun."

After a while, he hears a whispering dialogue, in which the female voice shews plainly enough, that the speaker would stay if she might; but suddenly the severe face of Diana is before her, and in an instant

"—— fell
Those two sad streams adown a fearful dell;"

and Endymion puts up a prayer for their escape.

When the writer of these articles was in Italy, he saw on a mantel-piece a card inscribed, *Le Marquis de Retuse*. This was the Frenchified denomination of a Sicilian nobleman, who, strangely combining Greek and Gothic in his title, was no less a personage than the *Marquis of Arethusa*! He was proprietor, doubtless, of the spot where the fountain still exists;—ay, still exists, and under its old name, but

according to travellers, deplorably altered, for it has become, as one of them contemptuously calls it, the public "wash-tub!" It is the Syracusan laundry. Divers, therefore, are the jokes cracked on the "nymphs" that now attend it; and some foreigners agree that such were the "only nymphs" that ever existed, and are very merry and triumphant over the fallen condition of the once-exquisite Arethusa. Poor fellows! taking pains to vulgarize their own perceptions, and diminish the amount of grace and joy. As if Arethusa, like themselves, were at the mercy of a homely association; and all that had been written about her, no better than their own account with the laundress! They flatter themselves; and leave her just where she was,—everywhere, and immortal. It may not be very pleasant to look for a poetic fountain, and find a laundry; but the imagination is a poor one indeed, which is to be overwhelmed by it. Its nymphs could never have been very different from laundresses, if the truth were known; or at the utmost, of little higher stock than such as laundresses and milliners are the making of.

There are two things, we confess, about the *Sirens*, that always perplexed us. In the first place, we never found anything particularly attractive in any one of the songs attributed to them, not even by Homer; and secondly, we are too much in the secret of their deformity. We know that they were ghastly monsters, bird-harpies with women's heads, and surrounded with human bones; and the consequence is, we can never find them in the least degree enticing. It is to no purpose that they combine stringed with wind instruments, and a voice crowning all. One of them may call herself *Fair-Goddess* (Leucothea), and another *Fine Voice* (Ligeia), and the third, *Maiden-Face* (Parthenope):—we know all about them, and we are not to be taken in. It would require a dream as horrible as Coleridge's "Pains of Sleep," to bring our antipathy into any communication with them—to make us walk in our sleep towards their quarter:—

"Desire with loathing strangely mix'd,
On wild and hateful objects fix'd;
Fantastic passions, maddening brawl,
And shame and terror over all."

When the modern poets turned the Sirens into mermaids, we think they greatly improved the breed. A woman, we grant, who is half a fish, is not a desideratum in the abstract; but at any rate she is better than a great human-faced bird hopping about; and besides, the conformation of the creatures being altered, we are not so sure they will do us harm, especially as the poets treat them with comparative respect, and sometimes even with tenderness. The names above-mentioned acquire a double elegance in the adjurations of the Spirit in Comus:—

"By Thetis' tinsel-slipper'd feet,
And the songs of Sirens sweet,
By dead Parthenope's dear tomb,
And fair Ligeia's golden comb,
Wherewith she sits on diamond rocks,
Sleeking her soft alluring locks."

These alluring locks come home to us. We have seen such at our elbows, and can hear the comb passing through them.

Spenser increased the number of the Sirens to five, and directly designated them as mermaids:

“And now they nigh approached to the stead
Whereas those mermaids dwelt. It was a still
And calm bay, on th’ one side sheltered
With the broad shadow of an hoary hill;
On th’ other side an high rock towered still,
That ’twixt them both a pleasant port they made,
And did like an half theatre fulfil.
There those five sisters had continual trade,
And used to bathe themselves in that deceitful shade.”

FAERIE QUEENE, Book ii., Canto 12.

This line is so soft and gently drawn out, and the place altogether so sweet and natural, that when the Sirens begin to sing, we really feel in danger, and do not wonder that the poet’s hero desired his boatmen to

“————— row easily,
And let him hear some part of their rare melody.”

In fact, they are even now detaining us too long, so we must push forward.

We have kept the most beautiful of the Sicilian mythic stories to conclude with—for such, doubtless, is the Rape of Proserpine. It is full of the most striking contrasts of grandeur and beauty; both heaven and hell are in it—the freshest vernal airs, and the depths of Tartarus; and the hearts of a mother and daughter beat through all. It is a tale at once of the wildest preternaturalism and the most familiar domestic tenderness. The daughter of Ceres is gathering flowers, with other damsels of her own age, in the Vale of Enna, intent upon nothing but seeing who shall get the finest. Suddenly, in the midst of the violets and jonquils, a clang is heard like the noise of a thousand caldrons—the earth bursts open, and a rapid, majestic figure appears, like a swarthy Jupiter, who, sweeping by Proserpine, whirls her with him into his chariot, and prepares to rush down through another opening. The nymph Cyane has alone the courage to bid him stop, and ask him why he dares to take away the daughter of Ceres. He makes no answer, but, knitting his brows like thunderbolts, smites the fountain over which she presided with an iron mace, and dashes down through it with his prey. It is the King of Hell himself, tired of celibacy, and resolved to have the fairest creature on earth for his wife.

The cries of Proserpine become fainter as the earth closes over them—but they have been heard by Ceres, who comes, with all the speed of a divine being, to see what is the matter. She can discern nothing; the tranquillity of the scene is restored—Cyane has melted away in tears. The goddess seeks everywhere in vain—she travels by day and by night, lit by two flaming pines from Mount Ætna. At length she learns who has got her daughter, and, by the intervention of Jupiter, Proserpine is allowed to come to earth and see her. The mother and daughter are half drowned in tears, half absorbed in delight, and Jupiter would prevent their separation, but is not able—for Proserpine has eaten of a fatal fruit, compulsory of her continuance with Pluto, and all that can be done is to stipulate for her being half a year with her mother, on condition of her being a good wife during the other

half. Ceres makes a virtue of the necessity, seeing that her daughter is married to the brother of Jove—and Proserpine is content to divide the throne of Tartarus, and walk in gardens of her own, splendid, though underground.

The ancient poets made these gardens consist of all the flowers which she had been accustomed to gather in Sicily; but modern imagination, which (with their leave be it said) is still finer than theirs, and sees a beauty beyond its ordinary manifestations in the fitness of things, and the balance of good and evil, has told us, through the inspired medium of Spenser, that the garden was such a garden as might have been expected from "the grandeur of the glooms" in those lower regions:

"There mournful cypress grew in greatest store,
And trees of bitter gall, and ebon sad,
Deep-sleeping poppy, and black hellebore,
Cold coloquintida, and tetra mad,
Mortal samnitis, and cicuta bad,
With which the unjust Athenians made to die
Wise Socrates, who thereof quaffing glad
Pour'd out his life and last philosophy
To the fair Critias, his dearest belamy.

The Garden of Prosèrpina this hight;
And in the midst thereof a silver seat,
With a thick arbour goodly overdight,
In which she often used from open heat
Herself to shroud, and pleasures to entreat;
Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
With branches broad dispread, and body great,
Clothed with leaves, that none the fruit might see,
And loaden all with fruit as thick as it might be.

Their fruit were golden apples, glistering bright."

FAERIE QUEENE, Book ii., Canto 7.

Here we see that Proserpine enjoyed herself, though among flowers of a different kind from those to which she had been accustomed. She became used to the place, and found pleasures even in Tartarus. And reasonably. First, because she needed them; and in the second place, because she knew there was good as well as evil there, and that the evil things themselves contained good. The hemlock was "bad," inasmuch as it killed Socrates, but it was good, also, for many a medicinal cup. "Deep-sleeping poppy" was a very kindly fellow, if properly treated—and all the flowers, after their kind, were full of beauty. Flowers cannot help being beautiful. Then there was the silver seat and the golden tree, and it is manifest that the summer sun used to come there through some unknown ravine, besides (as Wordsworth says),

"Calm pleasures and majestic pains."

We do not, to be sure, see what good Tantalus's eternal thirst could have been to him, nor the everlasting wheel to Ixion, but, probably, on coming up to those gentlemen, we should have found they were visions, put there to make us "snatch a fearful joy" at thinking we were not among them *in propria persona*.

And so we take leave of the beautiful ancient fables of Sicily, having found honey for our Jar even in the fields of Pluto.—In our next number we propose to look at the more flesh-and-blood stories of its real history, which will gradually conduct us to the romance of its Norman times, and to its modern pastoral.

THE SEA VOYAGE.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

THE anticipations of a long and distant journey are full of interest and excitement. The sorrow experienced on parting from friends and country, are more than counterbalanced by the promise of change and adventure; and when the *George Canning* lay, chartered as a transport, on the ruffled waters of the Mersey, attended upon by a steamer, conveying stores and material from the shore, preparatory to taking advantage of the first favourable breeze, there was a spirit-stirring bustle and movement, which communicated life and activity to all who were engaged in the proposed enterprise of opening a new line of intercommunication with India.

How far this spirit was carried, may be judged of by a slight incident which occurred towards the dusk of a cold evening. The steamer was just about quitting the barque, when a tide-waiter missed his footing, and slipped into the river, running out at that time, at a rate of about five or six knots an hour.

Actuated by the impulse of the moment, Fitzjames, one of our naval officers, sprang into the stream, and swimming lustily along with the current, overtook the man, and held him up by the hair; but it was in vain that with such a burthen he attempted to turn round and face the tide; the two were every moment losing ground, and the results must soon have been fatal to one or both, had not the steamer instantly sped away, and luckily succeeded in picking them up, when already nearly a mile from the ship. For this gallant act, the freedom of the city of Liverpool, and a piece of plate, were generously voted to this truly humane and courageous officer.

At length, everything being safe on board, including two iron steam-boats in segments, their ponderous boilers, and a no less weighty diving-bell, wagons, arms and ammunition, and an infinite variety of minor stores; on the morning of Tuesday, February 10th, 1835, a breeze having sprung up from the N.E. by E., the *George Canning* was towed out of the river by the *Cumberland* steam-packet; but coming on to blow freshly at night, the two vessels soon parted, and it was not till mid-day of the 12th that our number was telegraphed off Holyhead.

Once in the open sea, a general muster of all hands was called, and the Expedition was found to present a complement of thirteen officers, seventeen artillerymen and sappers, two engineers, six rivetters and blacksmiths, two carpenters, and sixteen seamen. Articles of agreement, by which the different members of the Expedition bound themselves over to union among themselves, and to obedience to the appointed Commander of the Expedition—Colonel Chesney, were read aloud by Colonel Estcourt, and afterwards signed by the officers and men, with the exception of the civilians from Liverpool—engineers, rivetters, &c., whose ideas of personal liberty and independence were interfered with by the proposed signature of articles of agreement, and who did not comprehend that, by mutually binding all, they were most conducive to the safety and security of each.

While beating off the coast of Ireland, on Friday the 13th, a pilot

boat came out of the river Suire, and advantage was taken of the circumstance to send Charlewood, one of the naval officers, ashore, that he might proceed onwards to Cork, and apprise the Alban steamer, which was waiting in the Cove, to accompany and assist us in our voyage, of our approach.

On Sunday the 15th, a pilot from Cork came on board, with a letter from the Commander of the Alban, which had not come out on account of the bad weather, and at half-past ten, we hove to at the embouchure of the Cove, which, to avoid delays, we did not enter. Charlewood came off in an open boat and a turbulent sea about mid-day.

About one in the morning Cleaveland, our naval commander, was despatched to bring down the reluctant steamer, which kept herself quietly ensconced in the harbour, and about half-past seven in the morning she made her appearance, having in tow barges laden with water, meal, pork, and other provisions, and a whole fleet of little boats, with bread, butter, milk, spirits, and washerwomen by the dozens.

The scientific party, including Murphy of the Royal Engineers, Thomson, now Military Secretary to the Persian Embassy, and the author, and who, for brevity sake, were designated by the others, the "acute party," were on shore, vibrating the magnetic needles, when at four P.M., the Alban steamer having returned from reconveying the provision barges, signals were hoisted for weighing anchor.

The wind was blowing hard from the south-west, and on crossing the Nymph bank, so strong a swell was experienced, that it was no longer possible for the steamer and barque to keep together, and the connecting hawser having been let go, the Alban was soon afterwards obliged to bear up against the wind, and ultimately gained the coast of England, and we thus lost its services at a very early period.

Our course across the Atlantic was, from the prevalence of contrary winds, long and tedious; and there were but few living things to distract attention. The common and the bottle-nosed porpoise occasionally toiled away in the wake of the vessel. Gulls were frequent enough; and now and then a few stormy petrels presented an opportunity for a shot. The Solan goose, wending its long steady flight over the watery wastes, was but a sorry representative of the mightier albatross of southern seas.

Down below the scene was more various; notwithstanding that stuffed cylinders of canvas, and arches of wood, supporting ranges of strings, things known on the aquatic element by the name of puddings and fiddles, had been carefully placed in order to preserve the decorum of the dinner-table, and that all who were not—long before reaching the Bay of Biscay—in their berths, endeavoured to reach their places with the utmost composure possible; still, there was an infinite fund of amusement afforded by the impossibility there was of either persons or things preserving their equilibrium; and by the multiplicity of strange accidents which resulted from this inconvenient state of things, among not the least ridiculous of which was a sudden lurch of the vessel, which, after throwing our commander on his back, deposited the whole apparel of the breakfast-table in his lap, followed by the persons of those who were seated at it.

The detail of the picturesque of the ocean, has been very little attended to by travellers, often however prolix in what regards their own sensations. The different colours of its waters—its luminosity and various aspects—the extent of its currents—its periodical oscilla-

tions—its tidal waves—and the height, impetuosity, and swiftness of its undulatory motions, all, however, furnished to us interesting objects of examination, and, at times, a most varied and beautiful scenery.

While off Cape St. Vincent (Feb. 26th), a sudden change in the temperature of the ocean—the indications of which were carefully registered several times a day—shewed that we were passing through a not uncommon northerly extension of the Gulf Stream, and at the same time, certain new forms of vegetable life (*Cystoceira* and *Sargassæ*) were now observed to take the place of the hitherto common weeds of the ocean (*Fucaceæ* and *Laminariæ*), and occasional fish of the *Lophiæ* tribe exhibited their strange forms among the floating meadows torn up from the deep.

How much more descriptive and correct, and at the same time, how much more picturesque and eloquent in its appeal to our feelings and intelligence it would be, if seas were, as long ago proposed by naturalists, named after the peculiar and characteristic forms of animal and vegetable life which tenant them, than by their present unmeaning nomenclature derived from a traditionary lost island (Atlantic)—from a scarcely uniform Pacific nature—from a supposed redness or blackness—from a patron saint (St. George's Channel), or from a disputed claim, as the British Channel, which is La Manche of our neighbours.

It is not that every geographic mile, or every degree of latitude or longitude, is marked, at sea or on shore, by the appearance of any single animal or plant, but that such, or especially groups of such, are decidedly characteristic of great extents of space, only mingling on the limits of these with the wandering forms belonging to the groups of adjacent or continuous seas.

What can be more characteristic than the whales, walruses, and white bears of the Arctic ocean; its melancholy birds of sorrowful plumage; and its long flights of geese and ducks advancing into more temperate climates?

In these latter, the birds—gulls, Solan geese, penguins, puffins, &c.—are still without beauty; the colours of the fish—chiefly cod, herring, haddocks, flat-fish, &c.—are also dull, and the shells are never adorned with brilliant colours. The plants of the sea are few; and they are powerful, branching but slightly, and rather resembling thongs of leather than vegetable structures, being destined to resist a boisterous sea and frequent tempests.

The little *Cyprea Europea* is, in respect to form, like a gem of the south on our shores; yet it is but a simply white anticipation of the gaudy-coloured shells of the same genus which are met with in warmer climates; and on the same coasts, the mackerel exhibit the first play of colours, so animated in the dolphin or in the flying fish pursued by *Coryphænae*, and which, with the albatross, pelicans, and petrels, are characteristic of more southerly regions.

How well do the dugongs—the sea-cows of the Atlantic—represent the walruses, or sea-cows of the Arctic seas?—the sea-lions of the Antarctic temperate zone, feeding on the leaves of marine trees, (*Macrocyttæ*)—the seals of the Arctic temperate regions, and the immense flocks of sooty and Patagonian penguins—the ducks and geese of the corresponding parallels in the north?

How full of instruction it is to observe the modest and unpretending zoophytes of our shores, becoming great sponges and madreporites in the southern temperate ocean, rich corals and valued gorgonias in the

equatorial seas, and finally, so exuberant of propagation as to rise in islands above the waters in the Pacific; where severe winters never coming to interrupt the progress and the perfection of animal and vegetable life, the luxury of bright tints, and an infinite multiplicity of forms, are not restrained even to the animal regions of the coral and the madrepores, but the shells and fish, and even the usual dull-coloured whales, participate in the radiance which there belongs to all animated nature.

But we are getting as long-winded as a monsoon. A certain author says, more justly than civilly, that most travellers write more at sea, where there is nothing to be seen, than when they get on shore, and have really much that is new to communicate. Not to get into this category, we were all on deck before day-break on the morning of Monday, the 2nd of March, to see that beauteous planet Venus, beaming over the dim outline of the Ape's mountain. The contrast between the dark shadowy outline of rock, and the luminous star, gave to it an unaccustomed brightness, which only waned away as the sun shot up into the horizon with an appreciable velocity, and disclosed—to many for the first time—a perfection and grandeur of sea, land, and mountain scenery, which vies with anything that is to be met with on the surface of the globe:

“*Abylæ Africæ, Europæ Calpe,
Laborum Herculis metæ.*”

The waters hemmed in by bold rocky barriers—the hills, except when clothed with dark pine, cork, or ilex forests, rugged and naked—towns scattered about at various elevations, and the sierra-like aspect of the distant mountain-chains, give indeed an unequalled variety to the prospect afforded by the Straits of Gibraltar.

The celebrated rock itself, *Jebel al Tar*, “the hill of *Tarik*,” (the chieftain who first landed in Europe with his Moslem followers,) bristling all over with bastions and parapets, juts out into the sea, in all the fearlessness of its adamantine foundations, and appeared, as first seen, to present three distinct summits, the loftiest of which rose upwards of 1400 feet out of the sea.

Spanish coasting vessels were scudding about the bay, and several larger ships were endeavouring to come in from the Mediterranean. The wind, however, was most in our favour; and a few tacks brought us off *Point Europa*, and thence into the bay. A boat was instantly sent off, with orders to throw the letters and despatches ashore, and to hold no personal communication.* This was just accomplished, and the boat was returning from the mole, when the harbour master's gig was seen rowing swiftly towards us. The ship's head was, however, outwards; the main and fore-top sails were already loose; and the same moment our boat came alongside, the gib was let go, and we swept out of the bay within a pistol-shot of *Europa point*.

This was all we saw of Gibraltar, or of its placid beauteous bay, with its sandy neutral territory; its ruinous amphitheatre, belonging to *Carteia* of old; its picturesque towns of *San Roque* and *Algesiras*; and shores sweeping round by *Cabritta point* to *Tariffa*, a district covered with Moorish towers and castellated remains; while, in the background, the forest-clad and saw-like outline of *Sierra Vermega*

* Communication with Gibraltar would have entailed a week's quarantine at Malta.

was impurpled by a glowing sun, which had just relieved the bluish-grey tint of morning, bringing forth an almost unequalled mass of shade and light, which contrasted well with the rich colouring imparted to the soil by a clear and southern sky.

Many a lingering half-satisfied look did we cast, as we swiftly scudded by, at the "wandering rocks" of Homer, and miscalled columns (Strabo's text is *νησουειδες*). Calpe, with its frowning forts and batteries, its unfathomable caves and light brown Apes, and its clefts and fissures, revealing the exuviae of ancient races of animals; and on the other side Abyla, a colossal pyramid, rising up like a pile of rocks heaped together in wild and extravagant irregularity, beneath which the castellated peninsula of Ceuta advanced in a low headland into the sea.

But we were careering on, and advancing joyously into the open Mediterranean. The dim outline of the Atlas bounded the horizon on the one side, and the snow-clad peaks of the Sierra Nevada the other, when the breeze, hitherto so favourable, fell and died away, and our canvas wings hung listless in the calm. Long did the mountains of Granada, with their verdant fringes of pine, cork, olive, and orange trees, remain in sight; the only amusement afforded us, was the occasional capture of a turtle, floating on the smooth surface of the sea, till the afternoon of the 4th, when, being within about six miles of the little untenanted island, called by the Arab name of Al Boran, a party, consisting of Captain Wyn, of the *George Canning*, Cockburn, of the artillery, Thomson, and the author, launched one of the ship's boats, with a crew of four men, to effect a landing. Before, however, the island was reached, a light breeze sprang up, and the shore was found so precipitous, and the breakers so apparent, that Wyn thought it advisable to turn back. Our return was, however, by no means so easily accomplished as anticipated; the breeze had carried the ship away to some distance, although hove to, to await us; the sailors made great efforts, and pulled away lustily; but night came on, and we were on the sea in an open boat, the ship no longer visible, and the breeze increasing into a bluff wind. An occasional gun, varied by a blue light, indicated our way; and at length, when the men were nearly worn out, we gained the vessel, now able to continue its free course.

Early on the morning of the 12th, we sailed into the harbour of La Valetta; and while Colonel Chesney was busily engaged with the affairs of the expedition, Thomson and the author made an exploratory trip through the islands of Malta, Goza, and Comino, an account of which has already appeared in the pages of this magazine. On his return, the author was politely invited to the palace of the governor, the late Sir Frederick Ponsonby, and also to the hospitable home of Dr. Davy, inspector of hospitals.

While at Malta, the commander obtained, as accessions to the expedition, the services of Mr. Rassam, attached to the missionary press, as interpreter, and also of several Maltese seamen, who were more immediately put under the charge of Mr. Bell, a young Englishman, versed in the Maltese and Arabic languages. The admiral commanding the Mediterranean station, Sir Josias Rowley, could not at the time dispense with the services of a steamer, but her majesty's sloop, *Columbine*, was appointed to accompany the expedition — an arrangement which we had afterwards every reason to rejoice in.

All preparations being completed, the expedition again took to sea

on the twenty-first. The wind being adverse to getting out of harbour, the admiral hoisted a signal for boats, and immediately one was launched from every ship of the fleet, and each came to take up its station at the tow-line; the appearance was at the time very imposing—the ramparts were lined with spectators; and we took our departure amidst the cheers of the different crews, and the sounding of bugles, more especially those of the royal artillery, who were most anxious to give a befitting farewell to the men and officers of their own corps.

Whenever the weather permitted it, the Columbine, being by far the fastest sailer, took the George Canning in tow, and thus we proceeded along the rocky shores of Candia, till on the 29th, coming within sight of Cyprus, Colonel Chesney, accompanied by the “acute party,” went on board the Columbine, it being his intention to land the said party on the island, in order to connect it by triangulation with the coast of Syria, off the Orontes, and the coast of Asia-Minor, where Captain Beaufort’s survey terminated, and all which points are visible from the island.

The Columbine accordingly stood away from the George Canning, into the Bay of Larnica, where she was met by a boat, rowed by the first turbaned gentlemen we had yet seen, and having on board the British agent, who brought word that the plague was raging on the island, and we were thus doomed to disappointment. The scientific party returned on board the George Canning; but Colonel Chesney remained on board the Columbine, till we should reach over to the coast of Syria, in order that he might precede the bark, and with Captain Henderson, of the sloop of war, chose a good anchorage for the expedition.

It was on the evening of the 3rd of April, that, preceded by the sloop, the George Canning sailed into the mountain-environed and wooded Bay of Orontes. Seamen, fatigued with the daily monotonous practice at the guns, now leaned listlessly on their carriages; men, weary of a routine drill, looked out with anxious countenances for a prospective landing, while the more enthusiastic officers had clambered in groups upon the cross trees of the different masts, from whence they could obtain a more comprehensive view of things.

Mount Casius, a conical mountain, rising 5318 feet above the level of the sea, had been long visible, indicating the entrance to the bay; but as we crept along the deep clear waters at its base, it was then alone that all the beauties of its details—its zones of luxuriant oriental vegetation, distinct as if bands of different colours encircled its giant girth, and its bare rocky head, with a few lingering patches of snow (from whence its Arab name, “Jebel el Akra,” “Mount Bald”)—became fully appreciable, and gave promises of a land of charming beauty, in which we little thought, at that moment of glad anticipation, how much there lurked of fever and sickness!

The Columbine did not like the first berth she took up, and setting sail, tried our patience sorely, by taking another board, bringing up at last in front of the river bar, and signaling to the George Canning, a station closer in shore, and at a distance of only 1200 yards from the low banks which hemmed in the sluggish waters of the Orontes, the El 'A'sí, or “the rebel” stream* of the Easterns.

* “From its refusing to water the fields without being compelled by means of watering-wheels,” says Abú-l-fedá. (“Syria,” p. 149.)

ORIANA AND VESPERELLA; OR, THE CITY OF PEARLS.

BY JOHN HAMILTON.

CHAPTER III.

VESPERELLA and Oriana walked at a good pace, till they were out of the reach of the ogre's house, and then the former began to feel hunger and weakness to be two enemies nearly as tormenting as those she had escaped. She asked Oriana for some of the sweet comfits, declaring that she was nearly famished for want of food; but her selfish sister refused to spare any, being, as she said, much in want of refreshment herself, and having but six comfits left—a poor meal, it must be confessed, for a princess, who had been used to cream and pippins out of a golden dish for breakfast. Oriana ate of her comfits; but in taking them out, she perceived that her feather was far from white. At this, however, she affected to laugh. Her sister sat down upon a little mossy hillock, and taking out that feather which Auressa had bequeathed to her, fed her spirits upon its brilliant whiteness, which, if possible, was more pure and beautiful than ever. All of a sudden, as the two sisters were pausing in the midst of this heath, weighed down with despondency, a little old woman, with green eyes, and eyelashes like feathers, and with hair very similar to the plumage of birds, approached in a decrepit manner, carrying in her tanned withered hand, which more resembled the claw of a falcon than anything human, a basket made of fresh green rushes, woven with the nicest art. In this basket was store of wortleberries, very pleasant to eat, and agreeable to the fancy, being gathered, as poets have remarked, from spots in which the remains of faithful lovers lie buried.

The old woman approached the princesses, and offered first to Oriana her basket of rude food; but this proud girl refused the proffer with considerable disdain, avowing that she had made a plentiful repast of sweet comfits, though this, from her store, could scarcely be true. Vesperella was then requested to accept of some berries, which she gladly caught at, and feasted from the basket with an eagerness not common to ladies in palaces. In truth, the old woman's kindness was very acceptable; and Vesperella thanked her with so infinite a grace, that princes might have been enamoured at seeing so much refinement in the best revels at their fêtes.

"Where are you going?" said the old dame, looking slyly at the wanderers; "are you going to the city of King Bobo, and the Prince Amorel, his son, to seek your fortunes at his grand procession before the ladies of the world?"

"What procession, my good dame?" exclaimed Oriana, with assumed affability and kindness.

"What! know you not that King Bobo this day marches in state through his City of Pearls, to choose the lady he loves best to be his queen?"

"Not I!" said Oriana, adjusting her habiliments, and sparkling at the eyes. "How far is the city from this spot; for I am neither so plain, nor so humble of birth, as to fear a comparison with the brightest ladies of the world; and the City of Pearls sounds most musically to my heart. Good sooth, Vesperella, I am enamoured of the king

already, from the name of his territories; and come what will, I will secure my seat upon his throne."

Poor Vesperella felt no inclination to damp the gaiety of her sister, or to contest with her the honour of winning the King of the City of Pearls; she therefore made no answer, but sat in quiet depression of heart.

"The distance is not great," returned the old woman, "and you will both be there in good time; for this young maid must be there, or she wrong her fortune. Do you observe yon brightness in the furthest sky?"

"To be sure I do," said Oriana; "do you think these eyes are feeble or dull?—these eyes, so often praised by monarchs of noblest birth? What of *that* brightness?"

"Follow it straightway, and you will come to the city through which the king is to pass. Put on your best jewels, your gayest attire, and your loveliest looks; for these must plead your cause with the King of the City of Pearls. Vesperella," continued the old dame, "be not so dispirited; go forward, and try your fate." With this kind advice the old woman hobbled off, carrying away an empty basket; for the famished princess had eaten of the berries more eagerly than ever she took strawberries and cream, or citrons from a cedar dish, in her own room, in summer mornings, at the palace. Oriana immediately sat down and wreathed herself with pearls beyond all number; she hung a chain of pure gold around her neck, to which was suspended a heart, formed of turquoise stone, longer and more beautiful than anything of the kind ever seen. All the gems and ornaments of her sister were called into the service of Oriana—diamonds for the hair and bosom; rings, of inestimable value, for every finger on the hand; bracelets of solid ruby and amethyst; and all the precious jewels that Persian merchants are acquainted with. Her lace dress was also put on! Not an ornament was left for Vesperella, save a picture of her mother set in precious stones, and hung with a chain of hair, black as the blackest feather or ebony, and taken from the regal head of the Queen of Day on her marriage morn.

"Methinks I look not amiss," said Oriana, gazing at herself in some pure water, which stood in one of the hollows of the heath; "it will go hard with the other ladies of the world when I shew myself on the pavement of the City of Pearls."

Vesperella hung her mother's picture around her neck, and merely tied up her long shadowy hair (which would curl of its own accord) with green rushes, plucked from the margin of the water beside which she was sitting. Having drawn their hoods over their heads—that of Vesperella being so drawn for comfort, and that of Oriana to hide her beauty and ornaments, till, like the sun, she should choose to uncloud herself—the two princesses journeyed away towards the brightness in the sky, as pointed out by the old woman. After much walking, and saucy chattering on the part of Oriana, they arrived at the gates of the city; somewhat tired, as it might be supposed, but yet mightily pleased to escape the dangers of an uninhabited heath, or possessed only of the house of the ogres. The princesses entered the city with varied feelings—those of Oriana being gay, confident, and haughty; while those of Vesperella were full of sorrow and indescribable fears.

The city seemed all alive with the coming procession; and certainly its joyous appearance was a highly pleasing sight; for it is not possible

in these days to imagine anything half so splendid as the houses, so long and glittering as the streets, or so happy as the people! Instead of stones, the roads were paved with pearls, as large, in some places, as the largest pumpkins; and the panes of the windows were of sliced diamonds in the place of glass, as used in less gay and more impoverished times. The light of the morning sun, therefore, on the casements and the streets, was as beautiful as can be conceived—ten times more beautiful than when it shines on the sea; which, however, is the best imitation in modern days. Long wreaths of sun-flowers, hollyhocks, and other solid offerings of autumnal summer, were hung from door to door for miles; and ladies, in their very best attire, kept walking out and in, laughing, to shew their white teeth, and looking continually in little pocket-glasses, to estimate their charms on this eventful day.

The passing crowd pushed the hooded, and therefore obscured, princesses, about with very little mercy, at which Oriana became highly incensed, and was even provoked to such a pitch at one time, as to run a bodkin, which she took from her casket for the purpose, some inches deep into the back of a rude person pushing hastily by. Vesperella blushed at her sister's fierceness, but dared not chide her, for fear of driving her into one of those terrible fits of passion which she had been subject to from the cradle, and in which she would stamp and rave for seven days without ceasing.

The sound of clarions and timbrels took off the attention of the person whom Oriana had attacked with the bodkin, and so prevented further strife; and it was the signal to Oriana to unveil her attired person, and come forth to the sun, covered with the most enchanting jewels, and looking, indeed, like the daughter of the Queen of Day. Her eyes sparkled exceedingly, and quite put the windows out of countenance; and her feet, which were covered with the choicest little pearls, shamed the pavement so, that it looked of common granite. The ladies ranged themselves of a row all up the streets, and luckily Oriana stood next to one or two old dowagers of the court, whose wrinkles would have their own way, and whose gaudy cheeks were too highly coloured for the occasion. She looked perfectly beautiful, and stood there the envy of all those rivals (except Vesperella) that sought the hand of the King of the City of Pearls.

The sound of music increased, and suddenly a most gorgeous procession appeared in sight. First rode a hundred trumpeters, two and two, dressed in red and gold, and seated on white horses, that danced in the liveliest manner. These trumpeters had tall plumes of feathers in their caps, and kept everlastingly applying long brazen trumpets to their mouths, with which they tore the air into a thousand pieces. Nothing could be more martial than their music. After these came black slaves, leaping about with golden bells at their wrists, elbows, shoulders, hips, knees and ancles, making the merriest noise, and singing songs in their own tongue, which, being foreign and incomprehensible to the ears of the ladies, charmed them vastly. Then followed children riding on lions, typical of love, scattering flowers far and near. In the midst of these sat one boy, gayer than the rest, and on a comelier lion, who at every half-mile (and one half-mile terminated just opposite the two princesses) sang these words, the trumpets ceasing the while:—

SONG.*

Ye empresses, queens, and princesses,
 Bedizen'd out in your best dresses,
 Unveil your bright eyes,
 And stare for the prize ;
 By Cupid ! there's no beau,
 So fine as King Bobo !
 Ching-bo—Chang-bo—Ching Chang Bobo !

Shew your hands, dearest ladies, shew hands,
 And by them I'll you your fortunes ;
 Alas ! you're all brown as the sands,
 Your viols will play very short tunes :
 By Cupid ! there's no king
 So fine as Bobo king.
 Ching-bo, &c.

There—hold out your delicate necks,
 And unveil your ivory grinders ;
 Oh, horrible samples—i'fecks,
 His majesty's need of his blinders :
 By Cupid ! no joking !
 There's none like Bobo king !
 Ching-bo, &c.

Face about, and let's see you behind ;
 Stand sideways, and let's see you sideways ;
 Hold your bosoms a little inclined ;
 There, quarters—how half-ways—how wideways :
 By Cupid ! there's no beau
 So fine as King Bobo !
 Ching-bo, &c.

As soon as these words were finished, there followed oboes and flutes, playing such tunes as we have no traces of now, and kettle-drums and horns, filling the air with their noble sounds. Young girls followed next, dancing and pirouetting as they passed along, and shaking a profusion of ribands about, as though they (the most costly things in those days) were the cheapest ornaments in the world. Trains of horses, carriages, banners, streamers, feathers, and what not, followed, till, on an elephant of stupendous size and sedate appearance, and clothed from the flap of his ear to the tip of his commanding tail, in sheeted gold and silver, was seated Bobo, the King of the City of Pearls ! who rode without his hat, and looked, with a double opera-glass, carefully at every lady as he passed. His son sat very modestly, and scarcely regarded any one, so exceedingly mild and retired was this amiable young prince. The king was short, dark-visaged, and plain, but thick-set, and possessing highly-cultivated black bushy whiskers, which, as the ladies one and all declared, much improved his manly and royal countenance. He was smothered in diamonds, and his fingers bedded in rings ; and he had one huge carbuncle at his side, which at times nearly bent him double with its weight. This was very striking. The ladies curtsied, simpered, and set their faces in the best light as he passed, each hoping, of course, to obtain the honour so much coveted by the splendid concourse of women around. But the king was of a very nice taste ; and he had already gone through all streets but the one in which he now was, without being satisfied. One had bad eyes—another had too rosy a complexion ; this was too pale—that was dignified, but too old. In short, he could not see a

* I have found it very difficult to preserve the quaint style of the original, without falling into vulgarisms.

single face to which his curious discrimination could not start an objection. At length he came opposite to Oriana.

"Halt!" ejaculated the king, with a smile that wrinkled up his hairy face like a pressed apple. The multitude stopped, and the music ceased, while his majesty applied his glass to his eyes for the more perfect examination of her countenance. He looked at her with a marked and delicate attention for about three hours, while the cavalcade rested in breathless silence, and a pin could have been heard to drop in any part of his majesty's dominions, so great was the anxiety in all his subjects. At length the king called out, in the uncontrollable vehemence of his passion, "Bring me the royal ladder!" and immediately a black page ran forward with a ladder, made out of one entire and perfect chrysolite, and considered the rarest specimen of the kind. It was placed against the palpitating sides of the elephant, for this royal beast took a nervous interest in his mighty master's choice. The king descended; and advancing as hastily as his little legs would permit (and here he was a little out of the line of beauty), he cast away his double opera-glass, and taking Oriana in his arms, called out, "Long live the Queen of the City of Pearls!" She curtsied with hurried delight to his majesty (who took that opportunity of kissing her lips), and vowed that she loved him better than her red Morocco slippers trimmed with Persian lace. The multitude shouted, as they were in duty called to do, "Long live the Queen of the City of Pearls!" though all the ladies were highly chagrined at the luck of a stranger; and inquiries ran from one to the other of—"Who is she?" "Whence does she come?" "What can the king see in her nasty bright eyes, and hideous white bosom?" with sundry queries of the same envious nature. The king, however, led his new bride to the elephant; and desiring his son to mount one of the trumpeter's white horses, he desired her to take a seat by his side. Oriana, however, before she ascended, requested that her woman might be allowed to accompany her—for such she unnaturally styled her sister, being ashamed of her plain dress and dejected visage—and to this the king graciously acceded, promising her an apartment in the palace. Poor Vesperella was placed on a milk-white pony, and thereon sat, in still sorrow and wonder at her sister's treatment of her. The motion of the animal on which she rode, caused her hood to fall back, and her sweet countenance, a little paler with grief, and shadowed with her beautiful hair, disordered from having escaped the rushes that tied it, quite charmed all beholders. Some said, "This should have been the queen." The cavalcade now passed on to the palace, amidst the shoutings of the people, the braying of the trumpets, the trampling of the horses, and the music of the oboes and flutes.

As soon as the king and Oriana, with those immediately connected with them, were within the gates of the palace, the doors were closed, but hogsheads of wine were distributed to the people, and money thrown out by handfuls all the rest of the day. Oriana was married to the king forthwith; and Vesperella was compelled to clothe her sister, who, from the moment of her success, treated the simple girl with cruelty and indifference. She, the better to hide her relationship with so poor a body, abused her for everything—called her an idle awkward slut, and even went so far as to cuff her! Vesperella cried continually—her eyes were more like those of a ferret than of a princess.

LEVER AND "ARTHUR O'LEARY."

THE name of Lever has already become—albeit he is yet young in authorship—associated with some of the pleasantest things in life; with a racy humour, unfailing animal spirits, heartiness, and good-nature; an intimate knowledge of all that goes forward in the queer corners and lively districts of the social world—with, over all, a manifest sincerity of relish for all the gay, manly, and genial sports and pleasures he describes. His books seem to make the reader and author personally acquainted; and we peruse one-half of them as if we were listening to the rattling, laughing, joyous gossip of an old acquaintance, who has just found something to tell us, and can hold his peace no longer. Herein is, probably, one source of his popularity.

Hitherto he has confined the high tide of his humour to a monthly flow; but it has now swollen into the full flood of three volumes, and brings us "Arthur O'Leary's Ponderings and Wanderings," in many lands, at one and the same time. His former writings have become popular in spite of the omission of many things usually considered to be essential to a strong and general interest. They did not depend for their success upon the attraction of an exciting story, artfully connected, and powerfully wrought up; they had no wonder-working hero or heroine, no set of characters—more especially, no one pet character, to set people talking and comparing notes as to their impressions and sensations, no astounding novelty in the scenes depicted, or in the general subject;—no peculiarity of style and treatment, no new form of wit, observation, or sentiment, combined to recommend what everybody nevertheless read; and reading, asked for more. It was—that Mr. Lever was seen at once to be the possessor of a forty-reporter power of taking down the conversation of certain orders and groups of people; of transporting barracks, billiard-rooms, dinner-tables, steam-boats, and a hundred similar trifles, military and civil, into the private apartment of the reader; of daguerreotyping whole classes of society, and large slips of the great scene on which they play their parts. All this he did with such ease and freshness, with so little unnecessary flourish, and with such an absence of fatigue or the sense of possible failure in any portion of his performance, that his confidence and gaiety were naturally contagious, and one number was sure to beget the desire for another.

It was not so certain that the same thing would succeed equally when drawn out to a great extent. Plot, character, incidents, all tending to a concentrated and interesting purpose, are generally required where the narrative is protracted—and yet the want of them is not felt here. The good spirits of the author never fail him, and Arthur O'Leary wanders and ponders only to find us, without a symptom of flagging, at his heels. We can hardly give a more expressive picture of O'Leary's travels than by saying that they afford a series of capital pictures for Cruikshank. The vivifying power of talent which lights up the work everywhere, is remarked in this fact—that the wanderings extend over places quite as grassless and much trodden as Cheapside, and yet the path frequently appears almost as a new road thrown open to us.

Lever is famous for his bold, broad, dashing sketches, and deservedly

so; but he can paint with admirable minuteness and finish. Witness his descriptions of Dutch scenes and people, which are worthy of the clear and skilful pen of Washington Irving. Excellent is the picture of the "great fat horses that wag along, trailing behind them some petty insignificant truck, loaded with a little cask not bigger than a life-guardsmen's helmet"—(the allusion is characteristic.) That of the frogs, also, whose croakings rose with noxious vapours from the sluggish green-surfaced canal—frogs, "the very burgomasters of their race who squatted along the banks, and, except for the want of pipes, might have been mistaken for small Dutchmen enjoying an evening's promenade;" and that of the interior of the inn, with its "deep plethoric-looking Dutch chairs, that seemed as if they had led a sedentary life, and thrived upon it;" and not least, but rather above all, the master of the place, Van Hoogendorp by name, who "sat gazing upon the canal in a state of Dutch rapture very like apoplexy." The whole scene is conceived in a spirit of humour, and abounds in the nicest touches.

The same humour, ever free from offensive sarcasm, characterizes his remarks upon his travelling countrymen, of whose doings his sketches are often most ludicrous records; as where John Bull is represented when in a scrape—having, that is to say, lost his purse, or his passport, or pencil-case—rushing straightway for a remedy to the ambassador, "who, in his eyes, is a cross between Lord Aberdeen and a Bow-street officer."

O'Leary meets, in Holland, a countryman, one O'Kelly, who is a curious subject, and relates a capital story. His father was an original, too; for having received a visit from an attorney from Youghal, on the subject of a writ or process, or something of that kind, he told the man of law that "he'd make a gentleman of him, and fight him, if he'd give up the bill of costs." The temptation was too strong to resist; the attorney threw the papers into the fire, and next morning, having never discharged pistol before, shot the gentleman, and became one himself.

An adventure with a Polish Count and his fair accomplice, at Brussels, form some of the richest chapters of the series. O'Leary is a simple, pleasant, gentlemanly fellow, and his entertainers are very nice people;—the whole affair is capital. Subsequent encounters with smugglers and others are related with the same vigour and vivacity, and render us, by the force of description, insensible to the absence of a consecutive interest; and, as far as animation goes, we may apply to the author the remark which he applies differently—"You were a Frenchman yesterday, you are an Italian to-day; you went to bed a Prussian, and you woke a Dutchman."

An innocent excursion to Bouvigne—another Gretna-green, though the unthinking couple knew it not—and the vicissitudes and ridiculous equivocation which it involves, is worked up into high farce, and furnishes a splendid comic hint to stage adapters. There are, also, mountain adventures with maniac actors, for the melo-dramatist; and the drollest odd-and-ends of character, for the benefit of humorists of every shade and degree; except those who prefer a touch of grossness, which they will never find in these pages.

Among the pleasantest of the drolls, is a fellow-traveller on the road from Middlesex to the Rhine, who, having had "a sound sleep of it"

in the banquette of a diligence, thanks Heaven that he "can get over a journey as well as most men;" and who is such a lover of solitude, that, "on reading Robinson Crusoe, he laid down the book in disgust on the introduction of his man Friday." Being in search of "that peace Piccadilly cannot give," he is tempted to take a superb chateau;—it is the "Chateau de Vandyk," and had really been the favourite residence of the immortal painter. Here ensues a scene, than which we remember nothing richer. Scarcely had he taken possession of the chateau, when an English traveller sprained his ankle within a hundred yards of the door—is obliged to be taken in—finds out the fact concerning Vandyk—recovers, and forthwith publishes two volumes—"A Walk in Flanders," with a whole chapter about the chateau and its owner. From that moment, persecution took the place of peace. Visitors of all degrees of impudence and curiosity crowded round the gate, and pressed into the private apartments, in shoals—London shoals. All came pouring, first into Ghent, and then into the Chateau of Vandyk, not to see which, was to have travelled in vain. Bull-dogs and barred shutters were ludicrous expedients in the preventive service. But a short extract, little as it will shew of the whimsical picture, must here be given:—

"Scarcely was the tea-urn on the breakfast table, when they began to pour in; old and young, the halt, the one-eyed, the fat, the thin, the melancholy, the merry, the dissipated, the dyspeptic, the sentimental, the jocose, the blunt, the ceremonious, the courtly, the rude, the critical, and the free and easy: one came forty miles out of his way, and pronounced the whole thing an imposition, and myself a 'humbug;' another insisted upon my getting up a dinner, that he might sit down in my chair, characterized by the confounded guides, as 'le fauteuil de Vandyk,' a third went so far as to propose lying down in our great four-post bed, just to say he had been there, though my wife was then in it. I speak not of the miserable practice of cutting slices off all the furniture as relics. John Murray took an inventory of the whole contents of the house for a new edition of his Guide-book; and Holman, the blind traveller, *felt* me all over with his hand, as I sat at tea with my wife; and, last of all, a respectable cheesemonger from the Strand, after inspecting the entire building, from the attics to the cellar, pressed sixpence into my hand at parting, and said, 'Happy to see you, Mr. Vandyk, if you come into the City!'"

Mr. Lever has shewn great versatility in this work; there is a deep interest in more than one of his stories, and his most careless sketches are sure to amuse. It is all written in running hand, but there are remarkably few blots.

PEREGRINE PULTENEY; OR, LIFE IN INDIA.

INDIA has produced many sketches, novels, and narratives, illustrative of her social progress and condition; and amongst them not a few of very considerable merit. But we do not hesitate to say that *this* work is the greatest of its class to which she has yet given birth. It is emphatically *the* Anglo-Indian novel, and may be justly regarded as the auspicious commencement of an Anglo-Indian literature.

The actual story—so far as the main thread of the incidents may be properly designated a story—is slight and simple. The wonder is, how such materials, so obvious and unexaggerated, and relying so little upon a skilful distribution of effects, could be made to occupy three solid volumes with unflagging interest from the first page to the last.

The solution of the wonder is to be found in the *reality* of the treatment. It is in this that the author of "Peregrine Pulteney" has immeasurably outstripped all his contemporaries in the same field; and it is by the force of this distinct faculty that he must, if he persevere, acquire a high position amongst the most distinguished writers of his time.

The story comprises the experiences of a cadet from the date of his school-boy days to his final settlement, still a very young man, in India. It runs exactly the course which will be familiar to thousands of readers, enabling them to live over their wild joyous youth again, and develops to those who are about to enter upon that course, the inevitable circumstances through which they must pass. We hardly know in which of these two aspects the work is better entitled to admiration—as a book of pleasure or utility. The Anglo-Indian will find his early life revived in its pages; and certainly there is no book extant which describes with such close fidelity the actual progress of the cadet through the different stages of his career. It possesses all the advantages of an intimate knowledge of the subject, combined with a remarkable felicity of manner in the management of elucidatory details, of no great importance taken singly, but, collectively, of the utmost value and interest.

Peregrine Pulteney is transferred from school to Addiscombe, like other young gentlemen destined to run the same race for fortune. The description of Addiscombe is perfect—of the life of the students—the regulations—the ways and means of the place, with that yellow prophetic light from far-off India which seems to be for ever brooding over it—and the variety of characters which, as might be expected from the miscellaneous sources of patronage whence the candidates are derived, may be found gathered into its melancholy hall.

The course at Addiscombe being concluded, Peregrine embarks for India, and arrives there at the close of the first volume. He has letters, amongst others, to an aunt, Mrs. Poggleton, who has a very pretty daughter. The dulness of life in India, under some aspects, particularly in the cadet's quarters at Dum-Dum, has the effect of throwing him very much into the society of his fair cousin. The result is precisely that which should be looked for under such circumstances. They fall in love with each other; and never was a youthful, precipitate, and uncalculating passion depicted with greater success. Peregrine is as poor as cadets generally are. Julia's expectations depend on the will of her father, a very querulous old gentleman. Their prospects are dismal enough, when the whole family of the Poggletons break up to return to England. Matters are now forced to a crisis. Peregrine declares his love, the young people vow eternal fidelity, and so Julia sails for England, and Peregrine lingers at Madras to recover from the effects of a fever. This brings us one-third way through the third volume. The remainder is occupied with a new set of scenes and actors. Peregrine is, of course, inconsolable, and he continues in a condition of genuine love melancholy as long as can be reasonably expected of a young fellow of his lively temperament. He corresponds constantly with Julia, whose father died on the homeward voyage, and who is shortly expected out again to make him happy for life. Calcutta is a very gossiping place. Small communities are always famous for scandalmongers; and Peregrine, after resisting a variety of temptations

and remarks, at last consents to mix once more in general society. The knowledge of his contract with Julia is a protection against all idle surmises. He thinks himself quite safe in his own integrity, and, indeed, in the social system of Calcutta. But young men of three or four-and-twenty, ought not to be too confident of their strength. The beautiful Augusta Sweetenham—the most captivating girl in the city of Palaces, and a wit into the bargain, who has refused numerous offers—confers the lustre of her special notice upon him. As an engaged man, she can speak to him without any dread of observation; and he, on the other hand, can enjoy the exquisite delight of her friendship, without any apprehension of being “talked about.” They grow so familiar with each other’s natures, keeping at the same time ever present to them the fact of Peregrine’s engagement, that they come at last to call each other “brother” and “sister.” Nothing can be more delicious than the purity and sweetness of their communion. The self-delusion winds round and round them, and every day they become more and more blind to the perils of their situation. Even when a suspicion sometimes crosses their minds that they *are* deceiving themselves, they resent and overwhelm it with one of those blighting sophisms which the young heart has ever ready for the use of such occasions. It is all pure sentiment—the ideality of love, apart from its lower world of duty and dedication. They live on in this notion, feeding it with poisons, till the ship arrives that conveys Julia back to India. Peregrine is still firm in his honour and his outward faith. He prepares to receive his affianced. To be sure, he sets about the task with a heavy heart, and makes a great many blunders, and is tardy enough in his operations; but he does go through it like a gentleman. He might, however, have spared himself the agony of all this laborious self-control. He finds Julia on board, but she is married to another. Poor Julia was true to the last—her woman’s heart was faithful and trustful; but a report had reached her on her voyage out—it was even in a newspaper—that Peregrine was actually married to Augusta Sweetenham. The blow was severe; but she had a woman’s pride as well as a woman’s love, and she could not endure to land in India and become the mark of universal pity. A young clergyman on board had fallen in love with her—she accepted him in haste—in pride, in revenge, perhaps. The issue of the story is already manifest. Peregrine is free, although not without a natural pang and struggle, after all; and the curtain falls on his wedding with Augusta Sweetenham.

The whole of the latter part of the narrative, to which the serious interest is chiefly confided, displays a profound knowledge of the human heart. The only regret it suggests is, that the author did not allow himself greater space for the growth, development, and catastrophe of the new attachment; for, with all the power of delineation he has thrown into it, and that power is of the very highest order, it appears hurried and fore-shortened. The situation of the lovers is touched with consummate delicacy. The subject is painful, and occasionally even disagreeable. We hardly know what to make of Augusta Sweetenham, every now and then, as her character becomes unfolded; and the conduct of Peregrine sometimes provokes a feeling of distrust, not a little hazardous to the reputation of a hero of romance. But to these moments and intervals of doubt the protraiture is indebted for its moral excellence: they yield us incidental glimpses into the real nature

that is at work beneath the external mark of professions and self-deceit; they shew the false reasoning of passion, the little snatches of selfishness and sophistry which, in the noblest hearts, sometimes usurp the place of justice and truth. The reader will not go the whole way with Peregrine. The author did not intend that he should. He was writing about a man, a young impetuous fellow, full of blood and intellect—not a monster of perfection. The reader condemns Peregrine heartily in one page only to applaud him all the more in the next; and so he goes on vibrating, but always acknowledging a certain ascendancy in the fellow's character, until at last he arrives at the conclusion that he is one of the best specimens of a manly, sound-hearted, loveable, careless dog, just flowering into manhood, he has ever happened to fall in with. And in this estimate of Peregrine he will be right. The character is drawn throughout with a most fearless hand—strong, wilful, kind, passionate, thoughtless, generous, with a stock of animal spirits that would be enough to supply a garrison.

It will be seen from this sketch of the principal incidents, and the divisions of the action we have indicated, that there is not much art displayed in the structure of this novel. Perhaps it would be more correct to say, that it displays no art whatever. The author seems to have had no settled plan for building up his fiction; there is no attempt at symmetry in its proportions; it does not appear to have been even finished with reference to unity of purpose, but convenience of arrangement. Yet there is design in it, nevertheless, and design, too, which is peculiarly calculated to bring out strikingly the nature and aim of the work. It is not a compact plot—it is a fable of *progress*. This is precisely what was wanted to exhibit the gradual history of a young Englishman's passage from the lap of domestic life into the wide strange world of the east. It traces the progress of a youth through all the preliminary stages of a preparative education—follows him on his outward voyage, which is minutely described—then through all his initial proceedings on his first appearance in India—through the social circles into which he is cast, and which are painted with force and accuracy—through his military and public duties, love-making, masking, messing, the fever, and the amateur play—finally settling him down into matrimony, when he may be presumed to subside out of his individuality into the crowd of which he has hitherto been only a spectator. By no other means could the views of Anglo-Indian society contained in this work have been so completely evolved. The design was the best that could have been devised for such a purpose, and it is pursued steadily throughout.

A great variety of incidents are thrown up in the course of this biography (for in that light, also, it may be considered), and a great many characters are from time to time drawn upon the stage. In such a procession, there was a risk of losing our interest in our first favourites, by losing sight of them and finding others rapidly usurping their ground, only to be themselves displaced by a fresh rush of faces. With consummate tact, the author has completely escaped this risk. The characters in which he has interested us from the first, move through the story to its close; and the very last who retires from the scene is one who was the close companion of the hero in his school-boy hours. Thus, while the narrative is distinguished by the charm and irresponsibility of a series of disconnected adventures, it sustains at the same time the heart and home interest of a domestic novel.

We should be very glad to draw attention to a few adequate specimens, if space allowed us ; but we must be content with a scrap ; and we fairly warn the reader, that the work cannot be estimated by extracts in reviews ; he must read the whole, if he would enjoy the breadth of its humour, and the depth and earnestness of its pathos.

Arrived in India, the first thing, as soon as personal arrangements are adjusted, is to deliver letters of introduction. This brings us at once into the fashionable quarter of Calcutta, where we find Peregrine paying a visit at a grand house. To European eyes the picture is very new and striking :

“ It was a fine house in one of the best Chowinghee roads (but not in *the* Chowinghee road) that Peregrine Pulteney now found himself entering. Like all Calcutta houses in the rains, it had a somewhat desolate aspect of uninhabited grandeur ; for the walls and the pillars were black and weather-stained, large patches of green damp were visible about the base, and down the sides of the house you might trace the course of the water that had been, almost incessantly for the last two months, streaming down from the conduits on the roof. The house, too, was shut up ; between the pillars of the spacious verandah, (a distinguishing mark, by the way, of a good Indian residence,) large green blinds, made of thin pieces of split and painted bamboo, were let down to exclude the glare. A number of crows were cawing and pecking about the roof, and every now and then amusing themselves by certain small aerial excursions, whilst two or three enormous birds (adjutants), like overgrown herons, with their long thin legs, and stupendous beaks and pouches, were drowsing upon the topmost balustrades, only moving every now-and-then, in a sort of sleepy attempt to inflict condign punishment upon an adventurous crow, who was pert enough to come within their reach.”

A peep into the drawing-room will form a proper pendant to this capital bit of painting :

“ It was a long and somewhat badly-proportioned apartment, very lofty, as all Indian rooms are, and very unfinished in appearance. The walls were white, but relieved every here and there by doors, prints, and wall-shades. Of the former article, Peregrine Pulteney counted no less than six in the room ; they were all open, so as to give free circulation to the little air that might chance to struggle into the house ; but as in a dwelling where there are no passages between the rooms, this open system might have its inconveniences, a kind of half-door made of toon wood and crimson silk, which neither reached nearly to the top nor the bottom of the aperture had been contrived so as to answer tolerably well for all purposes of concealment.”

Add to this, about thirty branch candlesticks bracketed on the walls, gilt over and covered with great sugar-loaf glasses, three large chandeliers hanging from monstrous beams in the centre of the roof, two punkabs elaborately moulded and gilt, immense windows, a fine mat instead of a carpet, and a profusion of costly furniture of all sorts scattered about this queer apartment, and you have a very complete picture of a Calcutta drawing-room in the Chowinghee road.

The predominant characteristic of this novel is its abounding youthfulness. Its elasticity is something remarkable. It is the work of a young heart and a matured intellect. The story springs forward with a cheering vivacity that keeps the reader in a state of incessant good spirits. The descriptions are full of heat and energy ; the fun is as wild as the frolics of Puck ; and the dialogue is dashed off with extraordinary velocity and freedom. It would be much easier to suppose that a book of this vigorous class was written in some healthy, bracing clime, than under the enervating skies of India.

EXPLOITS AND CHARACTER OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.*

"THIS our Captain," says Fuller, "was a religious man towards God and his houses, generally sparing churches where he came; chaste in his life, just in his dealings, true to his word, and merciful to those who were under him; hating nothing so much as idleness." Except the Spaniard, and all foes of England.

Had Drake been only this, the present age—to say nothing of all future generations of men—would never have heard of him, however interesting his character, and deserving of illustration by the production of his correspondence. All that is here elicited by the active intelligence, favoured by many fortunate opportunities, of Mr. Barrow, shews the picture to be correct; and especially shews the consistency, the directness of purpose, and the constant religious spirit of Drake. But if he had not, by world-encompassing deeds and thoughts that ranged boundlessly over earth and sea, seeking ever where a great act might be performed—an act at once to startle men and to serve them—proved his claim to the title of Dragon-Drake how little would the world have cared for these Dove-like qualities of justice, chastity, piety, and mercy.

The contrast is undoubtedly remarkable, and seems to contradict common sense. The great sea-captain assuredly lived in the exercise of such qualities; yet was his life spent for the most part amidst the roar of storms, and the flame and smoke of battle; in the darkness and solitude of unknown seas, and within sight of savage horrors at which the soul sickens; sailing from peril to peril, fighting with conspiring winds, mocking difficulty and terrors, defying wrecks, wounds, and death; rushing with gay and confident heart into perilous seas forlorn, where no Englishman had ever ventured; and "ploughing a furrow round the world," such as never again closed up.

Sir Francis Drake was one of the greatest men of an age unexampled in greatness; and it was his good fortune to command, during his lifetime, and while yet young, that praise and admiration from his contemporaries which his merits demanded and his ambition coveted. After his death, his deeds and character won tribute from famous pens, and his exploits have never wanted industrious and admiring chroniclers even in later times; and yet it happened, that while what he did was known, little of what he said, and nothing of what he wrote transpired; no particle (scarcely) of his correspondence illustrated the accounts of history, or confirmed or contradicted the judgments of his biographers. It is melancholy to reflect upon the indifference often manifested by persons possessed of valuable documents relative to such men. Much of Drake's correspondence is, doubtless, now in existence, and yet likely to remain dead to the world. We might call the feeling not indifference, but injustice and ingratitude.

Thanks to the sagacity and enthusiasm of the hero's present biographer, many of his autograph letters have now been rescued from oblivion. They are of great interest, as well in regard to his character as to the events with which his fame is associated; and, in addition to these, the same zeal has brought to light various letters of the lord high admiral and others touching the unlesening and ever-memorable

* Life, Voyages, and Exploits of Admiral Sir Francis Drake, Knight. By John Barrow, Esq. 1 vol.

wonder of the waters, the great sea-mockery of all time—the Invin-cible Armada.

If these documents, including the letters of Drake, place before us few new facts, few or none, affecting the leading features of his fortune and achievements, they yet afford us fairer ground in many places for estimating and applauding them. Not a syllable in the papers discovered is in the remotest degree unfavourable to the “old fine admiral;” and if nothing has been found to entirely dispel the lingering shadows which hang over that only incident of Drake’s life which has excited painful suspicions or reproach, (the affair at St. Julian, ending in the execution of Doughty,) endeavours have not unsuccessfully been made to reconcile what was conflicting, and to lay every fact bare to the light of judgment. The feeling of the dispassionate reader will be, that through the broken clouds of the mystery, the fame and honour of Drake shine with sufficient clearness to lead to the decision most grateful to the love and pride with which the nation must ever regard him. This grave point has been an object of the utmost anxiety to the new historian; and in stripping it of some of its obscurity, he has rendered no mean service to the ends of truth.

In contemplating the course of Dragon Drake, it is a little drawback at the very beginning, to see him in the heat of such a devouring and lawless exercise of his gigantic genius as is implied in slave-traffic, and those piratical and plundering expeditions which, with much ill, worked in the example of seamanship such lasting and invaluable good. We ask if this can be the man, and these the objects, for whom and which, according to good old Pilgrim Purchas, (the untiring, world-exploring traveller, who never quitted his arm-chair by the fireside,) the wind proffered airy wings, while the sun smiled to see the English captain follow him “in a watery field all that his fiery circle round about the earthy globe;” while new stars, islands, and seas delighted in looking upon the English colours he bore, and he himself, “first of any general, loosed the girdle of the world, and encompassing her in his fortunate arms enjoyed her love.”

But of the influence exercised upon the mind of the nation, by the indomitable courage, fortitude, and perseverance of Drake—the effects produced upon succeeding ages by his heroism, wisdom, and consummate seamanship, with means so inadequate to his great art and many wants—there can be no doubt whatever; and while ships and sailors are essential to the preservation of British greatness and liberty, to Sir Francis Drake must the grateful homage of all posterity be given—to the gallant teacher of generations of apt scholars. Not in single acts has his supremacy been felt, as stimulating the minds of the enterprising in after-ages; not simply as the first Englishman who sailed round the world, the second voyager who passed through the Straits of Magallaen (which he did, if we remember, in sixteen days), the great captain associated with the force gathered to resist the Armada; but in the manifestation of wonderful qualities of seamanship, and extraordinary patience and energy throughout his career, has his example been felt and followed in the navy of his country;—that country of which he was almost a religious lover; for there never was a sailor more truly, and to the heart’s core, English, than Francis Drake!

It is difficult to imagine anything grander than the incident which distinguished his first expedition to the Spanish Main, where, pursuing the enemy to Venta Cruz, he is informed of a “goodlie and great high

tree," from whose top he might discern both the North Sea, whence he had come, and the South Sea, whither he was desirous of going. There, having ascended to the highest point, and surveyed far and wide, with an intoxicated vision, that great world of waters whereof he had heard such golden reports, he fell upon his knees and besought God "to give him life, and leave, once to sail an English ship in those seas."

A striking instance of his resolute spirit was seen during this expedition. Wounded so sorely, that his blood "filled the verie prints our footsteps made, to the great dismay of all our company, who thought it not credible that one man should lose so much blood and live," they bound up his wounds, and would have persuaded him to go on board; but he refused, and ultimately they were obliged to "add force to their entreaties, and so carried him to his pinnacle."

Drake appears to have acted in this, as in other expeditions, with the wisest and most generous regard to the interests of his coadjutors—sharing with them even what they were not entitled to claim. Great riches, notwithstanding, were the result; and how he spent them may be inferred, from the style in which he fitted up his ship, five years afterwards, for a voyage round the world. Articles were provided, not merely for comfort, but pleasure. The "Pelican" was sumptuously furnished. To administer to his amusement, he had various musical instruments, and musicians also, or the first might have been useless; and to gratify his vanity, or serve some other purpose, all the vessels for his table, and some even of his cook-room, are said to have been of silver. And yet he never lost sight of plain and simple habits.

We have glanced at the "tragedy" which occurred during this famous voyage, but may here pause to notice the coincidence, that Drake should take shelter during the winter season in the same port where Magelhaens had wintered so long before, and, like him, should there execute one of his officers on a charge of mutiny.

What a picture Mr. Barrow gives of Drake's difficulty in this voyage!—

"To ordinary minds, a more forlorn situation than that in which Drake now found himself can hardly be conceived. Deprived of all his ships, his companions and a great part of his crew, driven by a succession of tempests to the very southern extremity of the great continent of America, which had never been visited by any civilized human being—for he was the first to discover Cape Horn—tossed about on a sea utterly unknown, suffering from severe wounds, and, as he might reasonably suppose, every hope, that had carried him thither, as to his ulterior views, utterly destroyed."

Returned from this expedition, raptures awaited him at Plymouth, and the reverse in London. The fame of his pirating successes, as well as his prodigious genius, had reached polite ears, and scoffs and censures mingled with admiring applause. This last, however, soon drowned the rest, and wonder and welcome greeted him everywhere, even from the lips of Elizabeth. The profits and praises attendant upon this achievement appear to have been equal, and each golden line of his friends, the poets, he could have paid for with a golden bar.

He was soon appointed, in conjunction with military authority, to command in an expedition to the West Indies. At Cape St. Antonio their water was exhausted, and Drake's character is seen in his conduct described by a military pen:

"Here," says Cates, "I do wrong if I should forget the good example of the General, who, to encourage others, and to hasten the getting of water aboard, took no less pains than the meanest. Throughout the expedition, indeed, he had every-

where shewn so vigilant a care and foresight in the good ordering of his fleet, accompanied with such wonderful travail of body, that doubtless, had he been the the meanest person, as he was the chiefest, he had deserved the first place of honour."

Suspicious of the hostile and treacherous intentions of the Spanish King now prompted an expedition to Cadiz, whither Drake repaired, for purposes of damage and destruction to any preparations that might be on foot, England being by no means ready for a conflict. How he discharged his mission, one of his letters, discovered in the State-Paper Office, relates with admirable simplicity. Having described how he arrived in the road of Cadiz, on the 19th—

"We staid there untill the 21st, in which meane tyme we sanke a Biskanie of 12 C (1200) tonnes, burnte a shippe of the Murques of Santa Cruse of 15 C (1000) tonnes, and 31 shippes more of 1000: 800: 600: 400, to 200 tonnes the peice, and carried awaie fower with us, laiden with provision, and departede thence at our pleasure with as moch honor as we could wische, notwithstandinge that duringe the tyme of our aboade there we were bothe oftentimes foughte withall by 12 of the Kinge's gallies (of whome we sanke two) and allwaies repulse the reste, and were (withoute ceassing) vehementlie shotte at from the shoare, but to our little hurte, God be thanked. Yeat at our departure we were curteouslie written unto by one Don Pedro, generall of those gallies. I assure your Honor the like preparacion was never hearde of, nor knowen, as the Kinge of Spaigne hathe and dailie makethe to invade Englande."

This was good work in two days; but Drake "hated nothing so much as idleness." He called it "singeing the King of Spain's beard."

The period of the Armada now approached. That was a day for panic and endeavour in England that has never since dawned, for the threat of Napoleon, and the totally different circumstances of the country, forbid all parallel. In the letters of Drake, now first published, may be seen a masterly knowledge and a full-hearted courage; they abound in examples of forethought, wise suggestions, and daring views. He ever seems to have urged a grand and comprehensive policy. His maxim seems to have been—when sure that you have a foe, go forth and seek him, instead of waiting till he comes. We see Nelson's spirit strikingly in Drake. He says, in reference to the united action of the Prince of Parma and the Spanish monarch—

"To prevente this I thinke it goode that theise forces here shoulde be made as stronge as to your Honors' wisdomes shall be thoughte convenyente, and that for two speciall causes: ffirste, for that they are like to strike the ffirste blowe, and secondlie, it will putt greate and goode hartes into her Majestie's lovinge subjectes bothe abroad and at home, ffor that they will be perswaded in conseyence that the Lord of all strengthes will putt into her Majestie and her people coraige & boldnes not to feare any invasyon in her owne countrie, but to seeke God's enemyes and her Majesties' where they maye be founde."

At length the news reached the British navy of the sudden appearance of the Armada off the Lizard; and as the commanders at Waterloo were "taken by surprise" at a Brussels ball, so the commanders in this case are said to have been surprised when on shore at Plymouth playing at bowls. It is even alleged, on no good authority, that Drake insisted on the match being played out, saying—"There will be plenty of time to win the game and beat the Spaniards too." Then on the next day the Spanish fleet were indeed discovered, "with their lofty turrets like so many floating castles, their line extending its wings about seven miles in the shape of a half moon, proceeding very slowly, though with full sails;" the winds, according to Camden, tired of carrying them, and the ocean groaning under its burden!

Drake had been burning with impatience for months. That singeing of the king's beard had but increased his fire; he had felt the insolent pride of the foe as not to be tolerated "by any true natural English harte," as his was. He memorialized the Queen, and controlled his spirit with difficulty until the moment came, when, every arrangement made, his ship seemed to take wing in its eagerness to baffle, confound, and destroy, and he was at one time alone in the very midst of the enemy. But darkness aided his dauntlessness; he got away and renewed his work, and soon had reason to rejoice;—"for that God hath given us so good a day in forcing the enemy so far to leeward, as I hope in God the Prince of Parma and the Duke of Sedonya shall not shake hands this few days." And on the last day of July, 1588, he writes to Sir Francis Walsingham:—

"Ther was never any thing pleased me better than the seeing the enemy flying with a Sotherly wynd to the Northwards. God grant you have a good eye to the Duke of Parma, for with the Grace of God, yf we live, I dowbt it not, but ere it be long so to handell the matter with the Duke of Sedonya, as he shall wish hymself at Saint Marie Port amonge his orynge trees."

These letters are not unworthy of the pen that wrote that glowing refutation of the falsehoods of the Spaniard, which Stow has handed down; which is so excellent alike in composition, in its spirit of indignation, and its truth of statement; and which exults that with "their great terrible ostentation they did not, in all their sailing round about England, so much as sink or take one ship, bark, pinnace, or cock-boat of ours, or even burn so much as one sheep-cote on this land."

All this was not enough for the enterprising and unwearied soul of Drake. He was soon afloat once more; and then, in conjunction with Hawkins, his first patron and constant friend, again made sail for the scene of his early exploits. And amidst those waters he died. Hawkins perished also in that expedition to the Spanish Colonies. Drake departed at daybreak, "having been extremely sick of a fluxe, which began the night before to step on him." And what a picture of the death-scene of the mighty warrior and navigator is that which Hakluyt gives. "He used some speeches at, or a little before, his death, *rising and apparelling himself*, but being brought to bed againe, within one hour died."

There, on the spot where his glory began, the voice of it, which filled the whole world, was then only heard in the sighs and whispering sorrows of his sea-followers. Yet these he would address at the last moment, and still be apparelled as their leader, and only lie down to die when carried to the death-bed. There was his body sunk, where the fame of his deeds first arose, to traverse sea and shore through all time.

INDIAN GUIDE-BOOK.*

A PRACTICAL hand-book to India, was a great desideratum. It is not the land of pleasure-excursions, scarcely even of exploratory journeys; almost every one bound there, is earnest in the pursuit of profit or aggrandizement. The call

* The Hand-Book of India; a Guide to the Stranger and the Traveller, and a Companion to the Resident. By J. H. Stocqueler.

often comes hurriedly and unexpectedly ; an appointment just received, the imperious provocations of commerce, or the ties of affection and relationship, are the impelling causes for so distant a voyage, and time is often scarcely afforded to gather information, howsoever little, regarding the first steps to be taken. Many are unaware that there is no washing on board ship, and that a supply of linen must be taken sufficient for a journey of one hundred and twenty days ; a still greater number do not know in what part of the ship to seek for a berth—in the stern, or on the upper or lower deck.

Then again, suppose a griffin furnishing his cabin with a China basin, jug, &c., instead of a japanned set, and finding himself without a washing apparatus ere a fourth of his journey is accomplished ! Fancy him seeing his neighbour's (an old Indian) little dormitory, lit up in the long nights by a hanging lamp, while he is in unenviable darkness ! or seeing the same neighbour reading *Martin or Murray's India*, while lolling on a sofa, with mattress, pillow, and chintz covering, and drawers beneath it, while he is with difficulty keeping his position upon a rocking camp-stool. But worse than all, the climate changes ; he left England in a cold, raw fog, with his surtout carefully buttoned up, but he is rapidly borne past Madeira into intertropical seas, or steam has carried him still more swiftly into the radiant bosom of the Mediterranean. In vain he opens his habiliments, to catch the dying breeze—he is hot, smothered, and uncomfortable ; and how is his affliction increased, by seeing the same neighbour pacing the deck in clear and cool white jean jacket, white jean waistcoat, and white jean trousers !

There is a feeling of distrust in going to an agent, however respectable, and at once betraying one's ignorance, and losing all control over disbursements, by an unlimited order for everything that is necessary, when it is well known that on the Egyptian transit, soda-water, raspberry vinegar, jam, lucifer-matches, and kid-gloves, at three rupees a pair, are considered among the necessaries. A book that shall obviate all these inconveniences must be almost invaluable.

It is obvious that such a hand-book ought not to be framed upon the model of the European hand-books, with their list of coins, numbers of posts, names of hotels, recitals of museums, and hum-drum legends of castles. What is wanted here, is a guide to the outfit, an adviser on the journey, and an accurate Mentor on landing, to avoid imposition, and to save all unnecessary delays and inconveniences, and Mr. Stocqueler's work comes very *apropos* to meet this desideratum.

Mr. Stocqueler is most prudently brief upon the subjects of history, climate, productions, population, manners, customs, and commerce—matters with which the Indian traveller can make himself acquainted at his leisure from more voluminous works on his journey out ; but he is both full and explicit when he comes to speak of the circumstances in which the different services, military, naval, and civil, are placed ; the preparations for an outward voyage, and the overland passage, and travelling in India. These are the truly practical and useful portions of the work, and they are treated of in a very satisfactory manner, and followed by a discussion on society, social habits, and domestic expenditure in India, of which we can only say that it does not give the brightest side of the picture. Mr. Stocqueler does not appear to have become at all enamoured of the country, and is one of those who look upon the going there as a matter of speculation, and the return as a necessary sequence to be devoutly wished for every moment. It would be more desirable to train the young mind at least to think differently.

The remainder of the volume, amounting to about one half its contents, is occupied by a description and itinerary of the principal places in India, and is more particularly characterized by one of the best descriptions of Calcutta that has yet been published. In fact, we can conscientiously recommend the hand-book of India, as an indispensable companion to the traveller bound to regions where changes occur so rapidly, that the classification of states (p. 82) has undergone additions in the first and second classes since this work was in the press.

Saint James's:

OR

THE COURT OF QUEEN ANNE.

BY THE EDITOR.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

OF MASHAM'S PLAN TO DECEIVE THE DUCHESS, AND OF ITS SUCCESS.

THE downfall of Harley, and the resignation of his friends, necessarily increased the ascendancy of the Whigs, and placed the Duchess of Marlborough in a position of greater importance than ever, causing her to be regarded, and with reason, as the sole arbitress of affairs. The contest on this occasion not having been so much a struggle between two conflicting parties, as a trial of strength between the queen and her favourite, and having resulted in the triumph of the latter, seemed to afford decisive proof of her superior power, and "Queen Sarah," as she was commonly styled, by friend as well as foe, was said to have deposed Queen Anne.

But the duchess, though she might well be confident, was not deluded into fancied security. On the contrary, she redoubled her vigilance; strengthened her position as much as possible; and, though abating little of her arrogance and imperiousness, made every effort compatible with her haughty nature, to conciliate the queen, and regain her affections. But Anne was not to be won back. Mortification at the defeat she had endured made her regard her victor with positive aversion, and though she masked the feeling carefully during their intercourse, it did not require the penetration of the duchess to discover the true light in which she was now regarded.

The grand subject of uneasiness, however, to the duchess was Abigail's increasing favour, and her own inability to procure her removal. On this point the queen remained inflexible. Neither remonstrance nor entreaty could shake her constancy to her favourite, and even when told that an address would be presented to her by the House of Commons, requiring Abigail's dismissal, she treated the menace with disdain. Equally disinclined, also, did she shew herself to put a stop to her conferences with Harley, who was admitted to as frequent audiences as heretofore, and the nature of whose councils soon became apparent in her own mode of conduct. While this great master of intrigue had such constant access to the queen's ear, and while

another than herself enjoyed her confidence, the duchess in the midst of all her triumph, felt ill at ease, and apprehensive of an ultimate overthrow. Cost what it might, therefore, these obstacles must be removed, and while debating with herself how to execute her purpose, chance seemed to throw the means of its accomplishment into her way.

It may be remembered, that at the close of a recent interview with the queen, owing to the inadvertence of Prince George of Denmark, the duchess had well-nigh seen through Masham's disguise; and though she had repeatedly since that time tried to detect him among the servants, he had managed, by extreme caution, to elude her notice, until one day she met him face to face in the great gallery. Retreat being out of the question, Masham though filled with confusion, was obliged to brook her scrutiny, and after regarding him steadfastly for a few moments, she dropped him a profound curtsy, and said in a tone of bitter raillery, "Accept my congratulations on your advancement, Mr. Masham. I was not aware you had entered her majesty's household."

"Your grace is mistaken," he stammered, in reply. "My name is Mezansene."

"Mezansene!—ha! ha!" laughed the duchess. "How long have you possessed that name, sir?—ever since your banishment from court, I suppose. We shall see whether her majesty knows who she has got in her service. If she is ignorant of the fact, Abigail, I'll be bound, is not. Adieu, Mr. Mezansene—since that's the name you choose to go by—ha! ha!" And with a bow of mock ceremoniousness, she passed towards the royal apartments.

Confounded at what had occurred, Masham stood for some moments irresolute. Persuaded if the duchess put her threat into execution, and betrayed him to the queen, as he could not doubt she would do, that all chance of an union with Abigail Hill would be at an end, while their future prospects would be blighted, he weighed over every means of avoiding the threatened danger. After turning over various expedients, he bethought him of a yeoman of the guard, named Snell, with whom he had of late, since he had been forced to consort to a certain degree with the household, struck up a kind of intimacy. Snell was a good-looking young fellow, about the same height as himself, and not unlike him in features, and might be made, he thought, to pass for him without difficulty. Accordingly, he hurried off to the guard-room in search of him, when, by good luck, he met him coming up the great staircase on his way to the ante-chamber.

Without pausing to explain his motives, except to say that he wanted to speak to him particularly, Masham seized his acquaintance by the arm, and dragging him quickly along a passage or two, and up a short staircase, pulled him into a small chamber, and closed the door.

"What in the name o' wonder is the meanin' of all this?" asked Snell, almost out of breath.

"It means that we must change dresses — quick," replied Masham.

"Change dresses! — are you mad?" demanded Snell.

"Not so mad but I can give you a sound and substantial reason for compliance," rejoined Masham. "This purse," tossing him one full of gold, "will speak for my sanity."

"It may speak for your sanity better than your honesty, Master Mezansene," replied Snell, chinking the purse. "How did you come by it?"

"Fairly enough, that's all you need know," replied Masham. "But come, be quick! Each instant is precious." And he began to throw off his own habiliments.

"I'm afraid I shall get into some confounded scrape if I consent," hesitated Snell.

"Tut!" cried Masham. "You've nothing to do but personate me for a few minutes. You can easily do that, you know."

"You're sure there's no treason intended — no popery?" rejoined Snell, taking off his scarlet doublet.

"Treason! — a fiddlestick!" answered Masham, snatching the garment from him.

"And it can't be construed into a hangin' matter?" pursued Snell, as he divested himself of his crimson hose, and black velvet uppers.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Masham, arraying himself in the attire in question. "Recollect that you're me; and whoever questions you, be it the queen herself, be sure and say that your name is Mezansene. Stick to that, and all will be right."

"The queen!" echoed Snell. "If you think there's any chance of her majesty addressin' me, I'd rather not undertake it."

"It's too late now," replied Masham, who by this time was fully equipped in the other's clothes. "Besides, there's nothing to be afraid of," he said, clapping on the yeoman's little round black velvet cap, ornamented with roses, and taking possession of his halbert; "nothing at all."

He then helped his companion to complete his metamorphosis, which done, Snell looked so like the ci-devant Mezansene, that the other could not help laughing at the resemblance. Speedily checking his merriment, however, he bade the new-made lacquey follow him, and descending the staircase, hurried towards the ante-room, where he indicated to Snell the post he must occupy, while he stationed himself outside an open door, communicating with the gallery.

Snell was in a great flutter, wondering what would happen next, when Prince George of Denmark suddenly issued from the royal apartments, and made towards him with a quick step and mysterious air. The poor fellow turned away his head, and affected to be looking for something on the floor.

"I knew how it would be!" exclaimed the prince. "The duchess has found you out, and has told the queen."

"Told the queen what, your highness?" stammered Snell, not daring to look up.

"Why who you are to be sure," rejoined the prince. "What else had she to tell, eh? I slipped away to warn you. Well, and what do you mean to do now?"

"I'm sure I don't know, your highness," answered Snell, in great trepidation.

"Imbecile!" cried the prince, angrily. "You've got yourself into a terrible scrape, and must get out of it as well as you can."

Snell groaned aloud.

"One consequence of your indiscretion, will be Abigail's loss of her post, I fear," pursued the prince.

"I don't mind what she loses, provided I get off," cried Snell.

"Eh, what? I can't have heard aright, surely," exclaimed the prince. "You don't mind what Abigail loses? Perhaps you don't mind what becomes of her?"

"No, I don't," replied Snell.

"Sdeath, what have you ventured here, for then?" cried the prince, in a towering passion. "Why did you put on this dress?"

"I'm sorry I ever did so," rejoined Snell. "I was a fool for my pains."

"More craven than fool I begin to think," said the prince, his anger changing to disgust. "Why, you poor-spirited fellow, you don't deserve a lady's regard. You are not the man I took you for."

"I am not, indeed, your highness," responded Snell.

"You have adopted the soul of a footman as well as the clothes," pursued the prince, impetuously. "I came here to help you, but I'm so thoroughly disgusted, that I cast you off for ever. I wish her majesty would hang you; and if she takes my advice, she will do so."

"Oh don't say so, your highness," roared Snell, dropping on his knees. "Pardon me this once, and I'll never offend again."

"Why what the deuce is this?" cried the prince. "This is not Masham. Some new trickery—eh? Where's your confederate, sirrah?"

"Here, your highness," replied the young equerry, advancing from the door.

"What, in a new disguise?" cried the prince.

"I've changed dresses with this young man, for the purpose of imposing upon the duchess," replied Masham.

"Faith, a good idea, if it can only be carried out," replied the prince, laughing. "But I'm afraid this fellow's stupidity will ruin the scheme. I'll try and frighten him into attention. Hark'ee, sirrah," he added to Snell, "you're in a very awkward predicament—very awkward, indeed. Your only chance of escape lies in discretion."

"I'll do everything your highness directs," replied Snell.

"Get up, then, sirrah," rejoined the prince, "and put on a

bold countenance; and as you value your neck, don't leave this spot. I must now go," he added, in a low tone to Masham; "for if I'm found here it may excite suspicion." So saying, he passed on towards the gallery, and Masham returned to his post.

Little time was allowed Snell for consideration; for scarcely had the prince disappeared, when the inner door again opened, and gave admittance to Abigail.

"Oh! you are here!" she exclaimed quickly. "Your disguise has been discovered. Fly as fast as you can."

"I would gladly do so," replied Snell, averting his face, "but I dare not."

"Dare not!" exclaimed Abigail. "You must. The queen, and the duchess will be here instantly, and then we are both lost."

"The prince has just been here and has ordered me not to stir," replied Snell.

"You had better risk disobeying him than incur the queen's displeasure, aggravated as it is by the duchess's malice," said Abigail. "If you are found here all chance of our union is at an end."

"Our union!" thought Snell to himself. "This explains it. The rascal has been making love to the queen's favourite! It'll be counted high treason, at the least. I shall be beheaded, and no one will find out the mistake till it's too late. Oh, Lord!—oh, Lord!"

"Don't stand talking to yourself in that way," cried Abigail, "but go. You seem to have taken leave of your senses."

"I believe I have," cried Snell, slapping his forehead, and stamping on the floor, in a distracted manner. "My brain spins round like a top. Would to Heaven I had never entered this palace!"

"These regrets are not very flattering to me," replied Abigail.

"But I will not reproach you. They are coming! Fly! fly!"

"I dare not, I tell you," rejoined Snell. "The prince said it was as much as my head was worth to leave this place."

"Your conduct is utterly incomprehensible," said Abigail, in a tone of mingled anxiety and vexation. "You seem determined to ruin us both, and exhibit such unaccountable waywardness and selfishness, that I begin to regret having wasted my affection upon you."

"I wish you never had so wasted it," said Snell.

"How!" exclaimed Abigail, in extremity of surprise and indignation.

"That is, not upon me, but upon him," rejoined the other.

"Him!" she cried. "Whom do you allude to, sir?"

"To—to—to—I don't exactly know his name," he replied.

"This is unpardonable," she cried, "and at such a moment too. But it reconciles me to the discovery. Farewell for ever, sir. I leave you to make your own excuses to the queen. Even if she forgives you, I will not."

"What have I done, madam?" cried Snell, falling on his knees before her, and catching hold of her dress—"what new mischief have I committed?"

"It is idle to ask the question," replied Abigail, trying to extricate herself from him. "Get up—release me!—I hear them coming!"

But before she could free herself from him, the door opened, and the queen and the Duchess of Marlborough entered the ante-chamber.

"There!" cried the duchess, pointing triumphantly to Snell whose back was towards them, and who still remained in a kneeling posture—"behold the confirmation of my statement. Thus it is that your majesty's injunctions are obeyed. Thus it is that you are betrayed by those in whom you place implicit confidence. After this proof of treachery and disobedience, you cannot hesitate to drive Abigail from your presence for ever."

"You are hasty, duchess," replied Anne, coldly. "This scene may admit of some explanation."

"Explanation!" echoed the duchess, with a contemptuous laugh. "It can admit of no explanation but one. Your majesty, I presume, will not doubt the evidence of your own eyesight."

"Can this be Mr. Masham?" said the queen. "I am by no means satisfied on the point."

"Her grace is labouring under a most extraordinary delusion," replied Prince George, who was standing near the door with his disguised equerry, laughing at what was occurring. "This person is Mezansene, one of the attendants whom, as your majesty knows, I have lately taken into my service. Let her look at him more closely, and she will instantly perceive her mistake."

"Why I declare it is not Masham!" cried Abigail to herself, and recoiling in confusion from her supposed lover. "Have I been deceived all this time!"

"It is your highness who is labouring under a delusion, not me," said the duchess. "I affirm that is Mr. Masham."

"No, your grace, I'm not Mr. Masham, indeed I ain't," roared Snell.

"It's not his voice, certainly," cried the duchess, starting forward, and gazing at him in consternation. "This is not the person I met in the gallery."

"Yes it is, your grace, for he has just told me all about it," interposed the prince. "The mistake was very natural, for he is uncommonly like Masham—so like that I frequently call him by the name. Don't I, sirrah?"

"Very frequently, your highness," replied Snell.

"Confusion!" exclaimed the duchess. But instantly recovering herself, she turned to Abigail and said, "Since this is not Mr. Masham, how comes he on his knees to you? It is not usual for lacqueys to adopt such a posture to ladies."



"Can this be Mr. Masham?"



"He had a favour to beg from her, of course?" said the prince.

"Yes, I had a favour to beg of her," added Snell.

"Ah, indeed; what was it?" asked the duchess.

"Nay, that's pressing the poor fellow too hardy, duchess," rejoined the prince. "No more questions need be asked him."

"Pardon me, your highness," replied the duchess, "the whole affair is so mysterious and unsatisfactory, that I shall not rest till I have sifted it thoroughly. Hark'ee, sirrah; as you aver that you met me in the gallery just now, you can of course tell what passed on that occasion. I see you are about to utter a lie. Confess your imposture at once, or you shall be soundly horse-whipped."

"Take care of your neck," whispered the prince, significantly.

"Speak, fellow," thundered the duchess.

"Really your grace quite bewilders me," replied Snell.

"I don't wonder at it," observed the prince, "her grace bewilders most people."

"Are you known to any of the household, knave?" demanded the duchess.

"Yes, to a great many," answered Snell; "that is, I was known"—he added, checking himself in confusion.

"I doubt it," rejoined the duchess. "With your majesty's permission, I should like to have some one brought in to identify him."

The queen signified her assent, and the prince, with a covert wink at Masham, told him to fetch some member of the household.

"It's all up with me now," muttered Snell, groaning internally.

At this juncture, the duchess moved towards the queen, and the prince, seeing her attention occupied, seized the opportunity of whispering a few words to Abigail, which seemed to set her quite at ease, for her face was lighted up with smiles.

The next moment, Masham returned with Proddy. The coachman was dressed in his state livery, and made one of his best and profoundest bows to the queen—another to the prince—and a third to the duchess.

"Step this way, Mr. Proddy," said the latter. "Do you know this person?" pointing to Snell.

"Perfectly well, your grace," replied Proddy. "Perfectly."

"To be sure he does," cried Snell, leaping up joyfully. "I was certain Mr. Proddy would recollect his old friend——"

"Frank Mezansene," interrupted the coachman, seeing the mistake he was about to commit. "Yes—yes—I recollect you well enough, Frank. I knew him long before he came to the palace, your grace."

"Yes; Mr. Proddy knew me long before I dreamed of becoming a—a—a—yes—"

"A member of her majesty's household," supplied Proddy.

"You owe your advancement to me; for if it hadn't been for my recommendation, Mr. Chillingworth wouldn't have engaged you as his substitute."

"Mr. Chillingworth! Mr. Masham, you mean," said Snell.

"No, I don't," replied Proddy, significantly. "And you don't either, but you're so confused you don't know what you're sayin'."

"This is a plot, I'm convinced," cried the duchess. "Come, I'll make it worth your while to speak the truth, sirrah," she added to Snell. "You shall have the queen's free pardon, and a reward from me, if you'll confess that you've been put up to this scheme by Mr. Masham."

"Nay, your grace is offering the poor fellow a bribe to forswear himself," said the prince. "Speak at the peril of your life," he added in an undertone to Snell.

"I'm dumb," he replied.

There was a pause, but as Snell remained silent, the duchess turned to the queen, and said—"I pray your majesty let him be detained in close custody, till I have investigated the matter further."

"As your grace pleases," replied the queen; "but it appears unnecessary."

"Remove him!" cried the duchess to Masham.

The supposed yeoman of the guard bowed, and laid his hand on Snell. The latter trembled, and would have spoken, but was silenced by a look from the prince. He was then hurried out of the room by Masham and Proddy.

"So ends your grace's discovery," said the queen, ironically.

"Pardon me, your majesty," replied the duchess; "it is not ended yet. Only promise me that if I lay bare this plot you will punish the contrivers as they deserve."

"The plot exists only in her grace's imagination," remarked the prince, laughing. "But apropos of Masham—I wish we had him again."

"I dare say your highness could produce him at a moment's notice," replied the duchess.

"I wish I could," replied the prince.

"Enough of this," interposed the queen. "Mr. Masham must abide his time. If he appears before the expiration of his sentence, he will incur my displeasure anew."

"I am glad to hear your majesty say so," replied the duchess. "But I wish to confer with you on some other matters, and with your permission we will return to the cabinet."

The queen assented, and they passed into the inner room together.

"How can I thank your highness sufficiently?" cried Abigail, as she lingered behind with the prince. "Without your aid all must have been discovered."

"Gad, you've had a narrow escape, it must be confessed,"

cried the prince, laughing. "But I've thought of a new surprise for the duchess. I can't stop to tell you what it is, for no time must be lost. Follow them to the cabinet, or suspicion may be excited. I'll join you there presently, and perhaps you may see Masham again—ha! ha! get along with you."

And he hurried through one door, as Abigail disappeared through the other

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

DETAILING THE FURTHER MYSTIFICATION OF THE DUCHESS.

THE prisoner, meanwhile, was conducted by Masham and Proddy to a closet adjoining the gallery, where the former having given him some directions and assurances, which restored him, in a measure, to confidence, locked the door upon him. This done, Proddy took his departure, and the young equerry was setting off in a different direction, when he saw the prince coming towards him. A few words passed between them, at the end of which the prince, having placed a letter in the other's hand, they separated—his highness retracing his steps, and Masham hurrying to his own room. Shortly afterwards, Masham returned to the closet, wrapped in a loose great coat, and, unlocking the door, went in to Snell, whom he found divested of his attire. Taking a bundle from beneath his great coat, and throwing it to the other, Masham said—"Here are your own clothes. As soon as you are dressed, come forth again, and take your post at the door. Lock it, and act as I have directed, and I will double the reward I have given you."

Snell promised compliance, and Masham, snatching up his own habiliments, which had been tied up in a handkerchief for him by the other, disappeared.

Half-an-hour after this, and just as the duchess was taking leave of the queen, an usher entered the cabinet, and announced that the Duke of Marlborough begged a moment's audience of her majesty. Anne signified her assent, and Abigail, who with the prince was present, would have retired, but at a sign from her royal mistress, she remained. The next moment, the duke was introduced. The duchess regarded him with surprise, and plainly expressed by her looks that the visit was wholly unexpected by her.

"I have come to ascertain your majesty's pleasure on a point on which I myself am somewhat doubtful," said the duke; "though I cannot but think you will adopt the course which appears to me most consistent with your character for good-nature."

"This is a strange preamble, my lord," replied Anne; "to what does it lead?"

"Ay, what does it lead to?" interposed the duchess, impatiently. "To the point, your grace."

"Briefly, then," replied the duke, "I am come here on behalf of Mr. Masham, who is just arrived from Paris——"

"Masham again!" interrupted the duchess, "he haunts us. We know not where he has arrived from; but he has been seen here, in the palace, not an hour ago."

"Impossible," replied the duke; "he has only reached London within this half hour. He came straight to Marlborough House, and I saw him not five minutes after he quitted the saddle. His attire bore evidence of the expedition he had used."

"You hear that, duchess," said the prince, who seemed in a high state of enjoyment at what was going forward.

"He is the bearer of an important letter, which he has been enjoined to place in your majesty's own hands, and no other," pursued the duke, "and he came to consult me what he should do, being still under sentence of banishment from your presence. As I have said, I scarcely knew how to advise him, but I consented to come hither to ascertain your pleasure."

"You did wrong," cried the duchess, harshly.

"I am of a different opinion," rejoined the queen; "under the circumstances, I *will* see him."

"He is without," replied the duke; "I thought it better to bring him with me."

And bowing to the queen, he withdrew, and the next moment returned with Masham. The dusty riding-dress of the latter, his mud-bespattered boots, soiled cravat, and jaded appearance, perfectly bore out the notion of his having just arrived from a long and fatiguing journey. Abigail was lost in astonishment, and could scarcely believe her eyes; the duchess was disconcerted; and Prince George nearly choked himself between suppressed laughter and large pinches of snuff.

"This is not a fitting attire to present myself in to your majesty," said Masham, with a profound obeisance to the queen; "but I have not had time to repair my toilette; besides——"

"I know what you would say, sir," interrupted the queen, good-humouredly. "You feared to gain admittance to my presence. But do not distress yourself. The necessity of the case excuses the want of etiquette, as well as the violation of my injunctions. His grace of Marlborough tells me you have a dispatch for me, which can be delivered to no hands but mine."

"Here it is, madam," replied Masham, offering a letter to her.

"From France, sir?" she asked.

"From France, your majesty," replied Masham.

Before breaking the seal the queen glanced at it, and an almost imperceptible smile dwelt upon her lips; but it speedily faded away, and gave place to a totally different expression as she opened the letter, and scanned its contents.

"You have ill news there, I fear, madam?" said the duchess, after a pause.

"In truth, not very good," replied the queen. "My rash brother has, at length, prevailed upon the king of France to help him to invade this country, and he calls upon me, as a means of preventing bloodshed, to surrender my crown to him."

"Surrender the crown to *him!*" exclaimed the duchess. "Vanity must have turned his brain. But is the letter from the Pretender himself?"

"It is from my brother," replied the queen.

"The Pretender is no brother of your majesty's, though he passes for such," rejoined the duchess; "but we, who are acquainted with the warming-pan history, know better. But if the letter is from him, how comes it to be entrusted to Mr. Masham? Is he in the Jacobite interest?"

"Assuredly not," replied Masham. "I am prepared to lay down my life in her majesty's service. And in case of a rebellion I shall be found among the first to rally round her throne. But I crave your majesty's pardon for remaining here without licence. Having discharged my mission, I take my leave." And with a profound obeisance, he retired.

"The letter which your majesty has received contains no idle threat," said Marlborough. "I have just heard from a source on which I can rely, that an expedition is fitting out at Dunkirk, the command of which is to be taken by the Chevalier de Forbin, a naval officer of great experience and bravery, while it will be accompanied by the Chevalier de Saint George in person."

"This sounds like preparation," said the queen.

"Prompt and effectual measures shall be taken to check it," replied the duke. "I will instruct General Cadogan to obtain assistance from the Dutch government, and with whatever amount of men the French fleet may sail, a corresponding number of battalions shall be transported hither at the same time. The chief aim of the invasion will doubtless be Scotland, and therefore several regiments of infantry shall be sent to join Lord Leven, the commander-in-chief in that country, and he shall have instructions to take possession of Edinburgh Castle. The troops on the north-east coast of Ireland shall be held ready for instant embarkation, and with regard to naval defence, if I may be permitted to recommend to the prince, I would suggest that a powerful squadron, under the command of Admiral Sir George Byng, should be sent to lie off Dunkirk to watch the movements of the French fleet."

"It shall be so," replied the prince. "The Lisbon fleet requires a large convoy, which the enemy no doubt calculated upon, and fancied that our shores would be left defenceless, but we will disappoint them. The squadron shall be sent as your grace suggests."

"These precautions taken, nothing is to be feared," said the duke. "The attempted invasion will only redound to your majesty's glory, by proving the zeal and devotion of your subjects."

Neither will it, as is hoped and intended by the crafty Louis, interfere with the prosecution of the war with France."

"Amen!" exclaimed the queen. "I must now break up the audience, for I am somewhat fatigued, and desire to commune with myself on these unpleasant tidings."

"Before it is broken up, I should wish your majesty to see the prisoner once more," said the duchess.

"What prisoner?" asked the duke.

"You will see," replied the duchess. "I will explain all to you afterwards."

"It is scarcely necessary," replied the queen, reluctantly; "but if your grace desires it——"

"I *do* desire it," replied the duchess.

"Well, then, let him be brought hither at once," said the queen; "but I warn your grace, that whatever occurs it will make no change in my disposition towards him!"

"In that case, let us bring the matter to an instant issue," said the prince.

Accordingly, an usher was despatched for the prisoner, and he returned shortly afterwards, followed by Snell and Masham—the former in his own garb of a yeoman of the guard, and the latter in the footman's disguise.

"Come this way," cried the prince.

And the pair stood before the queen.

"This young man bears a most remarkable resemblance to Mr. Masham," said the duke. "If I did not know that he had just left us, I should declare that it was him."

"The resemblance is indeed wonderful," said the prince.

"So wonderful that I am convinced it is him!" said the duchess.

"Mr. Masham has just quitted the palace, your grace," replied Snell.

"Oh, yes, I saw him pass the outer court," said the usher.

"Then nothing more need be said," remarked the duchess, "and your majesty will dismiss the prisoner. There has been some trickery in the matter, but what it is I cannot make out at present."

And at a gesture from the queen, Snell withdrew with Masham. The others retired soon after, leaving the queen and the prince alone. Anne looked hard at her husband, tapped her fan against her left hand, and shook her head significantly, while Prince George, not knowing exactly what all these expressive gestures meant, relieved his embarrassment by an immoderate pinch of snuff.

"You think you have made me your dupe," said the queen, at length, in a good-humoured tone—"but you are mistaken—I see through it all, and much more plainly than the duchess."

"Your majesty——"

"Nay, if you try to brave it out, I shall indeed be angry," interrupted Anne. "This letter came from France, no doubt—"

but it was under cover to you ; and in making it up again, you have used your own seal. Nay, look. Oh, prince ! you are but a poor contriver !”

Her consort took another pinch of snuff.

“ This is not all,” pursued the queen. “ In the folds of the letter there was slipped—accidentally, no doubt—a billet from Abigail to Masham, from which I find he has been in the palace all the time, in disguise. Look at it.” And she held forth a little note to him.

The prince again had recourse to his snuff-box.

“ If your majesty punishes them, you must punish me,” he said, “ for I am equally to blame. But you will be gracious towards them.”

“ I make no promises,” she replied. “ But I must defer all consideration of this foolish pair of lovers to some other occasion. You must now help me to think over this meditated invasion, and the steps necessary to be taken to meet it. Oh, my brother !” she exclaimed. “ Would there were any way of helping thee, short of surrendering my crown !”

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

WHEREIN THE SERJEANT RECEIVES AN IMPORTANT COMMISSION FROM THE DUKE.

ON his return from the palace, the Duke of Marlborough retired to his closet, and sent for Serjeant Scales. The serjeant was not long in answering the summons ; but he entered so noiselessly, that the duke, who was busily engaged in writing, did not perceive him, and he remained standing motionless and erect for some time, until the duke chancing to raise his eyes, remarked his presence.

“ Oh, you are there, serjeant,” he said. “ I sent for you to let you know that you will have to sail for Holland to-night,—or rather, early to-morrow morning ; for the sloop in which you will take your passage, and which is lying off Woolwich, will set out with the tide, at three o’clock. You must be on board by midnight.”

“ Good, general,” replied Scales, saluting.

“ The object of your sudden departure is this,” pursued the duke. “ Despatches will be entrusted to your care, which you will deliver with your own hand to General Cadogan, at the Hague—with your own hand, mind, serjeant. The general may be at Hellevoetsluys, or elsewhere ; for though he has just written to me from Ostend, to say he should take his departure immediately for the Dutch capital, circumstances may alter his route. But you will learn where he is when you reach Briel.”

“ Very good, general,” replied the serjeant. “ It shall be done.”

Upon this, the duke nodded his head, and resumed his writing, but after awhile looking up, he found Scales still in the same place.

"What, not gone, serjeant?" he said.

"I didn't understand I was done with," replied Scales, saluting, and moving towards the door.

"Stay," replied the duke, noticing a certain hesitation in his follower's manner. "Can I do anything for you before you go? Don't be afraid to ask it, if I can."

"I want nothing, your grace," replied Scales, "but what I can't have."

"How do you know that, unless you make the experiment?" replied the duke, kindly.

"Because the errand on which I'm going tells me so," replied the serjeant. "What I want is your grace's company. I don't like leaving you behind."

"Would I *were* going with you, my good fellow!" exclaimed the duke. "I would far rather undergo all the anxieties and fatigues of the most difficult campaign than take part, as I am now obliged to do, in the petty cabals and intrigues of a court. But I am not my own master, as indeed no man is who has sold himself to his country. Content you, serjeant, I will follow you speedily."

"And who is to clean your grace's boots when I am gone?" said Scales, in a doleful tone, and with a grimace well calculated to provoke the duke's laughter.

"Really, serjeant, I have not given that important matter consideration," said Marlborough, smiling. But fearful of hurting the other's feelings, he added, in a kindly tone, "I shall certainly miss your skilful brush."

"Your grace won't look like yourself without me," said the serjeant, who, being a privileged favourite, indulged in considerable familiarity. "The boots won't take the right polish from any hand but mine. Your grace may laugh; but it's true. You've often admitted it before, and you'll admit it again."

"Very likely, serjeant," replied the duke. "You've many excellent qualities besides your talent for cleaning boots; and I shall be sorry to lose you, even for a short time. Nor would I employ you upon the present commission, but that I know no one so trustworthy as yourself."

"Your grace will never have reason to repent your confidence in me," replied Scales, proudly.

"I believe you, my good fellow," returned the duke. "I believe you."

"Oh! general," exclaimed Scales, "how happy shall we be in retirement at Blenheim, after a few more glorious campaigns, when we come to turn our swords into reapin'-hooks."

"That is what I sigh for, indeed, serjeant," replied the duke; "but it will never come. I have a presentiment that the

fruits of my labour will be snatched from me at the very moment they arrive at maturity. Louis will accomplish by gold what he cannot do by force of arms. There is a faction here at work to oppose all my efforts, and in time they may neutralize them. What I gain in the field is lost at court, for there, strange to say, the King of France has a stronger party than myself. Repeated defeats have shewn him that we are destined to be his conquerors, and he therefore seeks to retrieve his losses by other means. If he succeeds in obtaining peace on his own terms, it were better that the war had never been undertaken—better that so much treasure had never been uselessly spent, and so many lives lost—better, far better, that Blenheim and Ramilies had never been won.”

“It pains me to hear your grace talk thus,” rejoined Scales; “but such a disgraceful peace will never be made.”

“Heaven grant I may never live to see the day!” cried the duke, “but I fear it. The seeds of treason are scattered so widely throughout this court, that unless discovered and plucked forth, they will produce fearful consequences. But though entertaining this feeling, I do not suffer myself to be disheartened by it, but shall go on as energetically as ever; and as long as the armies of England are entrusted to my command, her laurels shall never be tarnished.”

“No fear of that, your grace,” said Scales, emphatically.

“The French never have won a battle from me yet, and they never shall win one,” cried the duke.

“That’s certain!” exclaimed Scales, waving his hat with enthusiasm.

“Steady, serjeant,” said the duke, smiling. “But since I forget myself, no wonder you do so. I have spoken unreservedly to you, because I know I am safe with you, and because I desire to relieve myself of some thoughts that oppress me. Your fidelity, and the services you have rendered me, entitle you to be treated as a friend.”

“Then as you condescend to treat me as such,” replied the serjeant, “I’ll make so bold as to offer your grace a bit of advice. Don’t have any more misgivings. You’ll finish this war as gloriously as you’ve begun it, and will trample your enemies beneath your foot, as sure as you’re a living man. I’ll never believe that Englishmen will see the laurels snatched from the brow of their greatest commander—the Duke of Marlborough. If I thought so I would disown my country.”

“Well, no more of this, Scales,” said the duke, extending his hand to the serjeant, who pressed it fervently to his heart. “I will see you in the evening, when you shall have the despatches. Make your preparations for departure in the meantime.”

The serjeant bowed, and brushing away a tear left the closet.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

IN WHAT MANNER THE SERJEANT TOOK LEAVE OF HIS FRIENDS.

"A SOLDIER ought always to be ready to march at an instant's notice," thought the serjeant, as he returned to his own room, "and therefore I can't complain. Nevertheless, I should like to have had a little longer furlough. But never mind. 'Tis the fortune of war. My preparations will soon be made, and then I'll bid my friends good bye."

With this, he set to work, and in less than an hour his scanty wardrobe, consisting of half-a-dozen shirts, an undress coat and waistcoat, and some other matters, were packed up in his chest with military care and neatness. He then dressed himself in his full regimentals, and proceeded to the housekeeper's room, where he found Mrs. Plumpton. Sitting down without a word, he looked fixedly at her, and heaved a deep sigh.

"Why, bless us! serjeant, what's the matter?" cried Mrs. Plumpton, with much concern. "I hope you ain't ill. Take a little ratafia?" And opening a cupboard, she produced a flask and a glass.

"Well, I don't mind if I do, Mrs. Plumpton," replied Scales. "Here's to our next merry meeting!" he added, in a tone somewhat at variance with the hilarity of the sentiment.

"I hope it won't be long first, serjeant," said the lady.

"It may be longer than you think for," replied Scales, mysteriously.

"What *do* you mean, serjeant?" cried Mrs. Plumpton, in alarm. "You ain't a-goin' to leave us soon?"

"Sorry to say I am," replied Scales. "I'm called off when I least expected it, as many a brave fellow has been before me."

"Save us! serjeant, you make me dwither all over," replied Mrs. Plumpton. "You don't mean to say that you're a-goin' to the wars!"

"The trumpet calls him to the field, and to the summons he must yield," apostrophized Scales. "He leaves the mistress of his heart—from her, indeed, 'tis hard to part; but to the battle he must go, for loud the warning trumpets blow."

Mrs. Plumpton sighed dismally.

"Amid the battle's strife," replied Scales, changing his measure, "and when the cannons roar, I'll think of thee, my life, hoping to meet once more."

"Oh! dear! dear!" cried Mrs. Plumpton. "But are you really going?"

"To-night the vessel sails, will bear away thy Scales," replied the serjeant. "Though friends elsewhere he find, he leaves his heart behind."

"Don't talk to me in this manner, I beg of you, serjeant,"



The Serjeant's farewell.

cried Mrs. Plumpton; "I can't bear it. It's cruel of you to trifle with one's feelings."

"I've no intention of trifling with your feelings," said Scales. "Obey I must when honour calls, though doomed to meet the cannon-balls—ha! here comes Mrs. Tipping."

"Oh! Tipping, he's a-goin' to leave us!" exclaimed Mrs. Plumpton, as the lady's-maid entered the room.

"What! the serjeant!" cried the other.

"Yes, the serjeant," responded Scales. "The soldier's is a merry life; he goes when beats the drum; and though he may not like the change,—he takes things as they come."

"And very wise in him to do so," replied Mrs. Tipping. "Well, I wouldn't be a soldier's wife for something."

"You wouldn't!" cried Scales.

"I wouldn't," she repeated. "Suppose I was your wife, for instance, what would become of me when you were away?"

"Why, you must do as the duchess does in his grace's absence," replied Scales.

"The duchess is no rule for me," rejoined Mrs. Tipping. "I shouldn't like it at all. Suppose you were to come back without an arm, or a leg, or an eye?"

"Suppose I was, what then?" replied Scales.

"I don't think I could reconcile myself to it," replied Mrs. Tipping. "I don't like any deficiencies."

"Humph!" exclaimed Scales. "What says Mrs. Plumpton?"

"I should like you just as well if you lost both legs, or a leg and an arm," she replied.

"Well, ladies, this is no jesting matter—at least, not with me," rejoined Scales; "I am really setting out for Holland to-night. It's quite unexpected on my part, or I'd have prepared you for it. But you'll come and take a farewell dish o' tea with me in my room. I'll ask my friend Proddy to meet you. I shall expect you both at five."

Shortly after this, the serjeant repaired to the palace, and found Proddy in the kitchen—a lofty and spacious apartment, with a vaulted roof and numerous fire-places. The coachman was busily engaged with a cold sirloin of beef and a tankard of ale, but on learning the serjeant's intelligence, he declared it quite took away his appetite, and he laid down his knife and fork. It was then settled that they should meet again at five o'clock, and the serjeant taking his departure, Proddy withdrew to a small room contiguous to the kitchen, to smoke his pipe undisturbed, and ruminate on what had been told him. While he was thus occupied, the door opened, and in walked Bimbelot and Sauvageon.

"Good day, gentlemen," said Proddy, shaking hands with them; "how goes the world with you?"

"Passablement, mon cher cocher," replied Bimbelot, "passa-

blement. Mais vous etes un peu triste—you look down in de mouth—chopfallen—vat you call it.”

“I may well look down in the mouth, Bamby,” replied Proddy, “seein’ as how I’m goin’ to lose my best friend.”

“Vat, de sergent?” asked Sauvageon.

“Yes, he’s leavin’ me, and at a moment’s notice too,” replied Proddy.

“Ventrebleu!” exclaimed Bimbelot; “mais c’est soudain. Is Marlbrook going to de wars again?”

“If by Marlbrook you mean the Duke of Marlborough, Bamby,” rejoined Proddy, with dignity, “I believe not—not just yet, at all events. The serjeant is chosen as the bearer of certain despatches to General Cadogan, which can only be conveyed by a trusty person. You understand.”

“Oui, je comprend parfaitement,” answered Bimbelot, with a significant look at Sauvageon. “And when does de sergent go?”

“He sails for Holland to-night,” replied Proddy.

“Vouz entendez cela,” said Bimbelot to Sauvageon. “Il part ce soir pour la Hollande avec des depeches. Il faut l’arreter.”

“Bon,” replied the corporal.

“What’s that you say, Bamby?” inquired Proddy.

“I was merely expressing my regret at de great loss we shall sustain in de sergent’s absence,” replied Bimbelot, “c’est tout, mon brave cocher.”

“I, for one, shall miss him greatly,” groaned Proddy.

“And I for anoder,” exclaimed Bimbelot,

“And I for a third,” added Sauvageon.

“Si nous pouvons mettre nos mains sur ces lettres, ce sera une bonne chance,” observed Bimbelot to his friend.

“Prenez garde,” replied the other; “ce drole a des soupçons.”

“Eh, what?” cried Proddy; “what’s droll? not the serjeant’s departure, Savagejohn?”

“Not in the least,” replied the corporal. “C’est un bien brave homme, le sergent. I shall be excessive sorry to lose him.”

“We must call to take leave of him,” said Bimbelot. “At what hour does he leave Marlbro’ House?”

“I don’t know,” replied Proddy; “but I’m going to him at five.”

“Eh bien, nous passerons chez lui à sept heures—ou un peu plus tard,” said Bimbelot, with a look at his friend. “We’ll do ourselves de honour to look in upon him, pour prendre congé, in de course of de evening. Oblige us by telling him so.”

“I will,” replied Proddy; “and I make no doubt he’ll be glad to see you.”

“Oh! apropos, Monsieur le cocher,” cried Bimbelot, “I came to ask you a question, but what you tell me about de sergent has put it out clean of my head. Is dat Mezansene vid whom I fight de duel in de dark still in de palace?”

"What for, eh?" demanded Proddy, gruffly.

"Oh, noting very partic'lar," replied Bimbelot. "But I should like to see him."

"Then you can't—and that's flat, Bamby," rejoined the coachman. "He is in constant attendance on the prince, and can't be seen by anybody."

"Ah, Proddy, vous etes un vieux rusé," said Bimbelot. "You're a cunning old fox. Mais vous ne me pouvez pas tromper. You know very well it's Mr. Masham, en masquerade."

"I know nothin' of the sort," replied Proddy, still more sulkily.

"Bravo!—tres bien!" cried Bimbelot, laughing. "But I shan't press you too hard. Don't be afraid of me. I won't betray him. I know what he disguise himself for—une jolie dame—Mademoiselle Abigail Hill—ha, ha! Adieu, mon cher Proddy. We shall meet again in de evening, when we call upon de sergent." And with ceremonious bows the two Frenchmen went their way.

Proddy smoked another pipe, drank another mug of ale, and then thinking it time to start, set out for Marlborough House, where, on arriving, he proceeded at once to the serjeant's room, and found him seated at tea between Mrs. Plumpton and Mrs. Tipping, both of whom were in tears.

"Well, this is an affecting sight," said the coachman, pausing, as if arrested by it, near the door—"a very affecting sight!"

"Yes, it's painful," replied the serjeant; "but having experienced so many sad partings, I'm getting used to it, like the eels. But sit down, comrade—sit down. Wont you join us?"

"No; Mr. Proddy never takes tea, I recollect," said Mrs. Plumpton. "I'll fetch him some ale."

And quitting the room, she returned in a few minutes with a large pewter jug, holding about three pints.

"Here's to your speedy return, serjeant," said Proddy, applying the jug to his lips, and raising his eyes devoutly to the ceiling, as he took a long pull at it. "Nothing consoles a man like ale," he added. "It's balm to the bruised sperrit. We shall be quite lost without him, eh, ladies?"

"Quite lost!" they both agreed.

"The best of friends must part sometimes, my dears," replied Scales; "and we shall be all the happier when we meet again. A little absence teaches us our proper value."

"There's no occasion for absence to teach us *your* valley, serjeant, I'm sure," said Mrs. Plumpton.

"There goes Plumpton again," cried Mrs. Tipping, pettishly. "Al-ways taking the words out of one's mouth."

"Then you should be quick and speak 'em first," rejoined Mrs. Plumpton.

"Oh, serjeant!" exclaimed Proddy, "I wish I was a-goin' with you. Since I've known you, I've had a strange longin' to

enter the service, and now it comes upon me stronger than ever."

"You'd soon have enough of it," replied Scales; "not that I ever had though; but then a man must begin young, and get inured to hardship. You can't always recruit yourself with a mug of ale and a pipe after the day's fatigue—and it's but seldom can you get a bed to lie upon. I don't think a soldier's life would suit you, Proddy. You're better as you are."

"Marchin' mightn't suit me," replied the coachman, "'cause I'm pursy and short-winded, but I should enjoy comfortable quarters in one of those old Flemish towns hugely; and as to fightin', I couldn't have too much o' that. One reason why I should like to be a soldier is, that I should then be a favourite with the women. By-the-bye, serjeant, are the Dutch ladies handsome?"

"Very," replied the serjeant; "but not to compare," he added, glancing tenderly at his fair neighbours, "with our own countrywomen."

"Of course not," said Proddy; "but still they may do very well in their absence."

"Why—y-e-s," replied Scales, somewhat embarrassed, "the vrows are not without merit."

"I hope you wont fall in love with any of 'em, while you're away, serjeant," said Mrs Plumpton.

"If you come back with a Dutch wife, it will be worse than returning without a leg," said Mrs. Tipping.

The conversation here dropped. The serjeant made several efforts to renew it, but the ladies were too much depressed to be roused by them, and as to Proddy, he declared "he hadn't a word to throw at a dog," but applied himself for consolation to the jug, the contents of which began to make an evident impression upon his head. Tea was just finished, and the things removed, when Mr. Timperley entered to say that his grace desired to see the serjeant. The summons of course, was instantly obeyed, and Scales was absent nearly half an hour, during which Proddy made no remark to his companions, except to proffer a request to Mrs. Plumpton to replenish his mug, which she complied with, though with some reluctance. On his return, the serjeant looked grave and consequential, as he usually did when fresh from the presence of his commander. But to gravity he now added an air of mystery, as if fraught with a sense of the importance of his mission. He sat down without a word, and for some moments silence prevailed, which was at length broken by Proddy.

"Well, serjeant, you've got your despatches, I suppose?" he asked.

"Yes, they're safe enough here," replied Scales, tapping his breast.

As he said this, the door opened, and Bimbelot and Sauvageon entered the room.

"I forgot to mention that I had told these gentlemen you were going," said Proddy, noticing that the serjeant looked surprised, and not altogether pleased.

"Oui, mon cher sergent," said Bimbelot, "nous sommes venus pour vous dire adieu, et vous souhaiter bon voyage."

"Much obliged to you, Bamby, and to you, too, corporal," replied Scales, "but it wasn't at all necessary."

"Vous etes chargé des despatches du duc au General Cadogan, eh, sergent?" said Bimbelot.

"Why, you didn't tell 'em that, did you?" said Scales, in a low and reproachful tone to Proddy.

"I told 'em all about it," replied the coachman, whose prudence was completely overcome by the good liquor he had swallowed. "Do you think I'd fail to let 'em know how much you're in the duke's confidence. Not I. The serjeant has just left his grace," he added, "and has received the despatches from him."

"Vraiment!" exclaimed Bimbelot, with a furtive look at Sauvageon.

"Silence, fool!" cried Scales, angrily.

"De sergent well deserve de favour he enjoys," said Sauvageon.

"It is a sure proof of merit to be trusted."

"So it is," said Bimbelot; "but if everyone had his due, the sergent would hold a high rank in de army."

"He ought to be a captain," said Proddy. "Captain Scales here's your very good health, and wishin' you may soon become a general."

"That's the general wish," said Mrs. Tipping.

"This time you've taken the word out of *my* mouth, Tipping," said Mrs. Plumptre.

"I've no desire for preferment," replied Scales, somewhat gruffly. "I'm content with my present station."

"Well, we won't intrude longer, sergent," said Bimbelot. "I suppose you'll be setting out immediately?"

"Not just yet," replied Scales. "I shall start a little before nine, and embark, at that hour, at Whitehall-stairs, in a wherry, which will convey me to Woolwich, whence I sail."

"C'est bien arrangée," replied Bimbelot. "Can we help you to carry your shest?"

"No thank you," replied the serjeant. "I shall send it on before me. Proddy and I will walk through the park together."

Bimbelot and Sauvageon exchanged glances.

"A few minutes before nine we shall fancy you crossing the park, and at nine, embarking," said the former.

"If you do so, you won't be far wrong," replied Scales.

"Adieu, then, sergent," said the two Frenchmen, bowing.

"Adieu, gentlemen," replied Scales. And after a further exchange of civilities and professions of eternal regard, Bimbelot and Sauvageon bowed themselves out.

With their disappearance, the conversation fell to the ground

once more. Scales cleared his throat now and then, and tried to talk, but in vain; while Proddy quaffed his ale in silence. This state of things endured for nearly a quarter of an hour, after which the serjeant, as if nerving himself for a great effort, got up, and putting on his hat, said, in a voice which, though he attempted to keep it firm, displayed considerable emotion—"We must part."

"Oh, don't say so, serjeant!" cried both ladies, rising likewise. "You're not going yet?"

"It's useless to postpone it longer," replied Scales; "better get the partin' over. You'll take care of my room during my absence, and clean it now and then."

"That we will," cried both; "we'll clean it once a week, or oftener, if you wish it."

"Don't meddle with the picters," pursued the serjeant; "for though they're not worth much, I value 'em. And I shouldn't like that piece of shot to be taken down—or that broken sword—or those gauntlets—or the spurs—or the meerscham—"

"We won't disturb anything," cried both ladies. "You'll find all as you left it on your return."

"If I do return," said the serjeant, gravely; "there's always an *if* where a soldier's concerned."

"Don't mention such a thing!" cried Mrs. Plumpton, bursting into tears.

"To you, Proddy, I commit the custody of my drum, certain that you'll take care of it," continued Scales.

"I'll guard it as I would a treasure!" replied the coachman. "I shall fancy I hear your rat-a-tat-a-tat-a-ra-ra whenever I look at it."

"And now farewell, my dears," cried Scales, in a husky voice. "Take care of yourselves. God bless you!"

"Oh dear!—o-o-o-oh dear! I'm sure I shall never survive it!" blubbered Mrs. Plumpton, applying her apron to her eyes.

"Don't take on so, sweetheart," cried Scales, passing his arm over her shoulder, while she buried her face in his breast; "and don't you, my dear," he added, affectionately squeezing Mrs. Tipping's hand, who was sobbing with equal vehemence, and who leaned against his arm for support—"if you go on thus, you'll quite unman me."

There was a pause of a few minutes, during which the serjeant gazed sadly and tenderly from one lady to the other—now drawing Mrs. Plumpton a little closer to him with his left hand, now squeezing Mrs. Tipping rather more affectionately with the right—while the only sound heard was that occasioned by their sobs. At length, Proddy, who had witnessed the scene in silence, and was greatly affected by it, got up, and staggering towards Mrs. Tipping, laid hold of her arm, and offering the jug of ale to her, said—"Here, take a drop of this, my dear, it'll do you good. Nothing like ale to console one in affliction—nothing like ale!"

But Mrs. Tipping would not be so comforted, and she paid no

sort of attention to Proddy—so he turned to the serjeant, and offered the jug to him.

“No, I thank’ee, Proddy,” said Scales. “You’ll take care of these dear creaters while I’m away. I leave ’em to your care.”

“You can’t leave ’em in better hands,” replied Proddy; “I’ll be a father to ’em. You ought to have your pieter painted in that attitude, serjeant. You look for all the world like Alexander the Great between Roxylany and Statiry.”

An unexpected interruption was here occasioned by the entrance of a couple of stout porters, who came for the serjeant’s chest, and ashamed of being thus discovered, both ladies beat a hasty retreat.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

HOW THE SERJEANT WAS WAYLAID IN THE PARK.

THE porters having set out with their load, the serjeant left the room, telling Proddy he would return presently. How long he was absent, the coachman could not tell, for, overcome by grief, and the potency of the ale, he fell fast asleep, and was awakened by a rousing slap on the shoulder. It was now quite dark, and the serjeant held a candle in his hand.

“Come, Proddy, it’s time to be off, my boy,” he cried—“it’s just gone half past eight, and nine’s the hour of embarkation, you know.”

“I’m quite ready, serjeant,” replied the coachman, with a prodigious yawn, and rubbing his eyes. “I was just a-dreaming of bein’ with you in battle; and when you gave me that knock on the shoulder, I thought a cannon-ball had hit me.”

“It’s well it was only a dream,” replied Scales, laughing. “You’ve had a pretty long nap. Slept off the fumes of the ale, eh?”

“Quite,” replied Proddy. “I suppose you’ve been sayin’ good bye to the women again. Took ’em separately this time, eh?”

Scales did not deny the soft impeachment, but coughed slightly.

“You’ll not forget what I said to you about ’em?” he observed.

“Oh, about takin’ care of ’em,” replied the coachman. “Make yourself quite easy. Any more instructions?”

“No,” replied Scales. And having taken a last lingering survey of the room, he blew out the candle. “Now then, come along,” he cried.

Proddy followed his leader in the dark; but they had not proceeded far, when the serjeant apparently encountered some obstacle in his path, for he came to a sudden halt. Before the coachman could inquire what was the matter, a noise of kissing was heard, intermixed by the words, “Good bye—God bless you!” pronounced in female accents, which, smothered as they

were, could be distinguished as those of Mrs. Plumpton. The next moment, a female figure rushed past Proddy, and the serjeant's course was clear—at least for a short distance, for before he reached the end of the passage, he met with another obstruction. Again the sound of kissing was heard. Again pretty nearly the same words were uttered, and in the same stifled tone; but this time the voice was that of Mrs. Tipping, who sobbed audibly as she rushed past the coachman.

"Well, we shall get out in time, it's to be hoped," observed Proddy.

"All right," replied the serjeant, opening the outer door, through which they passed into the garden, and so into the park. Arrived there, they struck off on the left, in the direction of the Cock-pit. The night was dark; and the gloom was so much increased by the shade of the trees beneath which they were walking, that they could scarcely see each other; but the serjeant being intimately acquainted with the locality, held on his pace briskly—so briskly indeed, that Proddy could scarcely keep up with him. All at once he stopped, and said, "Some one is running after us. Halloo! who goes there?"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when two persons rushed forward, and seizing hold of him, endeavoured to drag him backwards by main force, but he disengaged himself by a powerful effort, and uttering a loud oath, drew his sword, and shouted to Proddy to run back for the sentinel stationed near the palace. The coachman endeavoured to obey, but had not got far when his foot caught against some impediment, and he fell with his face on the ground. While thus prostrated, he could hear the noise of a terrible scuffle going on, intermixed with the clash of swords, and fierce exclamations from the serjeant. Picking himself up as quickly as he could, he hurried on again, roaring lustily for help. To his great satisfaction, he was soon answered by the sentinel, whose footsteps were heard hastening towards him, while at the same time, the gleam of a lantern was seen through the trees, advancing in another direction. The next moment, the sentinel came up, and briefly informing him what had happened, Proddy set off with him to the serjeant's assistance. Both listened intently to hear whether the strife was going forward; but all being now hushed, the coachman's heart died within him. Arrived, as he supposed, within a short distance of his friend, he called out,—“Where are you, serjeant?” and was answered in a faint voice, “Here!”

A watchman arriving on the instant with his lantern, its gleam shewed the serjeant leaning against a tree, and supported by his sword. Blood was trickling from his arm, as well as from a gash on his forehead.

“You're hurt I fear, serjeant?” inquired Proddy, in a tone of the most anxious commiseration.

“Not much,” replied Scales. “I've got a thrust through the arm

and a cut over the temples, and the loss of blood makes me feel faintish,—that's all. A drop of brandy would set me to rights."

"If that's all the remedy you require, serjeant," said the watchman, "I can furnish you with it."

And producing a small stone bottle from his capacious pocket, he drew out the cork with his teeth, and held it to Scales's lips, who drank eagerly of its contents.

"What have become of your assailants, serjeant?" asked the sentinel.

"Fled!" replied Scales—"and I think I've given 'em something to remember me by!"

"Did they try to rob you?" inquired Proddy.

"Ay, of my despatches," replied Scales; "but I foiled 'em. Here they are, safe enough," he added, raising his hand to his breast. "Tie a handkerchief round my head, Proddy, and your cravat round my arm. There—that'll do. Now that the bleeding's stanch'd, I shall be able to proceed."

"Why, you don't mean to embark in that state?" cried the coachman, in surprise.

"Yes, I do," replied Scales. "I've gone through an action when far worse wounded than I am now. Lend me your arm, comrade."

"You're a brave man, I must say, serjeant," cried the sentinel, "Can I be of any further service to you?"

"No, I thank'ee, friend," replied Scales.

"I'm afraid it's useless to go in pursuit of the villains," said the watchman.

"Quite useless, and quite unnecessary," replied Scales. "They've failed in the attempt, and that's sufficient. Besides, as I've said, I've given 'em each a remembrancer. Good night, sentinel."

And he walked away firmly, though somewhat slowly, and leaning on Proddy's shoulder. The watchman attended him with his lantern as far as the Cock-pit gate, where he took his leave. The two friends then crossed over to Whitehall-stairs, and so quickly had the occurrence taken place, that the abbey clock only just struck nine as they reached the bank of the river.

"Just in time," replied Scales, glancing at the wherry which was lying at the foot of the stairs, "I always like to be punctual. Not a word of what has happened, Proddy. I don't want it to come to the duke's ear. It might make him uneasy."

"Do you suspect anybody?" asked the coachman.

"I do," replied Scales; "but that's neither here nor there. Farewell, comrade. Recollect what I told you about the women. Take care of 'em, and take care of yourself."

And, grasping his friend's hand cordially, he marched down the stairs, and sprang into the boat, which was instantly pushed from the strand, and disappeared in the gloom.

"The sentinel spoke the truth," said Proddy, turning away with a heart brimful of emotion. "The serjeant *is* a brave fellow—a very brave fellow."

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

SHEWING HOW THE DISINTERESTEDNESS OF MASHAM'S AFFECTION FOR ABIGAIL WAS PROVED.

ON the morning after Masham's successful mystification of the duchess, as the queen and the prince were seated together in the library of the palace, Anne remarked to her consort—"Well, prince, notwithstanding all you say about your equerry's devoted attachment to my attendant, I am not at all satisfied that he does not pay court to her as much from interested motives as from a genuine feeling of regard."

"Your majesty does him great injustice by the supposition," replied the prince.

"Nay, if he seeks his own advancement, he only imitates the example of most of those who crowd my court," replied Anne. "I do not blame him for it. But if it be so, he shall not have her. She shall not be thrown away upon a place-hunter."

"I wish the sincerity of his affection could be tested," said the prince.

"I have no objection to make the experiment," replied the queen; "let him come hither at once."

"He can instantly attend your majesty," said the prince, "for he is in my apartments."

An usher was then directed to summon him and Abigail at the same time, and the man had scarcely departed upon his commission, when the door opened, and Harley entered. He was received with great kindness by the royal pair, and Anne said to him—"I hope you are come to remind me of my promise, Mr. Harley, to compensate you, so far as I am able, for your late defeat."

"I have not forgotten your promise, gracious madam," replied Harley; "and will remind you at a fitting time. But I have just heard that Masham has returned."

"It is true," replied the queen. "You will see him in a moment or two. I have sent for him, and also for your cousin Abigail, who is in great disgrace."

"In disgrace!" echoed Harley. "I am concerned to hear it. But your majesty is jesting," he added, reassured by the expression of the queen's countenance.

At this juncture, the door again opened, and gave admission to the Duchess of Marlborough.

"The duchess!" muttered the queen, frowning. "Always when least desired."

"Her grace has a talent for coming at wrong seasons," said Harley, in a whisper.

"I am come to tell your majesty," said the duchess, speaking with great precipitancy, and almost neglecting the customary obeisance, "that we were both deceived yesterday. It was Mr. Masham whom I met, and he has been for some time in disguise in the palace. I have found it all out by means of—"

"Your grace's spies," supplied Harley.

"No matter how," rejoined the duchess. "It is so; and I can prove it to your majesty."

"It is needless," replied the queen, coldly, "I am already aware of it."

"Then I trust your majesty will punish his presumption as it deserves," replied the duchess. "Oh, he is here!" she added, as the usher announced Mr. Masham.

"So, Mr. Masham," she continued, "you played us a daring and unhandsome trick yesterday. Setting aside all else, was it becoming a gentleman to dupe his grace of Marlborough in the way you did, and to make him an unwitting instrument in your scheme?"

"I have explained the matter fully to his grace," replied Masham, "and have obtained his pardon for the freedom I took with him. The duke laughed heartily at my explanation, shook hands with me, and said he hoped the queen would entertain no greater resentment against me than he did."

"I'll answer for the truth of this," said the prince, "for the explanation occurred in my apartments this morning."

"I'm sorry to hear it!" exclaimed the duchess. "But the duke's good-nature borders upon weakness."

"Your grace keeps the balance even, and makes up his deficiency in ill-nature," observed Harley.

"A shrewd retort Mr. Ex-Secretary," rejoined the duchess; "I am glad you have taken to making epigrams. It will be pleasant and fitting employment for you."

At this moment, Abigail entered, and looked round with uneasiness.

"If your majesty, allows Mr. Masham to escape with impunity, it will bring scandal on your court!" said the duchess, in a whisper to the queen.

"Your grace will be satisfied with the punishment I shall inflict on him," replied Anne. "Abigail," she continued, in a voice of affected severity, "I have sent for you to let you know, that after the deception practised upon me on your part, and on that of Mr. Masham, it will be impossible to retain you longer in my service. You are, therefore, dismissed."

"Your majesty!" exclaimed Harley.

"Not a word, sir!" cried the queen, peremptorily—"not a word! You are dismissed, I say, Abigail—and you forfeit all my favour. I have ordered Mr. Masham to be present at your disgrace, that, inasmuch as he is the principal cause of it, he may witness the result of his folly and disobedience."

"There is something beneath the surface here," thought

Harley. "I shall watch how the game goes, and come in when I find it necessary."

"I applaud your majesty's decision," cried the duchess, unable to conceal her satisfaction. "It is a just sentence. We shall see whether the discarded attendant possesses as much attraction in Mr. Masham's eyes as the queen's favourite!"

"Her grace has asked the precise question I desired to have put," observed the queen, in an undertone, to the prince.

The duchess saw the look, and instantly perceiving her error, caught hold of Masham's arm as he was about to speak, and said, in a low, hurried tone—

"Take your cue from me, or you are ruined for ever. Whatever you may feel, do not profess an interest in Abigail now."

"What says Mr. Masham?" cried the queen, "Is he content with the discarded favourite?"

"Madam, I—" hesitated Masham.

"Sdeath! can you not speak?" cried the prince.

"Don't be guided by the duchess or you will ruin yourself and Abigail beyond redemption," said Harley, in a whisper to him. "Speak out boldly."

Thus exhorted, Masham threw himself at the queen's feet.

"Do not condemn Abigail for my fault, I beseech you, madam," he cried. "Visit your displeasure on my head as severely as you please, but not on hers! She is not to blame—indeed she is not! I will consent to retire into perpetual exile, never to behold her again, which will be worse to me than death, if you will extend your forgiveness to her!"

"Love-sick fool!" exclaimed the duchess.

"Bravo!" exclaimed the prince, clapping his hands joyfully. "Didn't I say so?—didn't I tell your majesty it was disinterested affection on his part. Are you satisfied now?"

"Perfectly," replied the queen. "Arise, sir, you have gained your suit. Abigail is forgiven."

"Oh, your majesty!" cried Abigail, kneeling and kissing the hand of her royal mistress.

"I will now let you know that your dismissal was merely a pretence," said the queen. "You deceived me, and I therefore considered myself entitled to deceive you. Trick for trick is only fair play."

"I have been rightly served, gracious madam," replied Abigail, "and I thank you for your leniency."

"Now comes my turn," said Harley. "I shall take this opportunity to remind your majesty of your promise, and I make it in Mr. Masham's behalf. The favour I ask of you is a remission of his sentence, and restoration to your favour."

"It is granted," replied the queen.

"Lest this silly scene should proceed further, I announce to your majesty, that I forbid any union between Mr. Masham and Abigail," said the duchess, "and you will do well, therefore, to reflect, before you give a promise to that effect."

"I had no intention of giving such promise," replied the queen. "But on what plea do you forbid the union?"

"Your majesty shall know anon," replied the duchess. "My explanation must be for your private ear."

"Cousin," said Abigail, in a whisper, to Harley. "If I become Masham's bride, and with the queen's consent, you shall regain your lost power—nay, more, you shall be treasurer ere the year be out. I pledge myself to it."

"I do not require to be bribed to aid you, fair cousin," replied Harley. "It shall be done, if ingenuity or influence can accomplish it."

"You think to bring about this marriage," said the duchess, in a low tone, to Harley, as she passed him; "but it will never take place!"

"It *will* take place, as surely as your grace's downfall, of which it will be the precursor," he replied, in the same tone.

AN ODE-LET TO MASTER IZAAK WALTON.

BY JOHN HAMILTON.

"Faultless as thy *line*!"—POPE.

OH! pleasant are the green banks of the Lea,—
 And pleasant are its waters, silver sweet;
 It thirsteth me, on May-day morns, to be
 Clad in an angler's simple garments meet,—
 Treading with gentle Izaak's spirit,—there
 By the pike's hollow lair;
 And near the shallows, where the minnow twinkles
 His little tail,—and wrinkles
 The restless waters,—and beside the place
 Where darts the dace!

How clear the sun is shining in the sky!
 How innocent the silent meadows lie!
 How freshly comes the miller from his mill,
 And looks about at will!
 The water glideth with a sleepy sound,
 O'er coiling deeplets, and by grassy ground;
 And busy fish rise up to watch who be
 So early at the Lea!
 Then leave the surface, amid silvery rings,
 Like water-sprites on wings!

Good Master Walton! What a heart was thine!
 (Simplicity knelt at it, like a shrine!)
 How well thy fisher-muse could cast the line!

How daintily she threw
 Her song across the dew !
 When the soft low came from the distant kine.
 And when, in comely inn, on Amwell Hill,
 A pilgrim from the stream, thou sattest still,—
 Taking a dream of quiet, at thy fill,
 Over the soft mist of a silent pipe,
 On old man's nothings contemplation-ripe,—
 How wouldst thy heart gladden, when Madge drew nigh !
 The stainless wench that never knew a sigh !—
 But knew a song, and sang it at thy call—
 A grass-green pastoral !

The cold Lea misseth thee—and seemeth now
 To flow with memory's wrinkles on its brow ;
 The steep of Tottenham feels thine antique loss,
 And sadness gloometh upon Waltham's Cross.
 The pike rush boldly by—
 Thou art not nigh !
 Large yellow barbel at the bottom lie,
 And gaze upon the bait without a sigh !
 The armed perch starts its red fins—and cares
 Nought for the minnow, or the brandling snares ;
 Sport comes not with the day ;—
 Thou art away !
 And we, poor things, with landing-net, and line,
 And rod, and bait,—but prowl, and poke, and pine !

How !—('tis beneath me, and beneath the joys
 Of a true angler—prone to be envy free !)
 How I *do* envy those two tiny boys,
 Prankt up with hazel-rod and corduroys,
 Who, stealing all along the grassy ledge,
 Are simple fishers of the lazy Lea !
 I am not fit to seek this quiet sedge,—
 The natural Walton faileth all in me !
 I shy the stranger, and the idler !—I !—
 I court to see the gazer pass me by !
 I shun to bait
 When passing labourers wait !
 I long to cross and find some friendly gate,
 Or hedge.
 I pause—and fret—and drain my leathern cup,
 And put my tackle up !
 How is't that all thy simple arts and joys
 Descend upon these boys ?
 Do—make me, Walton, like thee, meek and mild—
 Pure as a man, and happy as a child.

A FEW PASSAGES ON DREAMS, NIGHT-NOISES, AND PHANTOMS.

BY CHARLES OLLIER, AUTHOR OF "FERREBS."

PART I.—DREAMS.

"To make a *particular providence* of everything that may be thought to happen extraordinarily, (such as dreams, revelations, &c.) is destructive of the idea of God's providence *in general*."—CASAUBON.

"Let no *deluding dreams*, nor dreadful sights,
Make sudden sad affrights."—SPENSER.

THE physiology of dreams has puzzled the most profound inquirers, who, after devising all manner of ingenious conjectures, have left the subject just where they found it. "We know not," says a late writer, speaking of dreams, "the cause of their operation, neither can we, metaphysically speaking, understand the state of our mind whilst under their influence." Macrobius, Lucretius, Democritus, and other ancients; and Wolfius, Locke, Hartley, Baxter, &c. of the moderns, have speculated in vain—one theory having been uniformly upset by another. Physics are fairly baffled and confounded in the investigation; and psychology is forced to acknowledge in dreams a mystery beyond her solution.

"Physic of metaphysic begs defence,
And metaphysic calls for aid on sense!"

Some notable guesses have nevertheless been made; among others, that life itself is but a dream, dimly and feebly heralding the realities to come. The high-priest of English mystics, Sir Thomas Brown, discourses on dreams in his "*Religio Medici*," after this fashion:—

"There is surely a nearer apprehension of anything that delights us in our dreams than in our waked senses: without this I were unhappy; for my awaked judgment discontents me, ever whispering unto me that I am from my friend; but my friendly dreams in night requite me, and make me think I am within his arms. I thank God for my happy dreams, as I do for my good rest, for there is a satisfaction unto reasonable desires, and such as can be content with a fit of happiness; and surely it is not a melancholy conceit to think we are all asleep in this world, and that the conceits of this life are as mere dreams to those of the next; as the phantasms of the night to the conceit of the day. There is an equal delusion in both, and the one doth but seem to be the emblem or picture of the other; we are somewhat more than ourselves in our sleep, and the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason; and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleep. At my nativity, my ascendant was the earthly sign of Scorpius; I was born in the planetary hour of Saturn, and I think I have a piece of that leaden planet in me. I am in no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardize of company; yet in one dream I can compose a whole comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jests, and laugh myself awake at the conceits thereof: were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams; and this time also would I choose for my devotions; but our grosser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings, that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awaked souls a confused and broken tale of that that hath passed. Aristotle, who hath written a singular Tract of Sleep, hath not, methinks, thoroughly defined it; nor yet Galen, though he seems to have corrected it: for noctambuloes and night-walkers, though in their sleep, do yet enjoy the action of their senses; we must therefore say that there is something in us that is not in the jurisdiction of *Morpheus*; and that those abstracted and ecstatic souls do walk about in their own corpse, as spirits with the bodies they assume, wherein they seem to hear and feel, though

indeed the organs are destitute of sense, and their natures of those faculties that should inform them. Thus it is observed, that men sometimes upon the hour of their departure do speak and reason above themselves. For then the soul begins to be freed from the ligaments of the body, begins to reason like herself, and to discourse in a strain above mortality."

But it is not so much in reference to the causes and general nature of dreams, as to their supposed power of divination, that we desire to say a few words about them in the present pages. "We know pretty well now," says Horace Walpole, in one of his letters, "that dreams which used to pass for predictions, are imperfect recollections;" and the oneirocritics themselves, when baffled in their attempts to establish any *similitude* between the "auguries" of sleep and subsequent facts, turn about, and vindicate the prophetic character of dreams by *dissimilitude* and *contrariety*. Thus, they are certain to be right one way or the other. That many remarkable and well-attested dreams have been reconcilable to after-events, is beyond question—night-visions and night-promptings which could not be accounted for by any theory of connexion of ideas, or "imperfect recollections," or revival of associations utterly forgotten by the waking senses. On the contrary, *new images* have been evolved in slumber, either pointing towards future events, or conveying awful warnings against unsuspected dangers, or suggesting remedies for evils long endured; and numerous are the cases wherein results have justified the apparent augury. Almost every person has had some such experience. Credulity, therefore, is seldom at a loss for food. The present writer's dreams have more than once seemed like a magic mirror, in which either things to come, or facts which had happened at a distance, were clearly portrayed; yet does he not believe in the supernatural character of nocturnal suggestions, nor, in the remotest degree, heed them as guides; for, not to mention the thousands of dreams whose supposed foreshowings have never been fulfilled, and which, consequently, are not recorded, the doctrine of coincidence alone is sufficient to explain occasional similitudes. Consider. This world is made up of thoughts and events. The thinking faculty of man is almost perpetually at work: his brain teems with images, conjectures, projects, anticipations, hopes; and even sleep does not always arrest the discursiveness of his ideas. Then, in the material world, every moment both of day and night gives birth to some actual event, either of weal or woe; and the wonder is, not that in this hurried crowd of facts and fancies some few, which bear affinity to each other, should meet and jostle, but that this coincidence should not occur oftener than it does. This may account for spectral illusions prefiguring death, as well as for remarkable dreams which "come to pass," even when neither one nor the other can be referred to certain pre-occupied states of mind, or posture of circumstances, or train of ideas naturally leading to the peculiar dream or phantasm. Of the latter character (namely, that which depends on a previous train of ideas) is the following vision of Sir Christopher Wren, on which Dr. Millingen has philosophically commentated, snatching a choice morsel from the appetite of lovers of the marvellous:—

"It is related of Sir Christopher Wren, that, when at Paris in 1671, being disordered with 'a pain in his reins,' he sent for a physician, who prescribed blood-letting; but he deferred submitting to it, and dreamed that very night that he was in a place where palm-trees grew, and that a woman in a romantic habit offered dates to him. The next day he sent for dates, which cured him. Now, although

this cure, brought about by a dream, was considered wonderful, its circumstances offer nothing supernatural. It is more than probable that Sir Christopher had frequently read in foreign works on medicine, that dates were recommended as an efficacious remedy in nephritic complaints; and moreover, had met in his daily perambulations female quacks, who exhibit themselves to this day in the French metropolis, fantastically attired, and vending their far-famed nostrums. That he should have remembered dates, and that the phantasm of the she-mountebank might at the same time have struck his fancy, were two associations by no means improbable."—*Millingen's Curiosities of Medical Experience.*

The dream of Marcus Antonius, which Plutarch relates with seeming wonderment, is unconsciously accounted for even in the very narration. Octavius Cæsar and Antonius had quarrelled; they could neither of them "bear a brother near the throne:" their respective power could not co-exist; and Antony had threatened to send Octavius to prison. "This young Cæsar, seeing his doings, went unto Cicero and others, which were Antonius' enemies, and by them crept into favour with the senate; and he himself sought the people's good will every manner of way, gathering together the old soldiers of the late deceased Cæsar. Antonius being afraid of this, talked with Octavius in the capitol, and they were apparently reconciled. But the very same night Antonius had a strange dream, who thought that lightning fell upon him, and burnt his right hand. Shortly after, word was brought him that Octavius lay in wait to kill him. Cæsar cleared himself unto him, and told him there was no such matter; but he could not make Antonius believe the contrary. Whereupon they became further enemies than ever."—(*North's Plutarch.*) Of course: Antony knew well enough, by the state of things, without the interposition of his dream, that the truce between him and Octavius was a hollow and dangerous one.

The following dream, which the writer had many years ago, though worthy of note, is capable of explanation, without the slightest reference to supernatural agency.

He and a friend lived in a mercantile house, wherein large sums were kept in gold and bank-notes. This money was deposited every evening by him and this friend in an iron closet, standing in an underground stone room. One night, he dreamed that his companion and superior was missing at a usual hour of meeting: inquiry was made everywhere, but no trace could be found of the absentee. Conjectures of the most alarming description arose in the dreamer's mind; until at last a horrible fear smote him that, while taking the money to the safe, he had closed the door on his friend. He immediately (in his dream) rushed to the stone room, heard some faint groans there, unlocked the iron closet, and drawing open its ponderous door, beheld him of whom he was in search crushed in that fatal enclosure and dying. The terror of the sight awakened him; he started from his pillow, and heard plainly enough a succession of dismal groans close at hand. He and his friend slept in a double-bedded room. He instantly rushed to the sufferer's side, who feebly ejaculated, "I am very ill. I feared my groans would not wake you, and I could not call. I am racked with horrible spasms. My breath seems going. I shall be suffocated. Get me something, for God's sake!"—The writer had heard that burnt brandy was useful in such attacks; and having procured some, administered it, and relief was obtained. His friend has often said, that had it not been for the assistance thus given, he be-

lieves he should have died. Now, in this instance, it is plain that the dream was occasioned by the groans imperfectly heard in sleep; and there is nothing wonderful in the dreamer connecting those groans with a familiar friend and constant companion—one for whom he entertained, and still entertains, a strong affection.

The writer recollects another dream, which was nearly coincident with fact. He dreamt that he went from London, on a visit to his uncle, in Wiltshire, and having arrived at the house, found all the family assembled, except one of his female cousins. On inquiry, he was told, that though she was ill, and in her own room, he might go thither and see her. When he entered the apartment, she held up her hand, and burst into tears; and he perceived that her thumb was dreadfully shattered. "Look here!" sobbed she. "See what has befallen me! I was taking down one of my father's fowling-pieces, which had long hung over the parlour fireplace. It was loaded, and rusty, and burst when I touched it, mangling my thumb as you now see." This dream made a strong impression on the writer; and happening to go on the following day to a female relation in London, who was related in the same degree to his cousin, he asked if she had heard lately from Wiltshire. Being answered in the affirmative, he inquired if all friends there were well. "Yes," replied his relative; "but poor E—— has been in some danger, though all is now over. She hurt her thumb with a thorn, and the wound at one time was so malignant, that it was feared amputation of the joint might become necessary. Owing, however, to youth, and a good constitution, she has perfectly recovered." Now, had the writer been of an over-credulous disposition, he might have ascribed this dream, which was so nearly realized, to supernatural interposition. But why should such interposition have taken place? What good could have resulted from it? No; the dream was natural enough, as connected with the house of a country gentleman who, being addicted to sports of the field, would have fowling-pieces about his premises; and that it should be so nearly allied to a foregone fact, was nothing more than one of the coincidences already indicated.

But what is to be said of those innumerable dreams that *do not*, as the phrase is, "come true?" Such, among others, are the supposed revelations which used to be made in sleep to superstitious people of certain numbers in the lottery, and which tempted them, in spite of repeated failures, to buy tickets and be ruined. This, the sapient oneirocritics would call "justification by contrariety," or, in plain words, it is right because it is wrong. There is no grappling with a determined belief. A dream must either resemble a fact, or not; and in either case, it would be held by the old "diviners" to have a spiritual significance. The following vision of this *inappropriate* kind occurred to the writer.

He sat up till a very late hour one night, intently occupied in reading Dryden's dedication of his Juvenal to the Earl of Dorset. This dedication occupies fifty-three closely-printed folio pages, and in the main, is assuredly not of a nature to inspire grim dreams; since, as is well known, it is a history of the rise and progress of satire, including a masterly criticism on many of the Roman poets. But after a busy day, the reading, even of such glorious prose as Dryden's, might have been fatiguing; added to which, the night-air was heavy

and sultry, and the silence of the room was broken every now and then by a fitful storm, which sent broad floods of rain against the windows, and was then lulled only to begin again. At last, however, the atmosphere became clear; and after having finished the long and admirable preface, which had deeply interested him, the reader fell asleep in his chair, lulled by

“Minute drops from off the eaves.”

Dozing in a chair is not, however, the most pleasant condition of slumber, and on this occasion the uneasy posture of the sleeper prompted an uneasy dream. He retained a consciousness that he was still in the room, and imagined himself to be, as before, engaged in reading the old folio. But Dryden's subject-matter had somehow changed; his manly, healthy, strenuous style, and dominant fine sense, were transformed into a kind of sickly German mysticism,*—a treatise on phantoms and “chimeras dire,” and demons in familiar human shapes. Though offended at what he could not but consider as a sort of apostasy in Dryden, he, nevertheless, read on, and shuddered over a long account of devilish incarnations, until he suspected every human being to be a fiend in disguise, himself among the number. While busied with these dreary speculations, the door of the room appeared to open, and a person with whom he was then but slightly acquainted entered and sat down opposite him. “What are you reading?” demanded he, with a stern aspect. “Dryden,” replied the dreamer. “What!” ejaculated the intruder; “Dryden on the incarnation of fiends?” “Yes,” was the reply; “it is in his preface to Juvenal.” “And know you not,” continued the other, “that Dryden was himself a fiend; and that to read him is one of the deadly sins? This open book is damning evidence against you. For this you must be slain; and I am sent here to be your executioner!” He then drew a pistol from his pocket, which he deliberately pointed at the dreamer's head, who was utterly unable to move, or make the least effort to avert the imminent danger. At this moment, a friend rushed in, struck aside the pistol, and seizing the “executioner,” flung him headlong out of the window. This is a point in dreams when most sleepers awake; and so did the present.

Had this dream been considered in the light of a warning or prophecy, the writer would have been led into a grievous mistake, inasmuch as the then “slight acquaintance,” who seemed to intrude himself as a sanguinary inquisitor, has since proved a constant and single-hearted friend; while he who came to the rescue has been a cold, double-dealing, selfish, persevering, and plotting enemy.

A gentleman of distinguished genius, with whom the present writer is acquainted, has related to him a series of dreams, or rather repetitions of one dream, which preceded an important event in his life. This gentleman was engaged to be married; and though the lady of his choice was a person of unquestionable respectability, he was haunted in his dreams by a phantasm of his dead father, who night after night pronounced solemn warnings against the meditated union. Of these

* It must be admitted that Dryden, in the above-mentioned work, has in fact digressed a little into something cognate with mysticism in his remarks on “guardian angels” and “wicked spirits;” but these remarks are only transitory, and he speedily resumes his clear and demonstrative criticism.

visions in sleep, the constant recurrence was certainly very remarkable, and the dreamer, on awakening, used to comfort himself (after the perturbation which such awful councils could not fail to excite) by exclaiming, "Well, thank God, I am not married!" The wedding, nevertheless, eventually took place, and *then the warning vision came no more*. But, as predicted by the dream, the union (without blame on either side) was inauspicious. Had the imagined monitory voice been obeyed, it would have secured the parties concerned from much subsequent discomfort.

This, at first view, might be taken for an undoubted instance of supernatural interposition, especially considering the nightly perseverance of the phantasm, and its total cessation when its warnings could no longer avail. As regards the pertinacious appearance, it should however be remembered, that what makes a strong impression in dreams is almost sure to be repeated. One can imagine the nocturnal dismay of the sufferer, who well knew what would haunt him on falling into slumber—the apparition's unfailing steps ascending the stairs and entering the chamber at "the dead waist and middle of the night"—the un-shunnable presence—the sounding of the oracular words—the terror of the dreamer; and then the final waking-resolution to exorcise the phantom by rendering its visitations useless. This, however, is the excitability of fancy. But—not to mention that the dreamer in question is "of imagination all compact," one who, in prose and poetry, has given the world many productions which "it will not willingly let die," and who therefore in his vocation would be likely, even during sleep, to "body forth the forms of things unknown"—it is certain that he himself was not without strong misgivings as to the eligibility of the connexion he was about to form; and that, pondering over the advice his father, had he been living, would probably have given him, our poet's sleep would very naturally be haunted by the image of his parent, and by ominous forebodings.

Another poet, Shelley, was a great dreamer, and at one time kept a record of his dreams; whether with a view to the so-called *science* of oneirocriticism, we know not.

THE TRAVELLER, (AT ROME.)

BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

He walk'd amidst the ruinous works of time ;—
 The soul of ages in their ashes slept ;
 And where alone the thoughtful wanderer wept,
 An empire's form had raised its front sublime,
 Its pale tomb now bore record of the crime
 That long its parent earth in blood had steep'd,
 Till with its growth the worm of nations crept
 Into its core, and fed upon its prime.
 For luxury is like the specious rose
 Upon the virgin's cheek, inviting death,
 And brighter glows as fleets the vital breath.
 Thus didst thou fall into thy long repose !
 Rememb'ring her he loved, as thus he said,
 Again the wanderer wept, and bow'd his head.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE KINGS OF NORWAY.*

THE importance, in an historical and literary point of view, of this Chronicle of the Kings of Norway, now first presented to English readers, can be best judged of, when we mention that it was not until a comparatively late period, or in the twelfth century, that Sæmund, called Hinn's Frode, or "the wise," and to whom the older or poetic Edda is attributed, began with a few others to take the sagas, or stories and songs, by which the traditions and doctrines of the Northmen were transmitted, through the medium of their scalds, or bards, from out of their traditionary state and fix them in writing; and it was not till a hundred and twenty years after, that Snorro Sturleson, the author of the second or prose Edda—a kind of mythological dictionary for the use of the scalds—(*Resumé de l'Histoire des Traditions Morales et Religieuses*: Paris, 1827)—embodied in his *Heimskringla* almost the whole of the existing fragments of the Saga-literature.

The claims to historical value of the olden records thus saved to posterity by the literary industry of the Icelanders stand in the foreground, although even these are almost equalled by their literary interest—an interest which is doubly enhanced to the English reader, by considering their close relation with some of the early epochs of British history, and the influence of the laws, civil polity, manners and customs of the Northmen upon the progress and destinies of the Britons.

The early history of every people can only have been preserved by traditionary stories, songs, and ballads, until the age when they were fixed by writing. The early history of the Oriental nations, and of Greece and Rome, had no other foundation than that which is presented to us in the Saga-literature of the Northmen; and while there are few points to be fixed down as historical, by dates and coincidences with other history, still facts there appear to be, although enveloped in much fable; at least, they cannot but be held as such, when not extravagant enough to be classed as fictions.

The Chronicles of the Kings of Norway extend from the fabulous or mythological times up to the period of Sturleson's own birth, in 1178; but no fixed points occur in the history of the North, before the middle of the ninth century, when epochs in the history of Harald Haarfager, the contemporary with our Alfred, are determined from cotemporaneous history. The Icelanders shews, therefore, much judgment in passing over rapidly the half-fabulous times of the Yngling dynasty, which constitute however an unavoidable introduction to that of the Northmen generally.

Snorro Sturleson, both in the *Heimskringla*, and in his commentary on the Edda, makes Odin a deified hero, who came from a country beyond the Tanais, or Tanais (the Don), called Asa-land, or Asaheim (Asia-land), and the chief city of which was called As-gaard. It is curious, that among the facts confirmatory of the Asiatic origin of Odin and his followers, the combined Medic, Parthian, Syrian, and Armenian power of the word gaard, as in Dastogaard, and kert, or cert, as in Tigrano kert, &c., as synonymous with Polis, a city, has been overlooked. As-gaard is, in fact, equivalent to the city of the Asiatics.

The Asiatic origin of the Northmen, according to the able translator, Mr. Laing, is confirmed by all the traditions, mythological or historical, of the scalds; yet he sides with the view taken by Pinkerton, and which has been more recently developed by Grimm, and other German writers on Scandinavian mythology, that Odin was the name of the supreme Divine power, and never belonged to an historical personage.

"It may," says Laing (p. 75), "be reasonably doubted, whether in any age or country, any such deification of mortals, known to be human beings,

* *The Heimskringla*; or, *Chronicle of the Kings of Norway*. Translated from the Icelandic of Snorro Sturleson, with a preliminary dissertation. By Samuel Laing, Esq. 3 vols. 8vo.

any such hero-worship, as classical schoolmen and antiquaries suppose, ever did take place among any portion of the human race." "It is," he says, in another place, "opposed to the natural movement and tendency of the human mind; for that movement, in a rude and ignorant state, is to detract from, not to elevate, the merits of others." All the religions of the East, of the Babylonians, Hindoos, Jews, and Egyptians, as well as the Polytheism of the Greeks and Romans, present us with examples opposed to these asseverations.

Mr. Laing's chief argument consists in establishing the principle, that the sentiment of a divinity is universal, as is also that of an incarnation. "No people," he says, "have ever been discovered by the traveller or the antiquary without a strong and distinct impression of the incarnation, past, present, or to come, as well as the existence of the divinity." But these incarnations, he avers, are and were merely impersonations of divine attributes, and in no one instance were they ever human heroes deified by their contemporaries or descendants. Now, not to refer to the Scandinavian mythology, the traditionary origin of which, as illustrated by the chronicles, is thus combated by the translator; the classical mythology presents us with many instances of both kinds. We find impersonations of divine attributes in Jupiter, Neptune, Ceres, &c.; but we also find human attributes and historical personages deified in Hercules, Cadmus, Bacchus, Cecrops, Æsculapius, &c. It appears a much more common and facile process of the mind to distinguish certain attributes of real personages as godlike, or to believe in the divine inspiration of real historical beings, than to create such in the mind's eye for the mere sake of embodying the divine attributes. In fact, it is easier to proclaim as divine the qualities of an Alexander or an Odin, than to idealize a Macedonian or Scandinavian hero. We have in the present day the imaginary impersonation of divine attributes in the Lama of Thibet, and the Sheikh of the 'Alí-Iláhís, in whom the bodily form of the divine manifestation being alone changed, it is propagated to the present moment. As illustrative of the same fact, we have also the deification of Mahomet, by the Sunnis, and that of the Alí, by the Shiites, both of whom had none but human attributes to recommend them to their hero-worshipping followers—rude men who yet ever exalt, and never attempt to detract from the merits of their respective leaders.

It is true that it is not from man upwards, but from the divinity downwards, that the universal sentiment of an incarnation proceeds; but it does not follow at all from this, as argued by Mr. Laing, that these distinct individualizations, produced in a rude state of the human mind by the poverty of language and ideas, have never been historical personages. The argument, carried to its extreme, involves the assumption, that our Saviour was not an historical personage, or at all events, that he had but one inspired nature, and we are not sure if we are not to understand the author to that effect.

Apart from the consideration of the incarnation of the Godhead, originating, as it undoubtedly does, in the metaphysical idea of the relation of mind and of Divine power—in the communion which exists between man and his Creator, through the medium of consciousness and revelation—and not, as advocated by Mr. Laing, in an irresistible instinct to individualize the conception of an Almighty power—the want felt of material forms to represent abstract ideas—the same principle in fact acting, which leads the savage to mould in the form of his idol, the ideas which he entertains of the attributes of the Godhead, and which leads the human mind, in a scarcely less degree of infirmity, to represent the same attributes by imaginary personages, or to trace out their existence in real ones, as in the Pantheistic mythology of most ancient nations: it still remains for us to remark, that there are three admitted means of obtaining a knowledge of the Deity—revelation, instinct, or the innate sentiment, and reason. The latter works morally through man's nature, physically through the omniscience manifested in the construction and regulation of the material world. This is the basis of natural theology, which is not advanced by its able expounders as the *sole* proof of the existence of a supreme Divine power, but as a most intellectual and admirable method of substantiating that fact; and the author who, in his apology of idolatry, places what he terms the

"Paley and Bridgewater bequest philosophy" and "prize-essay divinity" on a par with "gross paganism," and argues that it has done infinite mischief to religion, must totally misconceive the aim and objects of that philosophy.

We have now, whether Odin be a real personage or not, more ample opportunities, that the Saga-literature is presented to us in an English form, of tracing the Oriental origin of some of its earlier portions, and we see this origin strongly exemplified, where Odin is made to lay his hand upon the head of his warriors, and chiefs interchanged, not as hostages, but to be incorporated with the people. Human sacrifices—burning bodies, burial under mounds, coracles of skins—are all of Scytho-Oriental origin. The preservation of Mimir's enchanted head is a legend familiar to both Jews and Arabs; and the Bersækers, who went into battle intoxicated with drugs, are but the Hasichmen of the Crusaders, and the Deli-Bashi of the present day.

The great mountain barrier which divided Asaland from Turkland, where Odin also had possessions, appears to have been the Caucasus: and Sturleson relates, that at the period of the emigration of Odin, Roman chiefs were going round the world subduing to themselves all people. This would fix the emigration of Odin, as has been done by some historians, to about the epoch of Mithridates, or about seventy years B.C., although Mr. Keightley (*Fairy Mythology*: London, 1828) argues that they came probably long before this period; and Mr. Laing makes it a point against the existence of Odin, from the fact, that the scaldic genealogies have only twenty-eight reigns between Odin and Harald Haarfager, who died in 931; and granting eleven years to each reign, which is the average length of the reigns of the heptarchy, it would only carry the epoch of Odin to 550 years after the Christian era. These difficulties must be attributed to the poverty of the genealogies, or to lost traditions or parchments, rather than to any incorrectness (in that part which is not fabulous) of the oft-sung and repeated origin of the Northmen, probably descended originally from the Scythians, led from the East to the rampart of Gog, and emigrating afterwards thence to northern regions.

It may be truly said, that in this oldest saga or chronicle there is nothing wanting, geographically, historically, or traditional, to satisfy ourselves as to its authenticity except dates, and those superadded mythological fables and superstitions which are ever inseparable from early chronicles, preserved by song and oral transmission, among a wonder-loving people.

With the exception of the earliest of the Odin race, comprising the hero himself, Niord, Freyr, and Freya, who died in their beds, and were canonized, the chronicle of the earlier kings is a rapid record of briefly-told reigns, and of violent deaths. Fiolner, who succeeded Queen Freya, was drowned in a vat-mead, which is thus chronicled by Thiodolf of Huine:

"In Frodes' mansion drown'd was he—
Drown'd in a waveless, windless sea."

Swegder, his successor, was deceived by the elves, and killed by a great stone. The next, Vanland, was trod to death by the nightmare. Visbur was burnt in his house by his own sons; and the next king, Domald, was sacrificed by his people, for good seasons. This is followed by a brief suspension of calamitous deaths, and Domar and Dyggve die in their beds; but the next—

"The great Dag fell
By the hay-fork of a base thrall!"

Agne, the next king, was hung by his wife, Skialf, who

—"made Svithiod's king
Through air in golden halter swing."

This not uncommon mode of royal exit is more frequently expressed, as Odin's horse, Odin being the god of the hanged. Thus, in the recorded death of King Gudlög of Denmark, it is said—

"Gudlög must on the wild horse ride—
The wildest horse you e'er did see:
'Tis Segur's steed—the gallows-tree."

So also of King Jorund's death—

“Jorund has travell'd far and wide,
But the same horse he must bestride
On which he made brave Gudlög ride.”

If two kings reign together, the genius of the Sagas demands that they should die together, and that generally by each other's hands. Thus Alric and Eric, who succeeded to Agne, killed one another with the bits of their horses' bridles. Yngve and Alf succeeded, but—

“Can men resist Fate's iron laws?
They slew each other without cause.”

Hugleik, who succeeded, was killed in battle, an event almost as rare as a natural death. King Hake burnt himself in a ship full of dead men and arms, and “great,” says the Saga, “was the fame of this deed in after times.” On or Ane sacrificed nine of his sons to obtain length of life, but ultimately perished. Egil was gored by a bull. Ottar killed in battle. Adils by a fall from his horse. Eystein burnt to death. Yngvar killed in battle. Onund stoned to death. Ingiald burnt himself and followers, in preference to falling into the enemies' hands. Olaf was sacrificed, like Domald, for good crops. The fire that consumed him is expressed in characteristic Norwegian metaphor, as—

“The temple-wolf, by the lake shores,
The corpse of Olaf now devours;
The clearer of the forest died
At Odin's shrine, by the lake-side.”

Halfdan Huitbein died in his bed. Eystein II. was drowned. Halfdan II. died in his bed. Gudrod was slain by his wife's command; and of the last on the list, it is sung—

“At length, by cruel gout oppress'd,
The good King Olaf sank to rest.”

The earliest of the more authentic chronicles are not either the most instructive or the most amusing. Halfdan the Black fights for his dominions, and adds to them by conquest, which, with the invasion of other kings from without, viking or predatory expeditions, and the abduction of chieftains' daughters, constitute the main plots of all the early Sagas. These historical facts are varied by recorded dreams, scenes of slaughter, and miracles, and wonders, which do not belong to history, strictly speaking; nor at these early periods is the absence of truth compensated for by beauty of fiction. Neither the heroism of the Iliad, nor the teeming fancies of the Shah-nameh, the chronicle of the Persian kings, are there. The semi-historical records of the Northmen are as rugged as the outline of their own coasts, and their failings and vices stand forth as naked as their own rocks, or if shaded at all, it is by a gloomy revenge, dark as their own pine-forests.

The first contact with Great Britain occurs in the reign of Harald Haarfager, who sailed over, in pursuit of the Vyking, to Norway, in 895. The first Earl of Orkney, appointed by Harald, and called Sigurd, killed Melbrigda-Tonn, a Scotch earl, and hung his head to his stirrup-leather, but the calf of his leg was scratched by the teeth, which were sticking out from the head, and the wound caused inflammation in his leg, of which the earl died.

Harald peopled Valland, so called from being inhabited by the Valer, or people of Wales and Cornwales (Cornwall), and Northmen, from whence that country was afterwards called Normandy. The conquest of England by the Normans must then be considered as the third descent of the Northmen on our coasts.

In King Harald's time also occurred the curious tale of Athelstan sending him a sword, to inveigle him into an acknowledged subjection, in return for which unking-like action, Harald sent to the English king his son Hakon, with orders that he should foster his servant-girl's child. At Harald's death, Athelstan fitted out his foster-son with men and ships, and sent him to claim the

kingdom of Norway. Hakon having driven his brother Eric out of the dominion, the latter took refuge in England, where Athelstan gave him Northumberland as a fief, on condition of his being baptized. Under Edmund, called Jatmund in the Sagas, this Eric ravaged great parts of the coast of Ireland, Bretland (West England), and England (Anglo-Saxon dominions). King Hakon had been educated by Athelstan in the Christian religion, but Christianity made little progress in Norway during his reign or that of his immediate successor.

The ravaging expeditions to the coast of England were continued in the time of Olaf Tryggvesson, who succeeded Harald Greyskin; and a characteristic tale is narrated, of an Irish queen selecting the King of the Northmen, in his bad-weather clothes, as her husband, from a great "Thing," or assembly of nobles dressed in their best garments, as claimants to her hand. As the Asiatic practice of polygamy obtained among the Northmen, the king had no difficulty in yielding to the queen's request, albeit he had to kill an Irish champion, called Alfin, as a preliminary proceeding.

The interest and spirit of the Sagas begins to make itself felt in the reign of this King Olaf. There is an account of a fierce sea-fight between Olaf and King Swend, in which the Long Serpent, Little Serpent, the Dragon and the Crane, names of vessels endeared by tradition to the Northmen, were chiefly engaged, and which is highly characteristic.

This interest increases with the Saga of King Olaf, the saint, and attains its maximum in the Saga of Harald Hardrada. In these Sagas we still have that mingling of history with story and romance which lend a charm to old chronicles; and Sturleson gives to the incidents such a lively and figurative character, by anecdotes, speeches, and scraps of olden rhythm, often sung or composed by the actors themselves, that the individuality of each eminent person is brought out with a force and distinctness which fully warrant his translator's assertion, that even Shakspeare or Scott have rarely surpassed some of his historical representations.

The account of London bridge, in King Ethelred's time, with its wooden piles, towers, and parapets of same material, and raised barricades, but no houses, is interesting in an archæological point of view; and the wars of Canute against Ethelred, assisted by the Northmen, receive considerable illustration from the details of the Sagas. The expeditions of Canute the Great to Denmark are also narrated at length. The description of his dragons, or large ships, with sixty banks of rowers, and heads gilt all over, is well related by Sigvat the Scald, who designates the King of England and Denmark as

"Canute of the clear blue eye!"

The Icelander, Loftunge, was nearly hanged for composing too short a poem in praise of the great king, and only saved himself by the paltry expedient of adding a stave as a refrain to each verse. The refrain is rendered by Laing,

"Canute protects his realm, as Jove,
Guardian of Greece, his realm above."

This, we suppose, is on the principle of Pope's universal prayer, "Jehovah, Jove, or Lord," as Jove is not noticed in the original.

"Knutr verr grund sem gætir,
Grikialands himenriki."

The history of the Væringers at Constantinople, while it throws light upon a very obscure portion of Byzantine history, is replete with wild and romantic incidents. Harald Hardrada,

"He who fourscore towers laid low,
Ta'en from the Saracenic foe,"

commanded the Northmen at the city of the Greek emperors, and was high in favour with the Empress Zoe,—so much so, as to seek the hand of her niece, the beauteous Maritza; but being refused, and even treated with such indignity as to be shut up in a tower, he fled with his men to two galleys, one of which broke in twain in passing over the iron chain which was drawn across

the Bosphorus. The text of the Sagas is everywhere illustrated by fragments of short poems and ballads, often written, as before remarked, by the actors themselves; and on the present occasion, Harald, who, during his long residence in the east, had been always transmitting his gold and other rich gatherings to Novgorod, where reigned a King Jarisleif, betrays the secret of his heart in verse:—

“ Our viking steed rushed through the sea,
As viking—like fast, fast sailed we.
Never, I think, along this shore
Did Norseman ever sail before;
Yet to the Russian queen, I fear,
My gold adorned, I am not dear.”

Accordingly, before quitting Constantinople, the Northman carried away the beautiful Maria, but with a rare fealty to Ellisof, or Elizabeth, the daughter of Jarisleif, before leaving the land, he put the lady ashore, and sent her back with a good escort. The adventures of this same Harald, in Sicily, and his capture of four strong castles, by various stratagems, belong to the true knight of romance; and the Northmen appear to have caught that spirit from the south, and Sturleson, to have recorded it from the songs and ballads of the day. King Sigurd's expedition to Jerusalem and Constantinople partakes also of the same character, and is unlike the purely northern Sagas. The miracles of King Olaf the saint, which are abundantly scattered through the later chronicles, are also fictions of the Romanists, made a little ruder, to suit them to the Northmen's taste.

After this brief glance at the nature and contents of the Sagas, we come to an ungracious but necessary difference with the translator, in our general estimate of their literary value, and of their influence on the laws, civil polity, habits and manners of the English. Mr. Laing argues that, previous to the arrival of these polished and literary Northmen, whose great feature was to possess a native literature in their own language, Anglo-Saxon England was in social arrangement, character, and spirit, assuming one shape and hue under the pressure of superstition and of the Roman power, institutions, and ascendancy, revived through the influence of the church of Rome. The British constitution, representative legislature, the trial by jury, security of property, freedom of mind and person, the influence of public opinion over the conduct of affairs, the Reformation, the liberty of the press, the spirit of the age, according to Mr. Laing, may all be traced to the spark left burning by these northern barbarians. The Anglo-Saxon writers he proclaims as the dullest of chroniclers—monks ignorant of the world beyond their cloisters, who recorded legends and miracles as historical events (a feature not infrequent in the Sagas), and composed fictions with a dull credulity unenlivened by a single gleam of genius, and that in a foreign tongue, and not for the people, but for a tribe of cloistered scholars, spread over the country. This supposed vast superiority of the Northmen over the Anglo-Saxons involves the translator in the paradoxical statement, (p. 14,) that “all conquests that history tells of will be found to resolve themselves into the superior mental powers of the conquerors,” *ex. gr.*, the Goths and the Romans!

Now, laying aside the two considerations, that the Anglo-Saxons were pretty nearly of the same race, and under similar influences as the Northmen; that a descent took place in the fifth as well as in the tenth century, and from which the same results to civilization ought to have been anticipated as from the later descent; and that all the fragments of Anglo-Saxon literature have never been so carefully edited as those of the Northmen by Sturleson; still we shall find, from what is already well known, that literature flourished in a very high degree during the Anglo-Saxon period, nor did the monks all write in Latin. Cœdmon was a genius of the class headed by Burns, a poet of nature's making, sprung from the bosom of the common people. The names and writings of Gildas, St. Columbanus, a man of undoubted genius and of vigorous ability, of Adhelm, Ceolfrid, Felix of Croyland, and Alcuin, may certainly be placed in just contrast with the songs and stories of which the

early literature of the Northmen is composed. It is a mistake to underrate, so much as Laing does, the labours of the monks, and to assert that they had no influence on the people. Books were multiplied immensely by these men, many of whom were not only learned clerks, but also possessed of no mean genius; and it was through their efforts that real learning, in contradistinction to the poetic songs and romantic fictions of the early Sagas—not to mention their barbarous morality—descended generally into lay society. Mr. Wright (*Biographia Britannica Literaria*, Anglo-Saxon period) has shewn that during the eighth century, or two centuries before the advent of Mr. Laing's civilization, England possessed numerous historical chronicles, theological treatises, and abundance of religious, political, and narrative poetry; and if the severity of truth can be considered as characteristic of a higher civilization than the poetry of fiction, the early Sagas of the Northmen will not bear comparison with the chronicles of the illustrious Bede.

The comparative literature and intellectual condition of the two branches, the Pagan and the Christian world, between the eighth and thirteenth centuries, is shewn to be in favour of the latter, both in the Anglo-Saxon and in the general European literature; and while we are willing to give every credit to Snorro Sturleson, and to announce the translation of the Sagas as a most valuable addition to literature and history, indispensable to the library of every student of English history, it must not be at the expense of the Anglo-Saxon chroniclers, whose dates alone give them historical superiority, and still less of the chronicles of Ville Hardouin, Joinville, or Froissart.

THE CITY OF THE VIRTUES.

VIEW THE FIRST.

“Virtue could see to do what Virtue would,
By her own radiant light ——” MILTON.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

STOPPING, the other day, to admire, and also to moralize upon, that splendid Gothic edifice, with all its extensive and beautiful appurtenances—St. George's Catholic Church—which has lately risen, a striking monument of catholic spirit, on the Surrey side of the broken-backed bridge at Westminster, on a spot ingloriously known as St. George's-fields, the eye naturally wandered to the several other objects of interest congregated around it. Charity, it would appear, had made that once bare and melancholy district her head-quarters, her favourite home, her best cultivated domain.

In that region, acre after acre of ground is covered with buildings, some magnificent, others simple, but befitting their object, erected for purposes of benevolence, dedicated to the noblest uses, maintained with unsparing liberality. Distinguished above all is Bethlehem Hospital, with its additional wings and well-kept grounds. At a distance, about equal to the space which the splendid hospital occupies, stands the Asylum for Female Orphans. Adjoining the grounds of Bethlehem, is the Refuge for the Houseless; opposite, stands the excellent Philanthropic Institution; at the corner, stretching from one road to another, along a frontage of considerable extent, is the beautiful new school for the indigent Blind; facing one wing of that elegant structure, is an unassuming but useful Dispensary; at a small distance from the other

wing, rises the noble pile of buildings recently completed by the British and Foreign School Society; and close by, humbler in their pretension, are St. George's School, and the Southwark Literary Institution. Within a stone's-throw, we reach the Magdalen Hospital; and the same space, not more, separates us from another benevolent establishment—the Freemason's Orphan Institution.

"St. George's-fields" may not, at first, sound very auspiciously. And yet, if desirous of impressing a foreigner with a sense of the pre-eminent dignity and grandeur of London—though the Tower, and the Abbey, and the other sights are marvellous fine things—perhaps it might not be so injudicious to carry him into the uncelebrated vicinity of the new Catholic Church.

The reflection then ensued—"There is no ground in England of equal extent that yields such a harvest of benevolence. There is enough virtue around me to atone for half the vice of this iniquitous capital. Yet how often will the base and worthless, incapable even of a generous thought, affect to deride this angel-work as ostentation, and to stigmatize such charity as mere fashion, or the pride of purse. *Virtue is never rewarded!*"

Thus musing, as I stood by the rails of Bethlehem—perhaps it was that some power in the air, some subtle influence from the interior of that institution stole over my brain—it is impossible to say—but I began to perceive a change gathering around me; the scene ceased to retain its first forms and colours; London, in the space of a few seconds, was wholly lost to me, like a town in a dissolving view; and I was transported in secrecy and silence to the furthest possible point of the universe—to a place called "The City of the Virtues."

The first impression upon my mind, after looking around for a few moments in mute amazement, was, I must confess, not at all favourable. There was a visible propriety everywhere, that created a doubt whether I ought not at once to turn out my toes and get my hat brushed; and there was a general air of dullness—there's no denying it—that rather made me wish myself back again in villanous London. But this presently wore off; there was so much to see, to inquire and think about, that there was no leisure to be dull; and as for my own observance of the proprieties, I quite forgot all about myself in the novelty of the objects around.

In this city, vices, follies, misfortunes, miseries, had place as they have elsewhere; but it was easy to see that there were fewer of them, and that the virtues so greatly predominated as to be extremely common. It was apparent, too, that there was considerable emulation—competition it was called—pervading all ranks of society; and it required great exertion in goodness, and a constant pressure upon the very loftiest sentiments of the mind, to keep pace with the growing desire on all sides to excel. Almost everybody was very good; but the amiable determination of each to be, by hook or by crook, better than his neighbour, was the first characteristic.

Delightful was it to look from street to street, and see the spacious city thickly studded with charitable institutions, all conducted upon the handsome principle of a total disregard to expense. At the various asylums for the destitute, the inmates were all clothed and fed according to usages prevalent in the station of life from which they had fallen. I noticed an example in the case of a very poor distressed

fellow, who, having once been lord mayor, was allowed a tureen of turtle-soup for his supper. Some of these institutions, when their funds were low, added cold punch; which acted as a stimulant to flagging subscribers, and distanced rival establishments.

Bankruptcies were very frequent; but they were generally traced to an unbounded exercise of benevolence—to an instinct of kindness in the bankrupt, which had prompted him to undertake the support of the families of various deceased friends when incapable of maintaining his own. The good-natured practice, so easy to every man who has been taught to write, of putting his name to bills for the accommodation of his neighbour, was also generally followed; sometimes, as it appeared to me under circumstances of doubtful correctness, the acceptor being honoured when the bill was not. But the act, when most severely judged, was necessarily brought within the large class of virtuous operations known as amiable weaknesses—and perfection is not to be expected everywhere.

It follows, from this, that good intentions, however likely to end in ill results, went a very great way in the City of the Virtues. Kindness of motive was pretty sure, in all social and domestic arrangements, to prove an excuse for mischief effected. When a citizen was totally unable to do what was required of him, a promise that he would not fail to do it on a certain day, given touchingly and impressively, so as to kindle an innocent delusion in the petitioner's mind, was held to cover all deficiencies, and to be an infallible sign of sympathy and good-will.

Although the promise was never fulfilled, the heart had done its work nobly; the hand only had failed, and for the emptiness, the powerlessness of that, the exalted impulses of its owner were, of course, not accountable.

The same species of virtue was everywhere shewn in the desire of each man to praise—or, as in vicious cities it would be called, to puff—his fellow man. If you hazarded an inquiry concerning somebody's character, truth had more tongues to exalt, than rumour, in a vicious city, could have had to depreciate him. He was "wisest, virtuouslest, discreetest, best"—and if he turned out to be fool or rogue, it was attributable to his innate love of liberty, that told him he was free to change his mind as often as he liked. If a housemaid was discharged for intolerable uncleanness, her mistress, when people came to inquire respecting her qualities, found out that the girl had just one fault, and only one—an extravagant passion for soap.

Thus everybody gave everybody a good character, and all looked as if they deserved it. The evil was—and the whitest virtue may have a dark-complexioned progeny—that these good-natured representations led to as good-natured a reliance on them—and this, in its turn, to consequences not at all promotive of good-nature. But if it were an amiable weakness to assert, it was as amiable a weakness to believe, and so everybody acted up to a fiction which was as fair for one as for another.

This fiction was stark naked lying, no doubt—an extraordinary practice to find generally adopted in a city of virtue; but the good citizens called it by another name, and declared that Virtue was in herself so insufferably bright, that it was impossible she could help winking now and then. Although flattery, therefore, was in continual

request, it would have been scouted under that name; it was called philanthropy, or the antidote to envy and slander. It must be frankly admitted here, that I had not been long among the virtuous before the idea occurred to me, that even depreciation might be a safer guide; for it is difficult to deduct accurately from the account of flattery, but easy to strike off from the opposite account nine-tenths on the score of spite;—if nine are not enough, say ten-tenths.

But it is time to advert to the principal peculiarity in the government of the City of the Virtues—the chief feature of its policy, its grand legislative distinction. This was, the law which remained continually in full force for giving Rewards to Virtue. There, as in other states, vice was punished; there, as is not the case in other states, virtue was rewarded. This is a novelty in morals that deserves particular attention.

I found that any great deed of virtue which could be clearly established in favour of a citizen was cognizable by the law, and rewardable accordingly. The statutes set forth the various degrees of amiability and heroism which were liable to specific degrees of encouragement. Thus, a citizen who had plunged into a cauldron of boiling lead to rescue human life imperilled by an accidental fall into the same, was adjudged to have merited the honour of being supported for the rest of his life at the charge of the state. So, too, the virtuous man who should have become infected with the plague in his attempt to cure another, was entitled to the attendance of the state-physician, and to have a palace allotted to him for his future residence.

For smaller achievements in virtue, appropriate encouragements were decreed. I stepped into the public court, and was witness to one or two judgments. A gaunt, hungry lad, who had given his scrap of dinner to a hale, ruddy veteran, whose dog had had nothing to eat that day, was, on the case being clearly proved, sentenced to three month's residence in the mansion-house—the last week of the period to be attended with access to the wine-cellar. And an elderly lady, who was proved to have always had her oysters scolloped, to avoid the barbarity of swallowing the innocents alive, was sentenced to eat a barrel of natives daily, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals presented her with a silver opener.

Virtue, of whatever order, was not its "own reward" in that city. On the contrary, it was extremely well paid, and always a valuable commodity. This was a condition of things not to be contemplated by a moralist without a passionate enthusiasm.

"Oh, virtuous community!" I cried, "how unselfish, how disinterested a view of humanity have you at length afforded to my eyes! Oh, laws! framed for the express reward of virtue, how unlike the laws under which I have been living! Oh, competition in benevolence and magnanimity! how unspeakably unlike the competition prevalent in the society I have left! Good, happy, glorious citizens, realizers of the perfectibility which has hitherto existed but in dreams, how ennobling and rapturous a sight to witness the profitableness of virtue, the high market-value of exalted sentiments, the benefits you disinterestedly heap upon yourselves by making sacrifices for others! Virtue at last makes a good thing of it, lolling in velvet and crammed with venison!"

THE BAY OF ANTIOCH.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

Ruins of Seleucia Pieria.—Syrian Aborigines.—Mount St. Simon.—Laodicea.—
Ascent of Mount Casius.—Church of Cronus.—Nymphæum.

How exciting is the variety presented to the eye on first landing on a foreign shore! How strange and full of novelty does everything appear! Every living creature, as well as every line in the landscape, has some claim to an attentive observation. Man and his habitations come in an unaccustomed shape; quadrupeds, birds, and insects, have each a separate interest; and the most humble plant puts forth its pretensions to be examined or admired.

The Bay of Antioch has no harbour: it is a mere roadstead, but is full of picturesque beauty. Hemmed in by Casius and Anti-Casius to the south, it is bounded to the north by Mount Moses (Jebel Musah); above which again rise the loftier peaks of Jebel Akmah, the ancient Rhosus, attaining an elevation of 5550 feet; and these two ranges are united by low wood-clad hills in the back-ground to the hill of St. Simon.

Between the latter myrtle-clad eminence and Mount Casius, there is a precipitous and narrow ravine, through whose shady depths the Orontes forces its way, flowing onwards by the ruins of a monastery, church, and khan—all that remains of the old port of St. Simon—and then by a hamlet or two, constituting its actual port, into the sea.

The modern village of Suweidiyeh, as Seleucia is Arabicized, embosomed in luxuriant groves of mulberry, vine, pomegranate, and apricot, occupies the foot of the lower hills; and there are also a few cottages scattered at the entrance of the ravine, and also on the left bank of Orontes, between reed-bound marshes and lagoons on the one side, and rock-bound but productive gardens on the other.

The day after our arrival, a party, of which the writer was permitted to be one, started with two boats, one belonging to the Columbine, and another to the Expedition, to explore the Orontes. The rocky pass between St. Simon and Casius was easily attained; but the labours of a whole afternoon were not sufficient to overcome the difficulties presented by the many rapids which occurred at this point. Hawsers were made fast to kedges, to sturdy trees, and to rocks jutting out of the bed of the river; but it was in vain: night came on amidst fruitless exertions, and the party were obliged to bivouac in a cave in the glen.

Nothing could be more amusing than the apprehensions with which at this time every man who wore a turban was viewed. The voyage out had been enlivened by tales of predatory and murderous practices on the part of Arabs and Syrians, and we all landed, prepared to meet an enemy in every native. This led to some absurd mistakes, especially on the first landing of Charlewood and Wyn, when a respectable person, who had come from Suweidiyeh to offer his services, was very nearly being saluted by a blow from a boat-hook. On the present occasion, a sentry was mounted at the mouth of the cave, and every precaution taken as if we had been in a hostile country. It was only

gradually that we began to find out into what a peaceful subjection Ibrahim Pasha had reduced the people, and that there was little more danger in travelling from the sea to Antioch than from Gravesend to London.

Our bivouac, however, like most of our accidental night-stations, was replete with character. The obscurity of night was added to by the height and predominant dark red tint of the cliffs and the luxuriance of the overhanging vegetation; and the careless laugh of the groups of sailors, their bronze countenances lit up by the flickering of the night-fires, caused an agreeable interruption to the monotonous sound of waters rushing in the depths below.

The next day (April 6th), the attempt to proceed by water being found to be hopeless, the survey was carried on foot to Antioch, a distance of forty-one miles by the windings of the river, but only seventeen by direct road, and the ensuing day we returned to the ships.

On the 8th, a connexion between the George Canning and the land having been established, by means of a halser extending from the ship across the bar of the Orontes, a distance of 1200 yards, parties were sent on shore from both vessels with tents for their accommodation, and the unloading and landing of stores, &c. began soon afterwards with such spirit and activity, that the site now denominated Amelia Dépôt soon became a little camp, full of life and bustle.

If ever Melibœa, of poetical celebrity, was an island at the mouth of the Orontes, it must be now joined to the mainland, which is not at all an improbable circumstance. We have the explicit authority of Oppianus to that effect, (*Cyneget* ii., verses 115 and 120;) and the fabled loves of Orontes and the nymph Melibœa appear to have an immediate reference to the neighbouring grotto and fountain of Nymphæum; but on the other hand, we have the combined testimonies of Virgil:

“Victori chlamydem auratam, quam plurima circum
Purpura Mæandro duplici Melibœa cucurrit.”—*ÆNEID*, v. 251.

and of Lucretius:

“Jam tibi barbaricæ vestes, Melibœaque fulgens
Purpura Thessalico concharum tincta colore,”—*LIT.* ii., v. 499.

that Melibœa was a Thessalian island; nor could I satisfy myself of the existence in these seas of a murex, or other shell, from whence the Tyrian purple was derived.

On the 9th, the governor of Antioch arrived with his suite, and was received by a salute from the Columbine.

The 10th was employed in measuring the first base for the trigonometrical survey; and the days from the 11th to the 17th, were passed on the one side in landing stores, and on the other, in laying down and exploring the ruins of Seleucia Pieria, the Syrian villages on Mount Moses, Suweidiyeh, and Mount St. Simon.

The line of shore from the Orontes northwards was low and sandy, and enclosed level uncultivated pasture-lands, or marshy tracts. In a nearly central position, there was a neatly white-washed tomb of a saint, which being a Ziyaret, or place of pilgrimage, had some ruinous buildings attached to it, which were almost covered with ugly Geckolizards, having large bodies and big heads, and the skin covered with excrecences, from whence an exudation flowed, which defended

them from the burning sun. Close by was also a well of fresh water.

The ruins of Seleucia Pieria, situated beyond this, and at the rocky foot of Mount Moses, where the bare cliffs terminate abruptly on the plain on one side, and advance in rude promontories into the sea on the other, are chiefly remarkable for an extensive hollow way or excavation, by which the city was defended, and its approach intercepted on the hill side; by the gates and ramparts on the side of the plain, the now filled-up basin or port, and the numerous sarcophagi, and still more interesting sepulchral grottoes.

The walls of the city were quadrangular, and had a double line of defence, with the northern side abutting on the hill whose summit was crowned by the Acropolis. There were also walls of a suburb, triangularly disposed and reaching down to the Mole, traces of which are still extant. A gate led from the suburb towards the sea, and on the opposite side another towards Antioch, which was adorned with pilasters and defended by handsome towers.

The space occupied within the walls had a circumference of about four miles and was filled with the ruins of houses. The basin was enclosed by a massive wall of cut stone, and was an irregular oval, and of sufficient magnitude to contain a large fleet.*

At the northern side of the basin was a passage, about 200 paces long and 50 wide; of which, part was cut through the solid rock, and on each side were the remains of defensive towers.

On the side of the city opposite to the harbour were the ruins of two temples and of an amphitheatre, partly cut in the rock; and here also commenced the numerous sepulchral excavations, which extend nearly two miles along the face and up the ravines of the mountain, and in front of which many hundreds of sarcophagi are scattered. One portion of the excavations, called the Tomb of the Kings, has a facade entrance and suites of apartments, with columns and staircases leading to a set of chambers above. In some of the grottoes were remains of paintings with remarkably bright colours; in general, however, they were ordinary excavations, without architectural ornaments, and many of them appeared to have been troglodyte dwellings.

But the most remarkable part of the remains at Seleucia was the great cut, or hollow way, by which it was separated from the remainder of the mountain. This extraordinary work takes its origin from an open valley in Mount Moses, and which extends in a north-easterly direction above the higher portions of the city. It is, altogether, 3074 feet in length, attaining, at places, an elevation of 120 feet, and averaging 22 feet in width, and it terminates abruptly over the sea. This great excavation is divided into portions, the greater part being an open, hollow way, interrupted, however, by two tunnelled portions, or covered ways, the one 102, and the other 293 feet long. The cut is also crossed in its eastern part by an aqueduct supported by a single arch, and at its western extremity by another arch bearing a mutilated inscription of the time of the Cæsars. A recess with tombs occurs in another portion.

Water was carried along this hollow way by a channel 18 inches in

* See Colonel Chesney: Description of Seleucia Pieria in Journal of Royal Geographical Society, vol. viii., p. 228.

width, hewn out of the face of the cut cliff, and in one part a narrow stair-case leads down to within about 14 feet of the base, and which Col. Chesney—who is inclined to consider the cut as a channel for supplying the basin with water—thinks was the ordinary level of the waters; but if this was the destination of this great excavation, it might be asked why did aqueducts cross it on arches, and why was there an express channel, 18 inches wide, for the conduit of water, hewn out of the side of the hollow way! On the other hand, the existence of two covered ways is opposed to the idea of its having been simply a defensive cut.

It is certain that the waters of the valley before mentioned now flow at times along the bed of the hollow way, which they appear to have deepened considerably, for the line of demarcation between the hewn portion and that which has been since excavated by the waters is very distinct, and these waters have forced a passage for themselves through the southern sides of the excavation, beyond which point, and where the excavation terminates in the sea, the indications of running waters are no longer so distinct.

Appian relates, in his *Syriacs*, (p. 202,) that the city was founded in obedience to an intimation to that effect, obtained from the thunder. Hence it was dedicated to the thunder-god, as we see in a coin recorded by Spanheimus, "*Jupiter fulminans Seleucensium*," and who was identified by the Romans with Jupiter Casius.

It was embellished and strengthened by Seleucus Nicator, and called Seleucia Pieria, from its rocky position, to distinguish it from Seleucia on Tigris. It was so strongly fortified that Strabo designates it an impregnable city; and it was made free after the conquest of Syria by the Romans under Pompey, as is recorded on coins belonging to the times of Caius Cæsar, Trajan, and Caracalla. It was one of the four most distinguished cities of the time of the Antiochideæ, which, including Antioch, Apamea, and Laodicea, were called sisters on account of the concord which existed between them.

From Seleucia we made an excursion to some of the villages of Syrians, situated in the higher and woody parts of the mountain. The inhabitants received us kindly and hospitably. Their dress consisted of a coarse muslin turban twisted round the head, a long, white, coarse, woollen cloak, and common boots and shoes; the women's dress was likewise of home manufacture, and they did not cover the face. The houses were flat-roofed, and the better kind had two small rooms, with another for the animals attached; but, in general, there was only one apartment, one end of which was appropriated to the animals and the other to the family, having a kind of separation, formed by a row of high conical wicker baskets, containing grain, flour, &c. The buildings were either of wood and clay or of rough stone.

These people, who were well-disposed and of a rather tractable disposition, were afterwards much employed by the Expedition. They appeared to be almost equally ignorant of the truths of the New Testament, or of the tenets of the Koran, and not having any knowledge of a Sabbath, their mysterious rites have been thought to be connected with some kind of idolatry, and their history with that of the earliest inhabitants of the country. Their secluded villages are confined to the wooded ravines of Casius, Mounts Rhosus and Amanus, out of the way of all great roads, while such as reside on the plains

below are almost all converts to the Greek church; and, according to Colonel Chesney, before the conquest of the country by Ibrahim Pasha, who turned everything to account, the existence of this aboriginal stock of Syrians was scarcely known, nor is it noticed in any book of travels.

Mount St. Simon, so called from the tomb of that well-known Syrian ascetic, but also denominated Bin Kilisi, or "the thousand churches," from its former extensive remains of ecclesiastical structures belonging to an early Christianity, only presented to our examination the ruins of a convent, called that of St. Simon Stylites, which was encompassed by a wall of hewn stone, about 90 paces in front, and 230 in length.

The memory of St. Simon, whose feats of penance are recorded in the pages of Gibbon, it may be mentioned, is as much venerated by Mohammedans as by Christians, and the Mecca Itinerary contains especial injunctions to pilgrims on their arrival at Antioch, to pay their respects to the tomb of Hazret Simun, "the holy or beloved Simon." This will not appear at all extraordinary to those who are aware of how much of the legendary and historical portion of the Koran is borrowed from what had been long before adopted by Syrian monks and priests, and their followers, the Byzantine chronographers. Indeed, this use of Christian-Syrian materials is made evident by a comparison of the narrative of the Prophet of the Islamites with the writings of Ephrem Syrus,—the Euphrates of the church,—as he has been called by his admirers, yet who was one of the earliest propounders of those systems of Scriptural astronomy and geography, for refuting which Galileo was thrown into a dungeon; as also with the works of Syncellus and the Paschal Chronicle.

On Saturday, the 18th of April, H. M. sloop Columbine sailed for Latakiah, having on board Colonel Chesney and the surveying party, including Murphy, Thomson, Serjeant Sym, and the author; and who with the exception of the Colonel, were landed the ensuing day, and politely received in the house of the British agent.

The modern town of Latakiah contains from five to six hundred half ruinous houses, the place being much subject to earthquakes. An elevated promontory advances into the sea to the S. W., bearing a ziyaret at nearly its extreme point.

The harbour is nearly filled up with crumbling ruins, and is accessible only to vessels of small burthen. The fragments of ancient columns of sienite and porphyry are observed in the structure of the citadel defending the port. There are also many other unimportant remains of antiquity to be met with, among which may be noticed traces of the aqueduct built by Herodes, King of Judea, (Josephus I., de Bello, c. 16.) Laodicea-ad-mare was built by the embellisher of Seleucia, and was named after his mother. Like Seleucia it was made a free city by the Romans, and was the place of Dolabella's refuge, (Lentulus ad Ciceronem, xii., Epist. 14.) It was celebrated for its once commodious port, its wines and fruit; and the tobacco of the neighbourhood is the highest in esteem in the present day.

On the 20th we measured our second base on the sands of the shore, and the next day continued the survey as far as the southerly foot of Casius, from whence we took a boat to the encampment. On this occasion we found vestiges of two ancient sites, the one upon the shore

on the north side of the Bay of Latakia, and the other nearer to Casius. These ruins, which only presented to us massive walls, foundations of buildings constructed of large hewn stones, and hewn out of the solid rock, and other crumbling fragments, appear to represent the sites of ancient Possidoneum and Heraclea, which, notwithstanding the confusion that exists in the text of Pliny, both Strabo and Ptolemy agree in placing in the relative succession of Casius, Heraclea, Possidoneum, and Laodicea. A Maltese who accompanied us as interpreter, having imprudently slept in the sun, returned with the fever of the country.

On the afternoon of Saturday the 25th, the same party started in a boat for a ravine, to the westward of Mount Casius, in order to ascend the mountain from that side. On this occasion the place of the sick Maltese interpreter was more efficiently filled by a native dragoman. A peasant, whom we met with on landing, guided us through a dense wood of laurels, myrtle, box, Christ's-thorn, and a variety of other trees and shrubs, to a sorry-looking cottage, which we reached by sunset.

Although in April, and at an elevation of 1340 feet above the level of the sea, I adopted on this occasion a rule which I never afterwards deviated from, except when absolutely impossible to be adhered to—of sleeping in the open air. By so doing I obtained a few hours repose, while the rest of the party, who had ventured into the dark interior, never closed their eyes, besides losing two of the best hours of the morning in endeavouring to rid themselves of many new and tenacious acquaintances.

Once started, we soon gained the S. W. aspect of the mountain, and began to wind up its acclivities. At an elevation of 1500 feet we quitted the myrtle districts and entered the region of oak trees, amidst which were occasional open spaces, beautifully clad with flowering yellow asphodel. At an elevation of 2700 feet we arrived at the more gloomy region of pine forests, from which we emerged at an altitude of about 3500 feet, when we found ourselves among wild pear, apple, quince, and medlar trees, and the Azarole and Olivier's thorn, with an undergrowth of fennel. At length, at an elevation of 5000 feet, there was no longer aught but groves of scattered birch trees, with violets and pansies flowering in sheltered spots, and here and there the more gaudy blossoms of the scarlet peony. Beyond this a cone of naked rock, with patches of snow, rose a few hundred feet higher.

The ascent had been long and toilsome; we had been on foot from sunrise till near mid-day, without breaking our fast, nor had we met with any springs or rivulets in which to slake our thirst. I had outstripped my companions, lit a fire with leaves and branches, and was melting snow, when they arrived at the same luxury, which looked so promising, but which required a tantalizing time to convert into beverage.

During the afternoon two rounds of bearings were taken, one with the Theodolite, the other with Kater's compass, and we erected a pile of stones as a guide to the survey. We bivouacked at night in a most delightful spot, in a grove of birch trees, immediately below the bare conical summit. We had brought a pot and provisions with us, and Serjeant Sym acted as artist with so much gusto as to allow no one to interfere with the concoction of our dinner. The temperature was

cool and most agreeable, and we all enjoyed a sound and uninterrupted sleep.

The mountain upon which we were bivouacking is, with the exception of Mount Lebanon, Mount Sinai, and a few of the hills of Palestine, rendered more familiar from frequent Scriptural references, the most celebrated in Syria.* Sacrifices to the thunder-god were offered on its summit from the most remote antiquity, and they were said to have originated with the descendants of Triptolemus, settled at Seleucia, and whom Seleucus Nicator invited to Antioch. These sacrifices were revived by the Cæsars, who dedicated them to Jupiter Casius. Julian the apostate, discomfited at Daphne, cheered himself with a hecatomb on Mount Casius; and Pliny relates, that Jupiter, yielding to prayers addressed to him on Mount Casius, sent the birds called *Seleucidæ*, the roseate thrush (*Turdus roseus*), to destroy the scourge of the country, the locusts.

But the most curious tradition connected with the mountain, which the Emperor Hadrian and Julian went especially to witness, and which is described at length by Aristotle (*Meteor.* i., 16), and by Pliny (v. 18), is that at the fourth watch, or at the second crow of the cock, as Ammianus relates it, day and night, are by the walk round of a few paces, seen at the same time.

The elevation of the mountain, as ascertained by our observations, amounted to 5318 feet above the sea. Now the rising of the sun commences about one minute sooner, at an elevation of 1000 feet, than at the level of the sea. Hence the world below is, in these countries where there is little twilight, wrapped in darkness for five minutes after it is day on the summit of Mount Casius.

Our descent of the mountain was made to the eastward, and we had not proceeded far, before we stumbled upon the ruins of a very pretty Christian Church embosomed in a wood. It was constructed after the form of the Basilica, but not so simply so as some of the early Syrian churches. The oblong area within the walls was divided into nave and aisles by a handsome row of columns, supporting a vaulted roof, and the semicircular space opposite the entrance was surmounted by a half cupola.†

From this isolated and now abandoned house of prayer, we continued our progress down the densely-wooded acclivities, till we reached a more level district, where open and cultivated fields led the way to a large village called Besh-kir, inhabited chiefly by the Syrians previously described, who enjoyed, at an elevation of 2500 feet above the

* Bochart (*Phaleg*, p. 333) derives Casius (as more particularly applied to the Phœnician Casius, which was on the boundaries of Syria and Egypt) from the Hebrew, signifying "terminus," a boundary. Another Hebrew origin might be found in Kas; "straw or stubble," as used in Psalm lxxxiii. 14, and Jer. xiii. 24. Homer *Iliad* v. 499, uses Achne in the same sense, and Pliny says, of an island of Rhodes, "Casus Olim Achne." A more likely origin may, however, be found in the Syriac and Chaldean from Kas, "shining," in allusion to its bald summit, and whence its actual Arabic name, *Jebel Akra*, "Mount Bald." Tin and also lead, according to Mela and Pliny, were probably called by the Greeks, *Kasiteros*, from their lustre. Tin (in Numbers, xxxi. 22,) is read by Jonathan, *Kastira*; and in Arabic, *Kasdir*. This was the origin also of the British *Cassiterides*.

† Colonel Chesney has since found a notice of this church in Cory's "Ancient Fragments," (p. 11;) where it is noticed, as having been consecrated to Cronus or Ham. It is also noticed by Strabo (xvi. 750), and by Ammianus Marcellinus (xxii., 14).

sea, a delightful climate, capable of producing at the same time the fruits and vegetables of Europe and Asia.

From hence, we passed by another small village, to where the descent became more rapid, and was carried along a narrow valley clothed with luxuriant vegetation. A respite to the labour of forcing our way through this entangled shrubbery, was only obtained by our reaching a range of low hills, which were all that now remained between us and the valley of the Orontes.

Turning to the left, or westward, towards the sea, we gained the extremity of these hills, which we found to be a point familiar to us, as a red cliff which terminated abruptly, not far from the shore, and a little south of the Orontes. Thence we passed a few cottages, which lay between a rock-bound fringe of verdure and cultivation on the one side, and reed-bound lagoons and marsh on the other, till the water, approaching nearer to the rocks, drove us to the foot of the cliff, where the pathway was continued, by means of stepping-stones.

A little further on, we came to some compact ruins of walls and edifices, constructed of large hewn stones, at the foot of the same cliff. Close by this, a copious stream of cool and clear water issued like a rivulet from a natural cave, the expansive vault of which was festooned with green ferns and mosses. It was evident that we had here the remains of *Nymphæum*, described by Strabo as having a grotto, and being situated between the mouth of the Orontes and Mount Casius. It was but a few steps further to the river, which we were soon boated over, glad to gain our tents after our long but pleasant ramble.

POCKET EDITION OF LEIGH HUNT'S POEMS.*

If ever poet deserved the distinction of a pocket edition of his works, it is LEIGH HUNT; for of all poets he is the most genial, the most companionable. He is pleasant at all seasons, and at all places: in summer amid the fields, beneath shady trees, on haycocks, on the mossy banks of babbling brooks, in leanings over gates, in solitary rambles through green lanes, (if rambles can ever be solitary with Leigh Hunt for a companion,) in snug parlours in little road-side inns—especially if waiting for a chop or a steak—in arbours by the side of bowling-greens, in rustic churchyards, in garden-walks, upon benches and terraces, in punts and wherries, in steamers, coaches, railway-carriages, and omnibuses—everywhere he is delightful; and in winter, he is not the less welcome by the fireside, over a flask of claret, (the only wine, by the way, in which Leigh Hunt indulgeth,) or at tea—but chiefly at breakfast, when he comes in fresh as the morning's self, and puts one in good humour or good heart (if needful) for the day.

But our poet is not merely a companion for the fireside or the country. You may take him with you into the most crowded part of the city, and find him equally at home. He will turn with you into any court or alley, and discourse you most excellent music. He will sit down with you in the humblest coffee-house, and change it into a fairy palace if you will listen to him. He will cheer you if you are de-

* 24mo. Moxon. 1844.

pressed; instruct you if you need council; humanize and soften your heart if it be too much hardened by the cares and businesses of life. The oftener you take him with you into the city the better. And we should like to see a complete edition of him (prose as well as poetry) placed on every desk in every counting-house, between the ready-reckoner and the directory.

"When the author was a boy at school," says Mr. Hunt in his pleasant preface, "writing twice the number of verses required by the master, and thinking of nothing but poetry and friendship, he used to look at one of the pocket volumes of Cooke's edition of Gray, Collins, and others, then in course of publication, and fancy that if ever he could produce anything of that sort in that shape, he should consider himself as having attained the happiest end of a human being's existence. The form had become dear to him for the contents, and the reputation seemed proved by the cheapness. He has lived to qualify the opinion not a little as far as others are concerned in what he does; but in respect to his wishes for his mere self, they are precisely the same as they were then; and when Mr. Moxon proposed to him the present volume, he seemed to realize the object of his life, and to require no other prosperity."

When we were at school, and reading the "Indicator," the "Foliage," and the "Story of Rimini," we used to think that if we could ever write essays or verses like Leigh Hunt, we should have reached the utmost height of our ambition; and though we have not quite arrived at that point of distinction yet, still, as we have him for a contributor to our pages, we are fain to be content.

Mr. Moxon's edition of our author cannot compete in point of elegance with Cooke's tastefully-embellished series of the poets, but it is beautifully printed and compact, and would have been all that could be desired, were it not for the omission of so many old favourites,—the admirable translation of the "Atys" of Catullus, for instance, many of the Sonnets, and all the Epistles; and still more for the very extensive alterations, almost amounting to reconstruction, which the principal poem in the collection has undergone. Love and admiration of the author urge us to remonstrate with him upon the ungracious task he has here imposed upon himself. Besides being unfair to former readers, the policy or propriety of revision after a lapse of years may fairly be questioned. In Mr. Hunt's case it was wholly unnecessary, and is therefore the more reprehensible. Victor Hugo lays it down as a law, that a book once given to the world, cannot be reclaimed. As it was born, so must it exist, if it exist at all. But Mr. Hunt's offspring was neither halt, nor lame, nor blind. It was vigorous and masculine. His tree had taken root, and though somewhat rudely shaken in infancy by furious blasts from the north, had stood its ground sturdily, and was flourishing in the bright sunshine, till stripped of its feathery spray, bereft of some of its most graceful limbs, and deprived of all its dew by the very hand that planted it; and all under the fallacious notion of improving its beauty and prolonging its life. This is giving us an old friend with a new face with a vengeance. It is Aladdin's lamp exchanged for the magician's; Rimini di-Riminied; and is almost as bad as Shakspeare Bowdlerized, or Chaucer modernized by Horne.

How much the poem has been tamed down may be judged by the opening lines. The shade of Dr. Johnson seems to have presided over the new version:—

EDITION OF 1844.

'Tis morn, and never did a lovelier day
 Salute Ravenna from its leafy bay :
 For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,
 Have left a sparkling welcome for the
 light,
 And April, with his white hands wet
 with flowers,
 Dazzles the bride-maids, looking from
 the towers :
 Green vineyards and fair orchards, far
 and near,
 Glitter with drops ; and heaven is
 sapphire clear,
 And the lark rings it, and the pine-trees
 glow,
 And odours from the citrons come and go,
 And all the landscape—earth, and sky,
 and sea—
 Breathes like a bright-eyed face, that
 laughs out openly.

EDITION OF 1819.

The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May,
 Round old Ravenna's clear-shewn towers
 and bay,
 A morn, the loveliest which the year has
 seen,
 Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its
 green ;
 For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,
 Have left a sparkling welcome for the
 light,
 And there's a crystal clearness all about ;
 The leaves are sharp, the distant hills
 look out ;
 A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze ;
 The smoke goes dancing from the cottage
 trees ;
 And when you listen, you may hear a coil
 Of bubbling springs about the grassy soil ;
 And all the scene, in short—sky, earth,
 and sea,
 Breathes like a bright-eyed face, that
 laughs out openly.

And so throughout the whole poem. We fear Mr. Hunt has suffered himself to be influenced by the ridicule of his old and hostile critics. If so, it is to be regretted. He should have despised their censures. The public, now-a-days, knows too well what cliques are composed of, and how enmities are served, to set any value upon criticism that carries animosity, injustice, or envy upon the face of it. This Mr. Hunt ought to have well considered before he allowed his confidence in himself to be shaken. We like him for his very faults, just as we love a pretty woman the better for certain fanciful airs of her own. The catastrophe of "Rimini" has been changed, and, we think, injudiciously. Amongst other charming things of which the pruning-knife has robbed us, is the paraphrase of Sir Bors's lamentation for Sir Launcelot, put into the mouth of Giovanni. Judge whether it ought to have been omitted:—

"By heaven, by heaven, and all the better part
 Of us poor creatures with a human heart,
 I trust we reap at last, as well as plough ;—
 But there, meantime, my brother, liest thou ;
 And, Paulo, thou wert the completest knight
 That ever rode with banner to the fight ;
 And thou wert the most beautiful to see,
 That ever came in press of chivalry ;
 And of a sinful man, thou wert the best,
 That ever for his friend put spear in rest ;
 And thou wert the most meek and cordial,
 That ever among ladies eat in hall ;
 And thou wert still, for all that bosom gored,
 The kindest man, that ever struck with sword."

Nowhere do we find the fervid "Descent of Liberty," with its curious preliminary dissertation on the "Origin and Nature of Masks." And, in short, so much is wanting, that we cannot accept the present as the standard edition of Leigh Hunt's poems. We must have them all, as originally written, and with all the original prefaces and introductions. Such an edition shall have our unqualified praise; and Mr. Moxon, who being himself a poet, knows better than any other publisher what is due to a poet, must set about it, without delay.

THE DROP OF WATER.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

ALONE, amid a million souls,
Round him the tide of people rolls;
But lorn and desolate is he,
None heeding what his lot may be—
A drop of water in the sea.

'Mid all the crowds that round him swarm,
He feels for him no heart will warm;
There is not one that knows his name,
Or cares to ask him whence he came;
His life or death to them the same.

The rich man's chariot passes by,
And lacqueys with a saucy eye,
From outside plush, and inward meals,
Grin at him, as the rattling wheels
Splash him all o'er, from head to heels.

He walketh on, a friendless boy,
With much of hope, with little joy;
Elbow'd for ever by the proud,
As if they grudged the room allow'd
To this mean mortal in the crowd.

On through the busy mass he goes,
But whither bent he scarcely knows;
Through lane and street, and park and
square,
And looks at wealth he may not share,
Though he is hungry and half bare.

For him amid these houses small—
For him amid these mansions tall,
There is not one, where he could go,
And say, "I am a child of woe,
To cheer me let the wine-cup flow."

No; he is friendless, and alone—
To no one are his sorrows known,
His hope, or joy, or grief, or fear,
There is not one would care to hear,
Or say the word, "Be thou of cheer!"

And evil thoughts will sometimes rise,
When flaunting wealth affronts his eyes;
Envy, perchance, and discontent,
That he into this world was sent—
No good with all his evils blent.

"No good?" saith he. "Ah, surely
wrong;
Fresh health and youth to me belong;
And from endurance I can learn
Still to endure, and never turn
From the high thoughts with which I
burn."

And still within himself he says,
"Each man must pass his evil days—

Each man should suffer ere his prime,
If up the world's high steep he'd climb,
Some grief to fit him for his time.

"I am not all alone nor sad,
The face of Nature makes me glad,
The breath of morn, the evening's sigh,
The contemplation of the sky,
That fills my soul with yearnings high.

"The leafy glory of the woods,
The rushing of the mountain floods,
The wind that bends the lofty tree,
The roaring of the eternal sea,—
All yield an inward joy to me.

"I find a pleasure in the sight
Of meadows green and corn-fields bright,
I find a pleasure in the lay
Of birds that hail the breaking day,
Or warble to the moonlight grey.

"If no man loves me, Nature's voice
Is kind, and bids my heart rejoice;
The path I go, true souls have trod,
I will look upwards from the clod,
With a firm heart, and trust in God."

And thus he walketh, hour by hour,
And day by day, and gaineth power
Over himself, and worketh still,
Through storm or shine, through good
or ill,
The one high purpose of his will.

And year by year, with dauntless breast,
And mind with tranquil thoughts possest,
In conscious rectitude array'd,
By fear and danger undismay'd,
He labours as his impulse bade.

He looks on hardship, and it sinks;
He measures peril, and it shrinks;
Before him difficulties fly,
Scared by that quietude of eye,
Serene to suffer or defy.

And still, 'mid the perennial strife
With worldly things, that makes his life,
He never plays the worldling's part,
Or ever from his grateful heart,
Allows the freshness to depart.

Amid the city's ceaseless hum,
Still to his soul the visions come,
Of the green woodlands far away,
Where in communion all the day
With Nature, he was wont to stray.

And mixing with his fellow-men,
He finds some goodness, now and then;
And pitying those whose souls are blind,
Nor hating those of evil mind,
He learns to love all human kind.

To him all errors of the past,
Teach wisdom where his lot is cast;
And after struggles hard and long,
With self, and with temptation strong,
And pride that sought to lead him wrong,

He learns this truth, that nought below
Can lasting recompence bestow
But Virtue;—that the love of fame
Is something better than a name,
If love of virtue feed its flame.

That to the mind not 'mured in self,
Nor toiling for the love of pelf,
Wealth may be worth its cost of brain,
That gives the power to solace pain,
And lift the fallen up again.

Take courage, ye, who wander here,
Lonely and sad, and be of cheer!
This man, who had no aids to climb,
But his true heart and soul sublime,
Lives in the annals of his time.

So by an ever-wise decree,
The drop of water in the sea,
Awakens to a glorious birth,
Becomes a pearl of matchless worth,
And shines resplendent in the earth.

ORIANA AND VESPERELLA; OR, THE CITY OF PEARLS.

BY JOHN HAMILTON.

CONCLUSION.

MONTHS rolled away, and Oriana became worse and worse in her behaviour to Vesperella, being heartily sick of the remembrance of her innocent hours, which of course the sight of her sister naturally provoked. She chid her for the merest trifle, and plotted always to rid herself of such irksome society. Of an evening, when she and the king were sitting down to picquet, she would suddenly forget her point, and exclaim, "Can I bear so bitter a maid?" And she would turn round at her toilet, and kick over whole buckets of lavender-water, because Vesperella pinned her handkerchief a little unevenly, or burned her forehead in curling her hair. At length a golden ring was missing, and one that Oriana set great store by. All the search that was made only seemed to make the loss more determined, and to exasperate the queen the more.

"It is that wretched servant of mine, King Bobo," said Oriana; "and nothing will content me, but having her immured in the black prison."

"Thy will shall be done," replied the subdued pacific King Bobo; and the guards were ordered to take Vesperella, and imprison her, as the queen desired.

The innocent and much-injured princess cared little now, after all the ingratitude of her sister, and the trials of time, for this final act of the heartless Oriana; so she submitted, without a word, to the will of the guards, and was conducted to the black prison. This spot was without a ray of light, and all the air was as heavy as if it were made of lead. Food of a coarse sort was daily brought; and the jailer's face was the only human thing she saw for weeks. Oriana enjoyed herself in the most luxurious way, laughing all the morning, and dancing all the night, never once thinking of her sister, whom she so cruelly abused.

One day, as Vesperella sat on a stone seat in the prison, she could not help ejaculating, "Woe is me, that I should be followed by so cruel a sister! What have I ever done, that my days should be so dark, and my heart so pained!" She took her feather from her bosom, which was so bright that all the dungeon became illuminated; and this greatly consoled her, for it seemed as if her mother's spirit applauded her endurance. By the light of the magic feather, however, she saw innumerable green snakes, crawling and writhing about the dungeon, which made her shudder with horror; so she restored the feather to her bosom, preferring utter darkness to such foul sights. "Will my hours never have end?" exclaimed Vesperella. "Will they never be relieved of this sad and inconsolable trouble?" At this instant, Vesperella perceived an old woman, with green eyes and eyelashes, and with hair like transparent feathers, standing in one corner of the dungeon; and she recognised her to be the same that gave her the wortle-berries on the heath. Her hair shed an emerald light about, like that of glow-worms. The princess could not speak for wonder; but the old woman said, "Be of good heart, my sweet Vesperella; your days shall yet be happy, and your wicked sister shall not always prosper. Whenever you choose to enjoy yourself, touch this wall with your feather, and it will immediately open into the *Gardens of Evening*, which will exceedingly suit your mild nature, and your name. At the same time, when you wish for food, put your feather to your lips, and speak through it for what you require, and it will come to you. I shall never forsake you—farewell!" The old woman disappeared, and the dungeon again became dark.

Vesperella, as soon as the old dame had departed, resolved to refresh herself with the light—having been so long debarred from its cheerfulness; and accordingly, groping her way to the wall, amidst the hissing and curling of snakes and vipers, she touched it, exclaiming at the same time, "Wall, if I may be so permitted, I would have thee open, and grant me passage to the Garden of Evening." The good-natured partition, unlike prison-walls in general, heeded the prayers of the immured princess, and entirely disappeared. Vesperella shrunk to the back part of her dungeon, and sat there, sorely amazed. A kind of open arch appeared, through which the softest avenues of shadowy trees were seen, and falls of water, and paths of verdurous freshness. The light of evening entered the black prison, and startled its glooms with unaccustomed beauty. The vipers and snakes twined about, and their restless shapes shewed like the green waves of the sea, when the evening sunset is upon them. Vesperella arose, as well as her surprise would permit her, and advancing to the opening, (the serpents parting before her footsteps,) entered that pleasant and quiet garden. The grass received her feet with great tenderness, nestling about them closely and affectionately; and the branches of the trees waved over her head, awaking in her feelings of old, which were painful though sweet, because they were lost for ever! She had not listened to the music of the boughs since she quitted the magic orchard, and now she stood for many minutes, dieting her spirits with the mere rustling of the leaves.

The while she thus enjoyed the Garden of Evening, her ear was surprised with the voice of a man beseeching her in the tenderest manner to look toward him. She turned her head, and beheld Prince Amorel,

the king's son, advancing to pay his respects to her. Her heart felt enamoured of him on the instant; and never was seen so graceful and agreeable a youth. His hair curled upon his shoulders in rich brown clusters, and his features were more regular than the wings of time or the circle of the sun. He was habited in a dress of blue and silver, with shoes of blue-coloured satin, decked with silver fringe. With a most respectful air, he advanced to the princess; and she curtsied, with a delicate blush, to his gentle attentions.

"Suffer me, lovely lady," said Prince Amorel, "to ask how you came to wander in this the Garden of Evening—a solitude which few disturb in these days—a solitude which I love better than all the gorgeous terraces and gardens of the king my father?"

"Prince," returned Vesperella, "I fear I intrude upon your retirement; and certainly these shades do not deserve to be disturbed by such unfortunate feet as mine."

Amorel was struck with the grace and beauty of Vesperella, and admired her ready reply no less than her uncommon loveliness. Upon further inquiry, the princess explained to him her whole history, omitting no particular of her own life or her sister's wickedness, and concluding with a modest avowal of pleasure at meeting so accomplished a prince in so sweet and noiseless a retreat. Many sayings and compliments were exchanged, as are usual between young persons of tender minds, and at last the most ardent vows of love were mutually pledged, the prince averring, that he could live for ever in the Garden of Evening when possessed of Vesperella's affection, and the princess declaring that she cared not for her past sorrow, being blessed with the love of so matchless a prince as Prince Amorel. No two persons could be happier than they were; and thus they walked away, till the moon arose, and warned them to shun the damps of night. The prince returned to the palace, but not till he had vowed that he would see his love again the next evening; and the princess bent her way, with a much happier heart, to the dungeon. With her feather she closed up the arch; and when the jailer had seen all safe for the night, she kissed her feather, and wished for a supper. Never was seen such a repast. Silver dishes arose on a marble table, containing roasted birds of exquisite flavour, and wings of partridges, with some excellent milk-porridge, of which the princess was particularly fond. Cups of sweet cowslip-wine refreshed her lips, and she made an excellent supper, returning thanks for the blessing. Her heart was so much pleased with the events of the evening, and her meal had so cheered her spirits, that she sang to herself, in a soft and lovely voice, the following words, which she composed on the instant, being a person of the most charming and ready invention:—

SONG.

BY VESPERELLA.

Prince of the dark sweet eyes,
 Prince of this heart of mine,
 Thy Vesperal gently sighs,
 Thy name o'er the gold-flower wine;
 Her silver plates
 Are fill'd with dates,
 And she wishes such pleasant fruit were thine.

There are cherries before her eyes,
 But thy lips are before her heart;
 And apples of golden dyes
 She would give to be where thou art;
 There are fragrant berries
 More rich than cherries—
 Ah! would thou wert here to partake a part!

Having finished her supper and her song, she put her feather to her lips, and wished the dishes away; and all things departed at her bidding. It would really have been difficult to guess how this princess could have been fed through all her perils without her feather!

After a night of mild and unbroken sleep, and of dreams of happy boding, the princess arose and said her morning prayers, in which the prince was never out of her mind. She longed for the day to pass, for not till then could her eyes be blessed with sight of her lover, and the serene Garden of Evening. Again Amorel and she met and passed the time in tender converse as before, and parted more fondly attached than ever; for nothing links the hearts of two lovers more than a quiet evening in a verdurous solitude. Amorel thought Vesperella lovelier than ever, and Vesperella felt that Amorel was the handsomest and tenderest prince her eyes had beheld. Many weeks passed in this happy intercourse, during which time the two lovers carved each other's names on the trees, and wrote the most charming songs on the leaves of the water-lilies, with pens artfully made out of rushes and dipped in invisible ink. The time lapsed away a million times more smoothly than ever it did in the golden age.

In the meanwhile, Oriana could not for her life refrain from costly balls and parties; thus consuming the wealth of King Bobo in sumptuous but idle and expensive pleasures. She sold all her jewels to keep up her state, and even parted with those of Vesperella to meet her extravagant wants; the very pavement of the City of Pearls was all taken up and sold for exportation, to supply the queen with funds, and scarcely a slice of a diamond was left in the miserable subjects' habitations, so severe was the hasty and extensive taxation for the privy purse. But all would not do. King Bobo was reduced to poverty, and was driven to the greatest straits to wring moneys from his people, pretending he needed supplies for the state service. But when he had made them nearly as poor as himself, they felt their patience tried, and appealed to him—with the usual effect—by public addresses, to relieve them. Their representations went to prove that they were respectfully sick of the queen's extravagance—that all the surrounding nations laughed at their foolish endurance, and averring with submission that not more than twenty crowns were left in the City of Pearls. King Bobo would have turned a royal ear to his people's complaints, but his queen would not be controlled; so he was urged at last to demand the last twenty crowns from the famished subjects. They remonstrated, but Oriana's Mechlin lace must be paid for; so the money was seized, the queen was brilliantly dressed, and not a farthing was left in the City of Pearls.

Matters had come to this lowness, when the queen bethought her of raising money by felling the trees in the Garden of Evening, the only spot which her extravagance had not rifled. The king rejoiced at the idea, and orders were given to the timber merchants of the neighbouring city to attend, for the purpose of estimating the value of the wood. On their appearance the trees shrank so that they declared them to be

not worth the trouble of felling. Oriana, enraged at the assertions of the timber merchants, and remembering well the size and majesty of the elms and oaks, went into one of her passions, which lasted, according to the king's calendar, eleven days and nights; she then calmed herself, and taking an ivory-handled hatchet in her delicate hand, marched at the head of her attendants, to set the work a-going herself. In putting aside her casket she found her feather so jet black that she cast it from her, when it instantly turned into a raven, and flew croaking away.

Oriana entered the Garden of Evening just at the time that Amorel and Vesperella were walking therein; King Bobo followed with deferential fear; the people were rebelling dismally without the gates of the palace, and the felling of the trees was his last resource. Nothing could equal Oriana's wonder and anger at seeing her imprisoned sister (as she thought her) wandering happily and at freedom with the young Prince Amorel; and as the garden seemed, by its golden foliage and enamoured waters, to favour their passion, the queen felt the more determined to destroy it; so, calling upon his majesty to assist her, she applied the hatchet to the roots of a fine old elm. In vain Amorel and Vesperella intreated her to spare the tree; she reviled them like a common woodcutter, and cut away the more strenuously. Poor King Bobo worked with dignified energy, till the royal perspiration beaded the kingly checks. At length the elm trembled, inclined, fell upon the unfortunate king and his haughty and heartless queen, and crushed the royal pair into a thousand pieces. The foliage, however, rustled round with a singular care, so as to hide the calamitous result of heartlessness and extravagance from the melting eyes of Vesperella; Prince Amorel was leading her away from the spot of death, when the tree, the foliage, the wrecks of the wretched Bobo and his queen, vanished, and, in their stead, stood the little green feathered fairy, with her rush-basket in hand, cunningly covered with a dainty cloth.

"Stay, Vesperella—stay, my child! Stay, Prince Amorel! Pride, ignorance, and cruelty are punished; and beauty, patience, and truth are rewarded. I am your good fairy, and you have well rewarded my love! Hail, King Amorel—King of the City of Pearls! And hail, Vesperella, his gentle queen!"

Amorel and Vesperella kneeled at her feet, and saw her glow into a rich and beautiful fairy before them. She bade them rise, and then taking the feather from the bosom of the young girl, she waved it thrice; and the Gardens of Evening became the Gardens of Day! The people were let in at all the gates, and were at once mad with joy and transferred loyalty. And the fairy replacing the lustrous feather in the bosom of Vesperella, joined the hands of the lovers, and faded into air! The basket remained, expanding into many coffers, filled with jewels and riches, sufficient to repair the ruin of the impoverished City of Pearls. Vesperella looked up from the breast of Amorel, on which her head had unconsciously fallen, and in breathing her gratitude, she indistinctly caught a dim departing sight of her mother's face, and a form of stars with outstretched arms of light—all blessing her!

The nuptials were immediately celebrated; and the festivities of the city were kept up with unabated joy for two years. Never were lives of prince and princess passed so happily as those of Amorel and Vesperella! and never was city half so splendid from that time as the CITY OF PEARLS!

“DOMESTIC AND SOCIAL” NOVELS.*

THE “rural novel” of Mr. Tupper prepared the way for the “domestic” and the “social” novel, written upon a similar plan. But the ground taken up in these two stories is general and well-trodden, inasmuch as nothing can be much more common than novels social and domestic. It seems hardly worth while to insist upon the classification; for there is in the books before us no essential difference between the two, and no distinct or exclusive feature to distinguish either from what may be called the novel in general. This however is of no consequence. The tales are short, pointed, finely-aimed, and too remarkable in the manner of their execution to be glanced over with languor or indifference.

Alike when he succeeds and when he fails, this author writes upon a principle quite his own. One quality of it is, to tell his reader everything as soon as he begins to find it out himself. There never was a novelist or story-teller less endowed with the power—which some might suppose to be an essential qualification—of keeping a secret. The instant he has settled his course, he communicates it. It is as though—moral, conscientious, and discriminating in all his writings—he held himself bound by some subtle and mysterious law of authorship, to tell the truth and the whole truth at once.

Thus, when he takes you to a village, he pictures not only the state of it at the time of the tale, but perhaps its present condition also, with in one corner the churchyard, wherein his principal characters lie buried; and when he introduces one of these characters, the probability is, that while learning who he is, we learn also what he is going to do, although it is all to be done quite slyly and in masquerade. So also of events, as well as places and persons. When an incident is to be related, it is odds but the curious, anxious, excited reader is fully informed upon the spot of some of the principal consequences which are to flow from the circumstances described. The reader is always “well up” with the author. The instances in which the course of the narrative, and the development of the characters in regular action, are in this manner anticipated, are numerous; but, strange to say, the interest is never weakened by a process so apparently fatal to it, and we go on to speculate, with the light breaking in around us, as earnestly and wildly as if left in the dark.

The key to this is to be found in the wild earnestness of the author himself. The passion by which he is possessed, he communicates to the reader; it is a passion for the truth, as it affects every person in his story. It is impossible to be indifferent while he displays such enthusiasm in his work. To him, the characters are such plain, visible facts,—he takes such an interest in their thoughts and conduct,—that we at length adopt his view of their vitality, and are governed by the same sympathies.

Who could be insensible to the reality of an object, though in the shape of a fiction, when its creator sees it glow with life, and feels it breathing under his hand! Nobody could have stood beside Pygmalion unaffected and disbelieving: the sculptor’s passion must have made

* The Twins : a Domestic Novel. Heart : a Social Novel. By M. F. Tupper.

the marble seem as warm to the spectator as to himself. So with Mr. Tupper: his strong, ardent, moral sympathy, gives life and substance to creatures of his imagination that else would have belonged but to a world of fleeting and inanimate shadows. He sits and talks to the characters of his story, as if they were his children assembled round the fireside; or friends visiting him to settle some grave controversies. He never trifles with them, or appears to feel that they have a less positive existence than the one which he is conscious of possessing as he writes. He does not treat them as inventions of his fancy, so much as stubborn, independent self-existences, endued with a will of their own, and meriting, according to their exercise of it, his veneration or his hate.

Emily, in "The Twins," is an example:—She is less like the author's creation than his contemporary; he addresses her confidentially, he admires and caresses her, and when a certain love-letter is to be produced, appeals to her, with a simplicity which would be ridiculous if it were not part of a serious system, for permission:—"I dare say Emily will forgive me if I get it set up legibly in print. *May I, dear?*"

For an example of a different kind, take crafty John Dillaway, in "Heart." The narrator of the story works himself into a rage with the scoundrel-hero of it. Such appears to be the impatience of his honest indignation at vice, that with every new turn of its prosperity, his note of scorn and anger takes a higher pitch. He rails at the phantom he has conjured up, and calls it the vilest names as often as its cunning villany is successful—"wretch" and "monster" are ordinary terms in his apostrophes, and ardour of resentment, as at the enforced contemplation of triumphant rascality, bursts forth from his very heart again and again.

Thus, when crafty John has fattened upon a flagitious falsehood, (a thing he relishes mightily, it must be owned,) the comment in the text is indicative of a suppressed bitterness of feeling:—"Well, if that clever and gratuitous lie was not another 'bone,' I am at a loss to know what could be a 'bone' to such a hound!"

Soon after, he bursts out with strange emphasis:—

"John Dillaway, if craft be virtue, thou art an archangel: but if Heaven's chief requirement is the Heart, thou art very like a devil,—very. If selfishness deserves the meed of praise, who more honourable than thou art? But if a heartless man can never reach to happiness, I know who will live to curse the hour of his birth, and is doomed to perish miserably."

Presently, the warning addressed to the cold, heartless criminal grows even more solemn, and is again personally pointed, as though to arrest him in his terrible purposes and stop him in time; until, a few pages further, a deeper insight into his nature, a sadder and bitterer experience of his profligacy, shews remonstrance to be in vain. His infamy has taken a yet darker shade:—

"O hard and wicked heart!—what will not such a miscreant do for money? Nothing, I am clear, but the cowardly fear of discovery prevents John Dillaway from becoming a positive parricide by very arsenic or razor, so as to grasp his cheated father's will and wealth. And this assertion will appear not in the least uncharitable, when," &c.

These characteristics of Mr. Tupper's tales are worth noticing, not simply as peculiarities of style and manner, or symptoms of an original turn for telling stories, but as evidences of the wonderful interest which the author himself feels in his narrative, of the influence of his invented characters upon his own emotions, and of the sincerity of his likings and loathings, whether moved by the attractiveness of virtue

or the repelling aspect of vice. This earnestness is not an every-day feature of authorship; nor does it always happen that writers equally clear-sighted as to the interest of their subject and the identity of their characters, see so keenly as Mr. Tupper does, or keep so unfailingly in view, the moral truths they should illustrate, and the kindly social purposes they should serve.

Whether loving or abhorring, Mr. Tupper is for no half-measures. In no part of his work does he seem to flinch from a hard natural hit—to shrink when a passion is in full play, gushing and roaring like a mountain-torrent, or to halt between two sentiments, piecing out the raggedness of one with the flimsiness of another, and "letting I dare not wait upon I would." He seldom wants sagacity or feeling to judge rightly, and is never deficient in courage to say what he thinks. His heart seems to "leap up" as at a rainbow, when the bright glad fortunes of a youthful loving pair are his subject, and an expression of sympathy is diffused like a glowing light over the page when he is expatiating upon the fairer parts and the nobler qualities of human nature. But he fails not to enter with equal enthusiasm upon the dark and savage side; to prove himself a "good hater" when his antipathies get into play, and to paint a villain without his mask in the plain downright native blackness of his atrocity. His scoundrels are no doubtful fellows, confusing one's ideas of genuine depravity by good deeds done in sport or at random, and calling, in the last scene, respectable witnesses to character. Such is his heartiness of hatred, that he prefers the real thing—those select ones of the earth, who are absolutely perfect—destitute of a merit, and unspotted with a virtue.

In short, Mr. Tupper's bad characters are witnesses of the realities with which he loves to deal; and his philosophy seems to urge him, when he must have a villain, to make choice of a good one—that is to say, a scamp without an atom of good in him at all. In the story of "The Twins," Julian, the bad brother of the pair, is irredeemably bad;—"one, in whose life are no white days; one, on whose heart are no bright spots; of this world only, and tending to a worse, appetite was all he lived for—and the core of appetite is iron selfishness."

The scene in which this villain *sans* the "one virtue" works, includes several interests, connected with the faults and sorrows of a family of which he is the darling and the destroyer. The story is wholly wanting in freshness, and plentifully supplied with fault; it owes its vivacity and interest to the characters, and the reflections they suggest. It includes, too, some sweet and truthful lessons, concerning the influences of parental affection, the absence of it, and the abuse of it in its blindness; beautiful pictures of youthful faith and devotion; delineations of pitiful weakness, and thrilling exhibitions of stormy and ungovernable passion. There is much exaggeration; but perhaps more nature and simplicity—qualities too exquisite to be common or continuous.

The "social novel" is marked by the same general characteristics. The plot is ingeniously constructed, and the materials are less hackneyed. The characters are drawn with distinctness, and they work consistently to an end. It is a story of the Heart and the Breeches-pocket. The daughter (plain, snub-nosed, freckled little beauty!) has the first, laden with all the purest treasures of humanity, doubling their value by constant use; and the son (crafty John, alluded to before) is the pos-

essor of the second, in which he buttons up his soul, unconscious of the secret gap through which it drops into perdition. It is impossible, even by an outline, to figure the horrible ending of the heartless money-grasper, on his escape from one of the penal settlements. The painful terror of it, the appalling desolation, well nigh deadens the sense to all the sweetness of the tale, and darkens its cheerful philosophy.

THE DEAD IN THE SEA.

(From the German of Ferdinand Freilgrath.)

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

DEEP—under the green billows—deep
On heaps of shell and sand,
Full many a sailor lies asleep,
Who bravely left the land.

The strong sea found his bark was weak,
And pluck'd it down beneath;
The storm, while health was on his cheek,
Brought him an early death.

Deep—under the green billows—deep
On heaps of sand and shell,
Full many a victim lies asleep,
On whom no tempest fell.

He sicken'd in his berth and died,
And came to port no more;
For to a plank his corpse they tied,
And then they flung him o'er.

The sea's abyss is one large grave,
A churchyard is its face,
A tombstone is each rising wave,
To mark the burial-place.

Oh, we should see in depths below,
Were that vast flood run dry,
The sleepers all—a ghastly row;
Should see how round their white bones
grow
The crimson polypi;

See their sand-cushions laid beneath
With weeds and moss spread over;
How on the fish they grin with teeth,
Which lips no longer cover;

And how the bones, that once were arms,
The busy sword-fish burnish;
And how the mermaids come in swarms,
Their marv'lous gifts to furnish;

How one anoints the hair, and one
Fumes it, with wond'ring eyes,
And paints the pallid face of bone
With ruddy ocean-dyes.

By one a string of shells is borne,
One sings a fun'ral song,
And we should see rare gems adorn,
That large and lifeless throng.

We should see hands and wrist-bones
shine
With amber bracelets bound;
We should see branching coral twine
Those fleshless skulls around;

How to a pearl, most pure and white,
Transform'd is ev'ry eye;
And how sea-monsters with delight
Suck all their marrow dry.

We should behold each slender mast,
Which once the billows bore,
Now by an ocean-rock held fast,
Some dead man tow'ring o'er.

The worms and fish to gnaw it come,
Rooted in turf it seems;
"Sure 'tis the spire that graced my
home,"—
'Tis thus the sleeper dreams.

Yes, deep below the billows—deep,
With brave pearls at his side,
Full many a seaman lies asleep,
Who in those billows died.

He slumbers from his home afar,
No flower adorns the place—
No tears of mourning friends there are
To drop upon his face.

Sweetly he sleeps, though on his grave
No rosemary is seen;
No budding bushes on him wave—
No weeping willows green.

What if no falling tear there be,*
He does not care about it;
Surely, the dead man in the sea,
Is wet enough without it.

* I cannot help wishing that Freilgrath had concluded this very striking "full-fathom-five" sort of poem in some other way. This seems but a poor conceit as a termination. The German words are:—

—————"Und dass sein Angesicht,
Kein Thränenregen schlug,
Den Todten im Meere kümmert's nicht!
Er ist ja nass genug!

THE ELLISTON PAPERS.

(Second Series.)

EDITED BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

Philip Astley—A rude playhouse—Elliston's fresh treaties: the Dublin, the Edinburgh, the Birmingham theatres—Perplexities—Extraordinary dogs—"Jack Taylor"—Elliston's correspondence with Edmund Kean—Perplexities, deeper and deeper still.

ABOUT this time, the eccentric Philip Astley, finding his Olympic Pavilion in Wych-street not quite the profitable concern it had previously been, felt a strong inclination for its disposal; and well knowing Elliston's omnivorous appetite for this species of prey, he contrived, in a circuitous manner (truly characteristic of an amphitheatrical), that the intelligence should reach the ears of our enterprising comedian. Elliston snapped at the bait presently—"The very thing for me!" cried he—"so near to Drury! Such a family *circle*! I'll set about it directly." Straightway, on the very morning of his information, Elliston was under the lintel of Hercules' Hall, the seat of the redoubtable equestrian, and at once made known to him the nature of his business. "Father Philip," with well counterfeited surprise, listened to the suitor's proposal; and in the language of a fond parent, replied that, as he was certainly descending into the vale of years, he had felt a natural anxiety for seeing his child well settled before he died, and should not therefore be deaf to any honourable offer which might be made for the hand of his little pet, "for it is verily my own flesh and blood," added he—an observation well applied, for the pretty *Witch* was, in point of fact, the very offspring of Philip's labour, the theatre having been literally built with his own hands. The history is curious.

In 1805, Lord Craven granted a lease to Astley of a piece of ground in Wych-street, which had been cleared, by the removal of some old tenements, not of the most reputable character, for a term of sixty-one years, at an annual rent of 100*l*. On this spot a theatre was to be erected, and a sum not less than 2500*l*. to be expended, with other covenants.

The spot of ground so granted, was the most unshaped and unshapable *piéd à terre* which can be imagined—an area as irregular as the practices which had lately distinguished it. In this space, however, the geometric Amphi-Philip proposed to describe a circle; for which purpose he collected about him a variety of workmen from a neighbouring public-house, which, by the bye, happened to be "The Compasses," and immediately set to business.

Some old naval prizes being at this time on sale, Philip purchased the timber of what he called the "Wheel de Parrey," which being designed for the exercise of his horses, was perhaps no inapposite accentuation; and with the masts, yards, and bowsprit of the shattered Frenchman, he formed the main props and support of his new playhouse; evidence of which is to this day discernible in the rear of the boxes of the Olympic Theatre. Here, Philip, in his one-horse chaise,

which was constructed closely, to fit the rotundity of his person, sat, day after day, like a prebendary in his stall, giving directions to his operatives around him, who carried on the process of the building. The brick-work was very trifling, the limbs of the *Wheel de Parrey* being principally pressed into this new service, clothed in tin and tarpawling, and bearing tiers of boxes from the identical joints which once carried tiers of guns.

Through favour of her Majesty, Astley obtained a licence for music, dancing, burlettas, pantomime, and equestrian exhibitions; this privilege being mainly granted for the purpose of enabling him to keep his horses during the winter. The licence, which had only been requested for the term between Michaelmas and Easter, was, in point of fact, made out for the whole year, and was so continued; so that, in Sept., 1806, when the indefatigable Philip was ready for opening, he found himself somewhat unexpectedly in possession of a valuable tenure.

Thus, in the course of a short time, a tolerable theatre was erected. The audience part consisted of one tier of boxes, a pit, which surrounded the ride, at the back of which, a space, denominated a gallery, was parted off by an iron grating, through which the crowd, like the untamed animals in Cross's menagerie, caught what they could, which was little enough. Here was no orchestra, but a small, divided band of musicians occupied the stage-boxes, on each side of the house, and appeared very like one royal party fiddling at the other.

Astley, in his negotiation with Elliston, pronounced that he had covered two thousand feet of ground; that he had extensive frontage in Wych-street, Maypole-alley, Craven-passage, &c., &c., and that on this unequal undecagon, which he fairly denominated unparalleled, he had laid out 8000*l*. On the 18th of March, Philip Astley assigned his interest to Elliston for 2800*l*, and an annuity of 20*l*., so long as he should procure for the new purchaser a renewal of the licence.

Elliston soon collected a company,* and on Easter Monday, 19th of April, 1813, the Olympic Pavilion, under the title of "*Little Drury-lane Theatre*," was opened by him. In the following May the house was abruptly closed, by order of the Lord Chamberlain, as will be seen hereafter.

Elliston's new acquisitions were but fresh temptations to his "vaulting ambition." Our truly dramatic Napoleon appeared scheming a Confederation of the Stage, for scarcely had he annexed the Olympic to his sway, than he was actually in treaty for the Dublin, the Edinburgh, and Birmingham theatres, the last of which he finally secured.

Mr. Phipps, being at this time in Dublin, writes to him :—

"Jones, the proprietor of the theatre in this city, on finding you had purchased the Olympic in London, and hearing—like 'a wholesale dealer'—you were still in negotiation for playhouses by the gross, requests me to announce to you that he is willing to part with his interest in the Crow-street theatre, and that it would be by far the richest jewel in your managerial coronet. In the first place, Jones, by virtue of his patenteeship, is deputy-master of the revels in Dublin, and licences his own pieces; a distinction which the dramatic monopoly of England itself would not confer on you in that country. He believes there is but one man fitted to succeed to his palmy state—namely, yourself; and were it not that my advice

* When Wewitzer was appointed manager of the Royalty (1790), during Palmer's difficulties, he advertised for unemployed actors, and received letters from *seven hundred persons*!

to you would be to have nothing to do with the business, I should think so too. His interest in the concern is to the extent of three-fourths, for which he demands thirty thousand guineas; and though Jones himself fancies this is hardly enough for the property, you will deem it more than so for the subject.

"Conway has a good share of popularity here, particularly amongst the women; and where they go, the men of Dublin are very apt to be found. His height is six feet two inches, an evident consciousness of which, gives him an ungain inclination of body, which, without diminishing the outline, disparages his manly presence. In acting, he is artificial and extravagant. He appears to imitate Young, but his tones are sepulchral rather than harmonious; and by an endeavour to throw expression into his countenance, which is really handsome, he *wofully* distorts his features.

"Of low comedians, we have a Mr. William Farren, who has a great flavour of originality. He is already a good actor; but he has a hardness of style which yet keeps him in the rear of Munden, and the only term perhaps which could be used in dissent from Farren would be, that Munden is better.

"We have also a Miss O'Neil, who bears the greatest promise. She is most deservedly a high favourite with the Dublin audience. Her line is tragedy and leading comedy. Her performance, the other night, in 'Mrs. Oakley,' was quite first rate. In sensibility, she is indeed 'for tenderness formed.' In the affair of the heart, she touches nearer than Mrs. Siddons; we may, with great truth, apply to her the language of the poet—

'poor Monimia mourns,
And Belvidera pours her soul in love.'

I now believe in Thespis and his adventures, for this lady first acted in a stable. Tell it not to the Covent Garden people, or they will plead it for their horses."

Notwithstanding the inhibition of Phipps, Elliston yet entered into a long correspondence with Jones on this subject, which, after a few weeks, was brought to a termination by Elliston abandoning the scheme altogether.

In the same month Elliston commenced a similar correspondence with Harry Siddons respecting the Edinburgh theatre. Managers and proprietors appeared unanimous on the extraordinary qualifications of Elliston for conducting theatrical affairs, all assuring him he was the only fit person to be placed at the helm of their adventurous bark. Mr. Siddons says—"You and you only could render the Edinburgh property the most lucrative in the island. It has the materials of permanent prosperity, which but require an energy in directing. A heart-weariness of management could alone induce me to part with a property so really valuable, but myself and wife are of one mind, that a private station, with less means, would better suit our dispositions—a feeling with which your active temper may have but little sympathy."

Here was another match broken off; not that the great dramatic polygamist had any hesitation of throwing himself into the arms of a new mistress, as will presently be seen, but the *divorcée* of Siddons appeared not so attractive in his eyes, to risk any of that "heart-weariness" which had occasioned the repudiation of her lord Harry.

Within three weeks of the termination of the above suit, Elliston entered into a new courtship. The Birmingham theatre was announced to be let, and he became lessee for a term of five years, with covenants to keep open doors during twenty weeks in each year, and to act himself at least on twelve nights in each season,* &c.

* Theatrical exhibitions in Birmingham are rather of a modern date. As far as we can learn, the stroller occupied occasionally a shed of boards in the fields, now called Temple-street. In 1730, the stage was advanced to a stable in Castle-street,

The two great London patentees now took alarm. Elliston had opened his "Little Drury" on Easter last, with burlettas and musical pieces, &c., under a licence for the whole year, which he had safe enough in his pocket, and the proprietors of Covent-garden and Drury-lane theatres now memorialized the Chamberlain to the effect that, when the licence had been originally granted to Philip Astley, they had been assured by his Lordship that it should be only for the period during which the Amphitheatre at Westminster-bridge was closed, and then only for equestrian exhibitions. Here certainly had been a great oversight in the Chamberlain's office; this promise had doubtless been made, and the patentees had a right of complaint; but it is no less true that Elliston was officially armed by the power with which he had commenced operations, and could not fairly be disseised. He, however, received notice that, notwithstanding the statement he had made, the performances must be discontinued.

By this arbitrary decision Elliston suffered considerable loss, but his letters to the Chamberlain, Whitbread, and the Covent-Garden proprietors were manly, spirited, and gentlemanly. Elliston was, nevertheless, constrained to submit; had he further resisted, it is clear no renewal of his licence would have taken place. His benefit, however, at the close of this season, at Drury-lane theatre, amounted to 702*l*.

In the meantime, operations at the Surrey went on prosperously. A melodramatic piece, under the title, "*Lewellyn*," was produced, in which the chief performers were two extraordinary dogs. Like the old lady's pet, they "could do every thing but speak," and sure such a pair was never seen as *Gelert* and *Victor* in Blackfriars'-road. The poet has said—

"Brutes are my present theme, what then?—
I never said they equal'd men;"

but in this instance they far surpassed the combined human force at the Surrey theatre. *Gelert* and *Victor* were in larger letters in the daily bills than Giroux and Taylor of the previous season, and certainly behaved far better.

The following public announcement was truly *Ellistonian*—

"A CARD.—In consequence of the extraordinary excitement into which the public mind has been thrown in respect of the two dogs, *Gelert* and *Victor*, now under engagement at the Surrey Theatre, and exhibiting nightly instances of sagacity—it might almost be said, reasoning powers—Mr. Elliston offers no objection to respectable parties visiting the animals between the hours of one and three of the afternoon. But to guard himself against the sinister views of malignant

and the audience admitted at threepence a-head. In 1740, a theatre was erected in Moor-street. During the day, the comedian beat up his volunteers for the night, scattering his bills, and proclaiming the merits of his company. In 1751, a party arrived in Birmingham, calling themselves—"His Majesty's Servants from the Theatres Royal," and expressed a hope the public would excuse the ceremony of a drum about the streets, as beneath the dignity of a London Company. In 1752, a larger theatre, in King-street, was erected, and two companies were now playing in Birmingham. This was fatal to the Moor-street establishment, the house being soon converted into a Methodist meeting. In 1774, the theatre in New-street was built on an extensive plan, and very superior accommodation.

jealousy, Mr. Elliston requests that parties who may thus honour his establishment at the time above stated, will insert their names in a book left for that purpose, at the stage entrance."

Elliston was acquainted with (and amongst public men, at this period, who was not?) the eccentric John Taylor, or *Jack Taylor*, or *Sun Taylor*, or *Oculist Taylor*, or *Taylor the Punster*, with sundry other *cognomina*, all of which he had well earned by his versatility of fancy and employment. Of the "Sun" newspaper, Taylor was proprietor and editor, and had consequently ample opportunity for the indulgence of his wit in stanzas "pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, or tragical-comical."*

Taylor thus writes to our friend:—

"I thank you much for the entertainment you afforded me on Tuesday last—the first time I had been abroad since my illness. I fancy I am all the better for your fire and smoke; it got into my lungs, set me coughing, and gave me exercise. Your dogs are marvels. Roberts, my apothecary, gives me bark by day, and you afford the same by night.

"But, my good friend, why do you scatter yourself in this manner? We hear of you in twenty theatres in half the number of nights. And why do you give the meridian of your powers to nocturnal revels? You are ever dreaming, yet never asleep; in fact, you're an odd man.

"I have read your pamphlet in answer to the memorialists of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, and am bound to say, you're a clever creature—a polemic of the first order.

"I perceive a notice of 'Pizarro' in your bills. Is this for your benefit, and will the Drury Lane people allow it? Our concern shall give you a friendly report; but we can do nothing more for you. Our 'Virgins of the Sun,' have followed Lord Yarmouth to Drury Lane, which no one knows better than yourself.

"I thank you for your civilities; but till the weather improves, I

* Taylor was a punster—an inveterate punster—and extremely fond of the theatre; a play, either on the stage or on words. He had a peculiar expression which he applied to most persons, at random—namely, "He's an odd man." For example, he would say, "I called yesterday on So-and-so—he's an odd man. Saw his wife—she's an odd woman; the young curate was at dinner—clever—but he's an odd man; saw the new *Juliet* last night, nothing remarkable about her—but she's an odd girl."

Going into the Green-room of the Haymarket theatre on one occasion, he was requested to subscribe a small sum to a distressed chymist, who had lived in Panton-street, and had been well-known to Colman. "A broken chymist, is he?" said Taylor. "Well, there's half-a-crown for the exhausted receiver."

"On another night," says Colman, "Taylor being behind the scenes when a part, at a short notice, had been put into the hands of a certain lady, who was no great favourite with either actors or visitors, she said, 'Well, if I must go through it, I'll put a good face on it;' to which Taylor replied, 'If your acting the part has anything to do with the good face you can put upon it, you'd better give up the trial altogether.'"

On a subsequent occasion, Taylor dining with Colman, the latter holding up the decanter which had just been replenished, observed, "'Gad! small bottles these, I fancy;'" to which Taylor answered, "Ay, ay, as a poet, Colman, you ought to know better than to give us a false quantity."

Colman having accused him of uttering an old joke, "Well, well," replied Taylor, "there's nothing new under the 'Sun.'"

shall not stir out again—like the poor gentleman, I may say, ‘I have seen better days.’

“I wish you would send copies of your catalogues to Francis Freeing, of the General Post-office—he is a great purchaser of curious books. Should you not be acquainted with him, you may say that it was by my desire you sent them. He is one of the most liberal beings I ever knew; but he is an odd man. Yours, ever,

“JOHN TAYLOR.”

At the usual period for commencing operations at Drury Lane Theatre, Elliston returned from Birmingham to London, but did not open his Wych-street establishment until December, and was then compelled to designate it “The Olympic;” the title “*Little Drury*” being offensive to the great patentees.

Miss Tidswell, for many years an actress at Drury Lane Theatre, having about this time made application to Elliston for an engagement in favour of her nephew, Edmund Kean, the following correspondence took place:—

“Barnstaple, Oct. 2, 1813.

“SIR,—I have this moment received your proposals for the Wych-street Theatre—*id est*—Little Drury, and much deplore your letter not finding me. Neglect does not rank in the catalogue of my follies.

The terms Miss Tidswell, by your authority, mentioned to me, is the superintending the stage, the whole of the principal line of business under all denomination of acting, and an equal division of the house, on the night of my benefit, with three guineas a-week for salary.

The pecuniary terms, I own, do not justify the renown of your establishment; but I place so firm a reliance on your reputed liberality, that on the proof of my humble abilities and assiduity towards the promotion of your interests, you will not be unmindful of mine, I accept, sir, your present proposal, simply requesting you will name what time you expect me in London. I shall be found here for three weeks, and shall be glad to hear from you forthwith.

“Your obedient servant,

E. Kean.

It appears, however, that on the 29th of the same month, Kean addressed a letter to Dr. Drury, requesting a reply to an application which he had already made to that gentleman, for a situation at Drury Lane Theatre, saying at the same time, that he had received offers from Mr. Elliston for the Wych-street Theatre, that he feared the entertainments there produced would be detrimental to a regular tragedian, but that he held the matter in reserve, in case of failure in his more desirable point.

On the 13th of November, Mr. Whitbread wrote to Dr. Drury, stating that the representations made by Mr. Pascoe Grenfell, respecting Kean's talent, were such as to make it desirous Mr. Arnold should see him on the stage, and suggested his coming to London for a trial, the committee paying all his expenses, &c.

In the meantime, on the 11th of November, Kean had again addressed Elliston, saying, that in the event of his services being required before the time stipulated, he should be ready to make his appearance in Wych-street in ten days.

To this proposal, it does not appear Elliston assented. He awaited only the time first appointed for the arrival of the country actor. But on the 19th, he received the following, dated Dorchester:—

“SIR,—Since I last wrote to you, I have received a very liberal offer, from the proprietors of Drury Lane Theatre. It gives me unspeakable regret, that the proposals did not reach me before I had commenced negotiating with you; but I hope, sir, you will take a high and liberal view of the question, when I beg to decline the engagement for Little Drury. Another time I shall be happy to treat with you.

“I am, sir, with unfeigned respect,

“Your obedient servant,

“E. KEAN.”

This was verily taking the bull by the horns. Kean attempted neither to quibble nor fence with the fact, but confessing his engagement with Elliston, trampled all obligations at once beneath his feet, pronouncing only, “My reason’s in my will.” Such was a line of proceeding Elliston was but little inclined to take gently, and immediately addressed Kean to that very positive effect; the consequence of which was another communication from his country friend, but couched in a far different style and character. Kean was now in London, in Cecil-street.

“SIR,—The fate of my family is in your hands. Are you determined to crush the object that never injured you? In one word—are you to receive our curses or our blessings?

“Through your means I am deprived of my situation in Drury Lane Theatre, unless I produce a document from you that I am not a member of the New Pavilion. How can you reconcile this more than Turkish barbarity? If you must display your power, direct it against one more fortunate than myself. Were it not presumption, I should say with Virgil—

“Vixque tenet lacrymas, quia nil lacrymabile cernit.”*

You have become a thorn in the side of my young fortune. The man whose aid I was inclined to suppose would bestow on a friendless candidate some advantage, has suddenly changed his features and looks hideously upon him. I shall conclude, by simply requesting you to inform me whether I am to become a member of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, or again, penniless, hopeless, and despised, am I to be cast again on the provinces, the rejected of this great city, which should afford a home to industry of every kind? *With my family at my back will I return, for the walls of Wych Street I will never enter.* In this strong determination, but with weakened respect for you, sir,

“I am, E. KEAN.”

* The line is to be found in Ovid. Met., which is here of little consequence.

Elliston rejoins—

“To any man with the smallest gift of intellect and the dimmest sense of honour, it must appear that on the 11th of Nov., and previous to that time, you deemed yourself engaged to me, and that, subsequently, a more attractive offer having been made, you held it convenient to consider a pledge as idle, as words muttered in a dream. To your rodomontade I send nothing in reply, and your Latin hexameter I beg to present you with again, as it may be useful on some future occasion. Your letter I shall lay before Mr. Arnold, who, perhaps, will advise with me. All my engagements are made and fulfilled with honour on my part, and I expect an equal punctuality from others.

“I am, yours obediently,

“R. W. ELLISTON.”

While this difference was pending, Kean thus addresses his friend, Manager Lee, of Taunton:—

“My dear Lee,—I am in a damned situation, or, rather, in no situation at all. Elliston has claimed my services, but I will never join the toss-pot. The Drury Lane Committee have decided against me, and have actually withdrawn my salary. Not all the world, or the world's ills shall force me into that feculent hole in Wych-street. So here am I in London, without friends, without money, and a brand upon me by which I can acquire neither.

“‘Prosperity's a cheat—despair is honest.’”

But the Kean and Elliston case, with all its acrimony, was soon after brought to a settlement. The Wych Street manager consented to cancel the engagement, on the condition that Kean should compensate H. Wallack with three pounds per week, to take his duties at the Pavilion; and the new hero of Drury entered on his memorable career at a salary of eight pounds per week.

Edmund Elliston, born Sept. 17, 1813; godfather, S. Rundall, Esq.

GASTON DE FOIX.*

IF there be truth in the philosophy that nothing was ever made in vain, it follows that no great hero could have been without his use, however hard to find, or slight when discovered, the utility of him may have been. Gaston de Foix, consequently, had his; being just the kind of hero who might be said to have been created that a romance might be written in his name. He comes into the possession of the romancer like a piece of personal property which has legitimately descended to him from remote times; he is a kind of heroic perquisite to peaceful penmen.

Where is the character fashioned more captivately to the hand of the painter?—where the deeds more tempting to the chronicler? The annals of chivalry, conquest and valour, in any age or time, scarcely contain a record that more rightly belongs to the order of literature represented by the volumes we have just laid down than the story of

* Gaston de Foix: a Romance of the Sixteenth Century. 3 vols.

the gallant Gaston's brilliant deeds and early fate—his career, so sudden, bright, and brief—his military glories, so rapid, astonishing, transitory and picturesque. The boy-prince transformed by a touch into the veteran soldier; the gay courtier into the conductor of mighty enterprises, and the commander of the French forces at a most eventful and critical period; the light-hearted stripling of two or three-and-twenty into the conqueror of Italy, and the laurelled hero struck dead in the moment of victory on the plains of Ravenna.

The two principal features of his short history, looking only to the military part of it, which, in fact, was the whole, were his exploits at Brescia and Ravenna. The revolt of Brescia was the last proud stubborn stand made by the Italians against their foreign conquerors, and the obstinacy and fire they evinced proved that the spirit of liberty, independence, and the old Venetian pride, was not wholly extinct. Some historians (French) have represented the loss of life as enormous. Many thousands fell also at Ravenna, than which few battles, whether of ancient or modern times, have been more hotly and uncompromisingly contested. It was, however, a victory won comparatively in vain, for the fall of the French leader enabled the vigilance of Spain to avert, in a great measure, its consequences; and not only did the victorious career of the French terminate with the death of the young hero, but his countrymen had within a few months after his fall retired beyond the Alps, and abandoned Italy to the meek mercies of the Spaniard.

At the opening of the romance which chronicles his deeds, and imagines what he might have done, Gaston is Viceroy of Italy; and, as leader of the French force, which is graced by the presence of the flower of the French chivalry, is on his way to the theatre of war. The lively and animated quality of the narrative begins instantly to shew itself. Compelled to seek shelter for himself and followers at the gloomy mansion of a Brescian nobleman, Avogaro, a series of interests, happily worked, arise out of the danger he is exposed to from the proud jealousy and suppressed hatred of the Italian and his fiery son, and the tenderer peril which he incurs as often as his eyes rest upon the noble beauty of the Brescian maiden, Mariana, Avogaro's daughter. Quitting this scene, the treachery that inhabits it pursues him; and yet a hair-breadth escape from a horrible death is insufficient to damp the gay, elastic spirit of the Viceroy, who, with his young counsellor, Renier, (a character pleasantly sketched,) dallies with the time, and finds amusement amidst wandering minstrels, (at the head of whom is a bewitching romp, a roguish beauty worth the reader's acquaintance,) in any adventure that may chance to occur.

One of these adventures conducts him back to Avogaro's house, of the hostility of whose inmates he had already experienced such proofs; but then he had also sustained tokens of the potency of Mariana's beauty. Here he is discovered and entrapped; situations the most exciting ensue, and to the tender succeeds the terrible, in spectral appearances and supernatural agencies, which, however susceptible of provokingly easy explanation, happily possess the power, while yet the spell of solemn apprehension and breathless wonder lasts, of carrying us back to early youth, and re-peopling a "hall deserted" in literature—the old, dreary, faded, tapestry-hung chambers left vacant by Mrs. Radcliffe.

The silent, mysterious escape by the winding-stair, and the dark

flight by water, form a portion of the romance that contrasts effectively with the brilliant court life which follows; pictured, as it is, in high, but not flaunting or exaggerated colours. Gaston is now in the court of Ferrara, with the Chevalier Bayard, who has repulsed Pope Julius from Bologna, and the Italian paragon, Lucretia Borgia, now about thirty, but looking ten years younger, and blazing in matchless beauty amidst a group of ladies and cavaliers. Nor these alone, for on the stage now appear, beside the celebrated and unrivalled chevalier, the Venetian historian, Bembo, and the subtle politician Machiavelli, who discourse with animation if not profundity upon diplomacy, soldiership, the arts and the muses; but, unhappily, neither the sprightly conversation nor the masquerading incident in which the Borgia and Gaston play characteristic parts are favourable for quotation. A hasty peep, however, into the boudoir of Lucretia, the morning after the masquerade, is not so impracticable :

"She was seated at a table in her boudoir, upon which her breakfast apparatus was arranged. It was exceedingly simple, both as regarded quality and quantity. A silver jug of new goats' milk, a slice of bread, and a bunch of dried grapes, constituted the repast. An elegantly-dressed female attendant stood behind her chair. The room was fitted up with all that splendour which taste and wealth combined can furnish. The floor was of that polished enamel which is still so often seen in Venice, and the walls were adorned with several superbly-ornamented mirrors, the workmanship of that ingenious city. The choicest specimens of art, the productions of Raphael and Angelo, were displayed in different parts of the room, and one of its sides was occupied by a library, whose shelves glittered with the brilliant binding of the volumes it contained. A harp and a guitar were seen in different parts of the chamber, the one at the window, the other suspended beneath a portrait of Caesar Borgia, the too celebrated brother of the Princess, whose singularly daring countenance so well expressed the character of that extraordinary personage. On a large massive table beneath the library lay numbers of drawings and beautifully-written manuscripts, heaped together in confusion, as if no hands save those of the duchess herself were permitted to arrange them. And here Lucretia pursued her favourite studies; for, however she may have spent her days and nights at Rome during her father's lifetime, Lucretia, at Ferrara, was the bluest of the blue."

Mariana's place in the heart of Gaston is, however, not endangered by the beauty of the dazzling Lucretia, although at the banquet she talks with astonishing grace and spirit upon everything under the sun—religion, war, politics, love, music, painting, and the last new fashions. Neither her wit nor her malice enslaves him; he is in far more peril when she tenderly and compassionately intercedes for a Spaniard wounded in a duel. "He thought he had never seen her look so well—women never do as when interceding for the unfortunate. Could she be the capricious, heedless being he had imagined! But Gaston knew not of what a mass of contradictions our nature is composed."

One other little picture of the famous duchess we must find a nook for:—

"With all her faults, no one has accused Lucretia of neglecting merit; and her favourite, Ariosto, had a seat at the banquet, not far from his generous patroness. Of all the distinguished guests there assembled, he was, perhaps, the humblest and the least noticed; but the prerogative of genius is higher than that of station. Among all the high-born nobles who sat at that richly-furnished board, is one name now familiar to history? And what should we have known or cared about Ferrara and her princes, but for the immortal author of 'Orlando,' and his more celebrated successor, the ill-starred lover of Leonora d'Este."

The work of war now begins, and the assault on Brescia affords an opportunity for some admirable effects in detailing the military exploits

of the daring but love-smitten hero, whose arm is against Avogaro, as the governor of the town he is to storm, while his heart is with Mariana, who, at best, loves him not, and must now be prompted to regard with hate the enemy of her father and her country. The storming, however, begins, and the town is won; but the Venetians shew a steady front as they retreat, and Gaston begrudges them the glory of retreating steadily. One terrible dash forward, and the retreating host is routed; but the viceroy receives a hurt, while Bayard feels a heavier stroke. A scene of pillage and brutality, of riot, cruelty, and carnage unspeakable ensues, rising before the eye in vivid description.

But less affecting to the soul of the victor was the shout of triumph than the voice that broke upon his ear as he entered, in the character of protector, a little chapel in a convent's roof, whither the affrighted sisters had fled from the raging and profligate soldiery. "Why does the viceroy start at the sound of that sweet voice as if an arrow had pierced his brain? Why does the tell-tale blood rush to his cheek, then leave it pale as marble? Those words seem to have wakened up some hidden recollections, some slumbering passions, which now absorb his entire being." It was the voice of the daughter of the rebel leader, the voice of the unforgotten Mariana, whose father was then the viceroy's prisoner, his life forfeit, his foot at the edge of the grave, and even Gaston powerless to spare! Yet desperate passion, love ungovernable, and, raging in delightful ascendancy over aspiring ambition and the love of glory, swelled in his heart, and found voice in a wild, mad offer to abandon his cause and country, to give up hope of fame and happiness with his kindred, honours in war, and power in peace, if Mariana would fly with him into retirement.

Mariana's heart, however, was fixed on a lowlier object, and even to save her father, she refused to be infirm of purpose, or untrue to her high principles. Gaston was rebuked, spurned, yet he loved devotedly, while warned that his idol had given her affections to another—persevering as heroically in love as in war, and exhibiting even a rarer degree of fortitude and bravery in enduring rejection and reproach. The hero was, in sooth, put to the hardest of trials; he was to do some violence to his sense of duty and honour in saving the life of an enemy taken in arms against France—to relinquish fame, enterprise, station, power—and abandoning, besides, all claims upon Mariana, find happiness in seeing her the bride of another. To win her, the spirit of self-sacrifice was strong—but not strong enough for this. To become the derision of France was to need her for his consoler. The Brescian fell, Mariana was lost; and with sunshine glancing on his white plume, conspicuous in the front of his array, while heavy clouds of disappointment and superstition gathered gloomily over his heart, Gaston's fate hurried him towards Ravenna, where, the victory already won, the conqueror perished in the pride and heroism of his youth.

Such a character and such a fate leave behind no saddening reflections; the picture, as here drawn, often dazzles and always interests. The incidents of battle, the conflicts of passion, the expositions of the craft and policy of that age, and the sketches of persons famous or infamous in history, with the agencies which imagination has contributed, are all wrought up into a powerful and picturesque representation of the career of Gaston de Foix.

TO THE HANGING-COMMITTEE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

A REMONSTRATORY ENTREATY.

BY A CANVASSER.

"After *hanging* the usual time, the miserable object was cut down, and delivered over to its friends." PENNY-A-LINER.

I.

Oh! hang me—hang me, anywhere,
Quite where I am not well seen;
Away from TURNER's gloom and glare—
Away from DANBY's dell-green.
I am not old at all in art,
Yet know straight lines and curves now;
Painting I love with all my heart,
I want—but skill and nerves now.

II.

Away from SHEE—and, oh! from *sich*,
For Heaven's sake keep me clear too;
And CHALON's girl—"Aroint thee, witch!"
COLLINS' sea-flats I fear too.
As for CHARLES LANDSEER—let me say,
Absence from him I *can* yield;
And oh! in mercy, do not, pray!
Approach that great SEA-STANFIELD.

III.

I don't like LEE; keep me apart
From his well-selling pictures;
Do—if you hangmen *have* a heart—
Prevent mine being fixtures:
And do—oh! if you've pity—do
Keep mine from great MACLISE's;
He who gives that transparent hue,
Which gazing on, increases!

IV.

Don't hang me near those sainted girls,
With dying eyes and kill-lips;
And very BYRON-sanctioned curls,
Of course the girls of PHILLIPS.
And if you will—against *his* will—
A young man struggling, all cut;
Why then, of course, you *mean* to kill,
And sacrifice to CALCOTT.

V.

Don't hang me near that PICKERSGILL,
His tone is cream and curds' worth;
GUISCARD's beauty breathes,—but still,
The Mind awakes in WORDSWORTH.
Don't put me near EDWIN LANDSEER,
For that would be, at least, then,
To cost me many a brutal jeer,
And prove *me*, but a beast then.

VI.

MULREADY's style I quite detest,
So like the early WILKIE;
He colours high the coloured jest,
And PATTEN's far too silky.

And ETTY with his pearly hues,
 And ample, lustrous ladies ;—
 Let me, Suspenders—let me choose
 Neighbours, where more of shade is.

VII.

I've no White Horse, with large white flanks,
 And slouch'd-hat men, well branded ;
 But COOPER does them with such force,
 He must go single-handed :
 Don't put me on hard Commons, too,
 And force me to miscarry,—
 How much I dread *him* !—if you knew,—
 That beauteous-building BARRY !

VIII.

I must recall—(a word, I hate,
 I loathe such backward callings)—
 Guard me 'gainst one Associate,
 Or two,—or three ;—there's HOLLINS—
 Sweet painter of the graceful pranks
 Of human life,—alone, too !—
 And hide me from the brace of FRANKS,
 Gentleman GRANT, and STONE, too.

IX.

I can't abide—this I aver—
 (You'll think me quite a coward,)
 That pleasant Mrs. CARPENTER,—
 I shrink from starry HOWARD.
 HART—UWINS—EASTLAKE—none of them !
 Their work the artist-snob hurts ;
 Avaunt too, Vast Jerusalem !—
 I can't bear DAVIE ROBERTS !

X.

Don't hurry on my fatal fate,
 By hanging me near half-castes ;
 I mean, avoid th' Associate
 I should but suffer laugh-shafts.
 If you have something very bad,
 From some one Amateuring,
 Hangmen, forsooth, I should be glad,
 To chance the daub's assuring !

XI.

But no,—my picture's really green ;
 I long to have it discreetly
 Hung up in gloom, or where a screen,
 'Twixt windows, dulls completely.
 The more I think and gaze, the scene
 Bewildering grows and sadder ;
 So hang me where I can't be seen,
 Save only by a ladder !

A JAR OF HONEY FROM MOUNT HYBLA.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

NO. V.

TOUCHES OF DISTINGUISHED SICILIAN CHARACTERS DURING THE PERIOD OF ANTIQUITY FROM PHALARIS TO VERRES.—ACCOUNT OF A DELIGHTFUL LITTLE GREAT MAN, MEAN OF PERSON, BUT NOBLE IN MIND.

SICILY, being one of those small, beautiful, and abundant countries which excite the cupidity of larger ones, has had as many foreign masters as the poor Princess of Babylon in Boccaccio, who, on her way to be married to the King of Colchos, fell into the hands of nine previous husbands. First, in all probability, came subjugators from the Italian continent; then Phenicians, or commercial invaders; then, undoubtedly, Greeks; then, Carthaginians; then Romans, Goths, Saracens, Normans, Germans, Frenchmen, Spaniards, in the possession of which last it remains. Under the Greeks, its cities grew into powerful independent states. Syracuse was once twenty-two miles in circumference. The most prominent names in the ancient history of Sicily are touched upon in the following list.

Phalaris, tyrant of Agrigentum, who perished in his own brazen bull—that is to say, if the bull be true; for his reign was at so remote a period, and the excitement of exaggeration is so tempting, that the sight of the supposed actual instrument of torture, in after times, proves no more than the brazen wolf of Romulus and Remus. The age of Phalaris was that of the prophet Daniel.

Stesichorus, a majestic lyrical poet, in one of whose fragments is to be found the beautiful fiction of the Golden Boat, in which the Sun-god sails invisibly round the north during the night-time, so as to be ready to re-appear in the east.

Empedocles, the Pythagorean. He is accused of leaping into Ætna, in the hope of being supernaturally missed, and taken for a god—a project betrayed by the ejection of one of his brazen sandals. But a philosopher may perish in a volcano, as Pliny did afterwards, without making himself a fool for envy to laugh at.

Hiero the First, of Syracuse, a bad prince, but a possessor of good horses and charioteers, for whose victories in the Olympic games his name has become celebrated by means of Pindar.

Simonides, the famous elegiac poet, a native of Ceos, lived much and died in Sicily, where he was a great favourite. His repeated delays and final answer to Hiero, when desired to give a definition of the Deity, have been deservedly celebrated, and are a lesson to presumption for all time. He first requested a day to consider, then two more days, then doubled and redoubled the period, till the king, demanding the reason of this conduct, was told by the poet, that “the longer he considered the question, the more impossible he found it to answer.”

Epicharmus, the supposed founder of comedy. He was a great philosopher as well as poet, and furnished no little matter to Plato. He died at ninety—some say, at ninety-seven—a longevity probably

attributable, in great measure, to the moderation of his way of life and the serenity of his temper. He says, in one of his fragments—

“ A darling and a grace is Peace of Mind ;
She lives next door to Temperance.”

Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse, (the elder,) who wrote bad verses, slept in a bed with a trench round it and a drawbridge, and, for fear of a barber, burnt away his beard with hot walnut-shells—(what a razor!) He had abilities enough to become the more hateful for his capricious and detestable qualities. Probably he had a spice of madness in him, which power exasperated.

Damon and Pythias, the famous friends, one of whom became surety to Dionysius for the other's appearance at the scaffold, and was not disappointed. Dionysius begged to be admitted a third in the partnership!—the most ridiculous thing, perhaps, that even he ever did.

Damocles, the courtly gentleman who pronounced Dionysius the happiest man on earth, and was treated by his master, in a fit of morality, to a “proof of the pudding” which tyrants eat. He sat, crowned, at the head of a luxurious banquet, in the midst of odours, music, and homage, and saw, suspended by a hair over his head, a naked sword. This, it must be confessed, was a happy thought of the bad royal poet—a practical epigram of the very finest point!

Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse, (the younger,) who, on his ejection from the throne, is said to have become a schoolmaster at Corinth—in order, says Cicero, that he might still scourge somehow.

Dion, his relation, and Timoleon of Corinth, the great but unhappy fratricide, both of whom advanced the liberties of Syracuse.

Plato, who visited the Dionysiuses to induce them to become philosophers. He might as well have asked tigers in a sheep-fold to prefer a dish of green peas!

Agathocles, the potter, tyrant of the whole island, who piqued himself on outdoing the tortures of Phalaris. His objection to the brazen bull was, that you could not see the face of the person tortured; so he invented a hollow iron man, with an open visor, in order that he might contemplate the countenance of the occupant, while heating over a slow fire. But let us hope the story is not true; for, though things as horrible have taken place in the world, the wicked themselves have been calumniated.

Hannibal, during the Punic wars.

Hiero the Second, of Syracuse, a prudent and popular ally of the Romans. He shewed no great favour to Theocritus. He built a huge toy ship, in which were gardens, a wrestling-ground, rooms full of pictures and statues, floors with subjects from Homer, painted in mosaic, and eight fortified towers! We wonder what Tom Bowling would have said to it! When it was completed, it was found that there was no harbour in Sicily fit for it, so the king sent it as a present to Ptolemy Philadelphus.

Theocritus, the great pastoral and miscellaneous poet, for pastoral was not his only, or his highest excellence. Circumstances appear to have made a present of *him* also, as well as the ship, to King Ptolemy, for Hiero neglected and Philadelphus patronised him.

Archimedes, kinsman of Hiero. His wonderful mechanical inventions are among the daily instruments of utility all over the world.

The Romans were obliged to suspend their operations against Syracuse solely by the terror he occasioned them with his cranes that lifted their ships, and his glasses that burnt them. When the city was taken, orders were given to seek for him, and spare him, and bring him before the Roman general, that he might be duly honoured; but a stupid soldier is said to have unwittingly despatched him, provoked at having been requested to wait while the philosopher finished a problem. The problem part of the story is not very likely. Sir Isaac Newton carried abstraction far enough, when he forgot that he had eaten his dinner, and used a lady's finger for a tobacco-stopper; but an engineer forgetting his own city, taken by storm and howling about his ears, in order to settle a problem, seems a little too hard a pertinacity of the concrete.

Marcellus, the Roman general on this occasion, whose eyes filled with tears at the thought of all that was going to happen to the conquered city. He was the first successful opposer of Hannibal. When reproached for carrying off paintings and other works of art from Sicily to Rome, he said he did it to refine the minds of his countrymen. His tears render every anecdote of him precious to posterity.

Verres, one of the governors of Sicily while it was a Roman province;—infamous for the tyranny and effrontery of his extortions, even if but half of what Cicero said of him was true,—for we must confess that we seldom believe more of what is told us by that illustrious talker, especially as he warns us against himself by contradicting in one passage about a man what he says in another—*vide* his recommendations of people in his Letters, and his discommendations of them in other letters privately sent at the same time. Also, his vituperations and panegyrics of the same individuals concerned in the civil wars, just as it suited him to condemn or to court them;—to say nothing of his divorces and weddings for interest's sake. We have said the more of him in this place, because he, too, at one time held office in Sicily, where he discovered the tomb of Archimedes—a memorial, alas, forgotten by the philosopher's countrymen in less than a century and a half after his death! They wanted to “stand out” Cicero that there was no such thing. They had not forgotten Theocritus. The greatest mechanical movers of the earth affect the imagination less than they ought to do, and the heart not at all. The lever and the screw, as the steam-engine will, become of necessity the homeliest of commonplaces; whereas love, and song, and the beauties of nature, are sought with transport, like holidays after business.

The names thus enumerated (for little or no interest attends the Goth and Vandal portion of the history of the island) may be said to point to all the characters of any importance in Sicilian antiquity, one person excepted whom we have kept to the last, though he was little more than a private person, and is not at all famous. But we have a special regard for him; far more, indeed, than for most of those that have been mentioned, and we think that such of our readers as are not already acquainted with him will have one too, for he was of that tip-top class of human beings called *Good Fellows*, and a very prince of the race. What renders him a still better fellow than he might otherwise have been, and doubles his heroical qualities in discerning eyes, is, that he was but an insignificant little body to look at, and not very well-shaped;—a mannikin, in short, that Sir Godfrey Kneller's nephew,

the slave-trader, who rated the painter and his friend Pope at less than ten guineas' worth "the pair," would of course not have valued at more than five pound five.

His name was Gellias; and you must search corners of Sicilian history to know anything about him. But he was just the man for our Jar—sweet as the honey that Samson found in the jaws of the lion.

Gellias was the richest man in the rich, potent, and luxurious city of Agrigentum. The Agrigentines, according to their countryman Empedocles, were famous for "building as if they were to live for ever, and feasting as if they were to die to-morrow;" but they were as good-natured and hospitable as they were festive; and Gellias, in accordance with the superiority of his riches, was the most good-natured and hospitable of them all. His magnificence was like that of a Barmecide in Eastern tales. Slaves stood at the gates of his noble mansion to invite strangers to enter. His cellar had three hundred reservoirs cut in the solid rock, each containing seven hundred gallons of wine at their service. Five hundred horsemen once halted at his doors, overtaken by a storm in winter. He lodged and entertained them all, and, by way of dry clothes, made each man a present of a new tunic and robe. A hard master coming to see him, who would scarcely allow his slaves their rest at night, Gellias, after dinner, sent for the whole of the children in his household, and gave them part of the dessert. "Where do all these children come from?" inquired the factory-man. "From the leisure of my people," said Gellias.*

His wit appears to have been always as ready as it was pungent. He was sent ambassador on some occasion to the people of Centuripa, at the foot of Mount Ætna. When he rose in the assembly to address them, his poor little figure appeared so ridiculous a contrast with his office, that they burst into repeated fits of laughter. Gellias waited his time, and then requested them not to be astonished,—for it was the custom with Agrigentum to suit the ambassador to his locality;—to send noble-looking persons to great cities, and insignificant ones to the insignificant.

The combined magnanimity and address of this sarcasm are not to be surpassed. Ambassadors are privileged people, but have not always been spared by irritated multitudes; yet our hero did not hesitate to turn their ridicule on themselves. He "shewed up" the smallness of their pretensions, both as a community, and as a parcel of superficial observers. He did not blink the fact of his own bodily smallness—too sore a point with little people in general, notwithstanding the fact that many of the greatest spirits of the world have resided in frames as petty. He made it the very ground for setting off the still smaller trumpery of their souls and understandings. Or, supposing that he spoke it with a good-humoured smile,—with an air of rebuke to their better sense,—still the address was as great, and the magnanimity as candid. He not only took the bull by the horns, but turned it with his mighty little hands into a weapon of offence, and, either pleasantly or scornfully, cast it back among themselves.—Such a man, by the way, insignificant as his general exterior may have been, *must* have had something fine in his countenance,—some-

* The original words are more forcible, but, in England, would hardly be thought so proper:—*Ταῦτα ὁ μοι οἰκεται ἐν νυξὶ ποιοῦσι.*

thing great in some part of its expression,—most probably fine eyes, and a smile full of love to the loving.

Gellias proved that his soul was of the very noblest order, not only by a princely life, but by the heroical nature of his death. Agrigentum lay on the coast opposite Carthage. It had flourished partly by reason of its commerce with that city, but was at last invaded by it and subdued. Most of the inhabitants fled. Among those who remained was Gellias, thinking that his great wealth and still greater renown for hospitality would procure him decent treatment. Finding, however, that the least to be expected of the enemy was captivity, he set fire to a temple in which he had sought refuge with his wealth, and perished with it in the flames; thus, says Stolberg, at once preventing “the profanation of the place, the enriching of the foe, and the disgrace of slavery.”*

There ought to be a book devoted to the histories of those who have not received half their proper fame. It would make a curious volume, at once old in the materials, novel in the interest, and of equal delight and use. It is a startling reflection, that while men, like this Gellias, honours to their species, must be dug up from the bye-ways of history, its high road is three-parts full of people who would never have been heard of but for accidents of time and place. Take for instance the majority of the Roman emperors, of those of Germany, of the turbulent old French noblesse, and indeed of three-fourths, perhaps nine-tenths, of historical names all over the world. This reflection, to be sure, suggests one of a more consolatory kind—namely, that genius, and great qualities are not the only things to be considered in the world, and that commonplace has its right to be heard as well as uncommon. The worst of it is, that commonplace in power is not fond of allowing the right to its brother commonplace out of it. The progress of knowledge, however, manifestly tends to a greater impartiality; and the consideration of this fact must be the honey, meantime, to many a bitter thought.

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION OF THE GODS.

THE gods and goddesses upon the height
Of Mount Olympus, one bright starry night,
Had gone, to hold their “NATIONAL CONVENTION”—
There being much deserving prompt attention.
It was about that time when Master ZEUS
Had managed to o’ercome, by force and ruse,
His father, SATURN, and had made his own
The lightning-sceptre, and the thunder-throne;
Whereat the other denizens of air,
In red-hot haste, cried out, “This is unfair!”
In truer speech, their sudden sympathy,
Was but the wish, in this dethroning pie
To have a finger; some with secret hope
To gain, at least, a tolerably rich sop.
And thus the reason for this gathering,
Was that which Ireland now is bothering—
“Who shall be Ruler—who shall make the Laws?”
Of this god-monster-meeting, was the cause.

* “Travels in Germany, Italy,” &c. Ut sup. Vol. iii., p. 516.

The chief amongst the disputants for power—
 The aspirants to "strut their little hour,"
 Were sea-born lovely VENUS, royal JOVE,
 MINERVA, PLUTUS, and the young boy LOVE.
 JOVE's claim was this—"Hereditary Right,"
 That claim which seems so good in Bordeaux's sight,
 And yet to Louis, and to Spain's young queen,
 Is naught but poison to their peace, I ween.
 JOVE briefly stated thus, his royal thought:—
 "It was," he said, "his fortune to be brought
 Into that honourable house, by SATURN,
 Who there was autocrat, and god-world pattern;
 Though now for past misdeeds," (JOVE shook his head,) "Such as,
 To every natural feeling dead,
 Devouring his own infants, with a score
 Of other grave offences, even more
 Obnoxious, he had agreed to abdicate
 The Throne and Crown—which hurt his head of late;
 All had been done in love and kindness, note!
 Of course, no thought of self," (JOVE clear'd his throat.)
 "But to proceed: because he was his son—
 Not for self-merit—not for good deeds done—
 But for Dame Chance's freak, their lawful king
 He likewise was, and though the heavens should ring,
 With arguments and reasons, why and how,
 Birth only, could not fit the filial brow
 To wear the father's crown; there would he stand
 King over all—air, sea, and land."
 This speech ZEUS made in proud, right royal tone,
 Then gravely turn'd away. His pleading done,
 A murmur of applause ran through the crowd—
 One fiery god ('twas MARS) hurraed aloud.

Next VENUS came, enrobed in dazzling light,
 Her only veil, her sunny tresses bright;
 The magic zone enclasp'd her slender form,
 And shed a glowing beauty, soft and warm,
 O'er every limb and feature, fresh as when
 She quick up-sprung, to conquer gods and men,
 From NEPTUNE's green sea-home. Blest be the day
 That bathed the earth in beauty's purple ray.
 She held her pleasure-cup, with roses crown'd;
 "Behold my claim!" she cried. DIANA frown'd.

The Song of Venus.

"Say, would you not rather be gay—be gay,
 Than solemn for ever and grave?
 And would you not rather be singing all day,
 Than croaking a raven-like stave?
 Then drink of my cup,
 It is nectar divine;
 Oh, drink but one drop,
 Ye are mine!—ye are mine!

"Say, would you not rather have blossoms and flowers,
 Than thistles, and nettles, and weeds?
 And would you not rather throng Mirth's sunny bowers,
 Than follow where pale Sorrow leads?
 Then drink of my cup,
 It is nectar divine;
 Oh, drink but one drop,
 Ye are mine!—ye are mine!

"Then come with me! come, ye that love mirth and joy,
 The ardent, the young, and the free!
 I will feed you with fruits, which nor satiate nor cloy—
 Your life one bright sun-ray shall be.
 Then drink of my cup,
 It is nectar divine;
 Oh, drink but one drop—
 Ye are mine!—ye are mine!"

And VENUS ceased her song, and round her knelt
 The younger gods and goddesses, who felt
 Deep in their inmost soul her every word;
 E'en JUPITER to kindly smile was stirr'd.
 Blushing, she turn'd away, and o'er her brow
 She shook her sparkling hair, to veil its glow,
 And casting down her violet-colour'd eyes
 Beneath their white lids, bashfully she flies,
 As if to hide her 'mid that group of maids.
 Vain thought!—for as at morn the night-star fades,
 And brilliant sunlight floods the sky alone,
 So brighter than them all, bright VENUS shone!

Then PALLAS came, with slow and stately tread,
 With Wisdom's halo circling o'er her head;
 Upon her hand was placed her doleful bird,
 And ever and anon his cry was heard.
 Poor PALLAS!—truth must, e'en, alas, confess,
 That in your highly unbecoming dress—
 Your helmet, so old-fashion'd, rusty, grim,
 Besides your hideous owl-embodied whim,
 Your shield, encrusted with the Gorgon's head,
 Your sword and breastplate, were not charms to lead
 A crowd of worshippers, like those which last
 At APHRODITE's glancing feet were cast.
 Your noble features—yet so still and cold;
 Your firm-set lips, and large eyes flashing bold—
 All eloquently proved, that Love nor Mirth
 Presided o'er your full-arm'd wondrous birth.

The Speech of Pallas.

"The lady bright and gay, who lately spoke, or rather sung,
 And from ye gods, such wild enthusiastic homage rung,"
 MINERVA said, half scornfully, "hath laid her weighty claim
 To royal power, and world-command, in Pleasure's lightsome name.
 Shall fools'-loved Jest, and witless Laughter, only rule the world?
 Shall heaven-born guiding Reason, from her sacred seat be hurl'd?
 Shall gods above, and men on earth, to thoughtless gaiety bow?
 To empty nothingnesses give their solemn life-paid vow?
 Or rather, shall not Wisdom, dear-bought Virtue, god-like Learning,
 Stand forth as honour'd governors, which Right and Wrong discerning,
 Distribute justly-earn'd rewards and punishments with skill,
 And cherish warmly each good thing, while pressing back each ill?
 Say, for ye alone this serious question can decide—
 My claim is Wisdom's majesty, which none but fools deride."

She pass'd away, and stood alone—apart;
 But on her brow, no feeling of her heart
 Was painted; all was self-enwrapp'd and cold,
 As Wisdom is, and ever was of old.

And whose that spectre-frame—that face of care—
 Those eyes like fire-balls, fiercely burning there?
 'Tis PLUTUS, god of wealth, whose miser-breast
 The serpent Avarice ever gnaw'd; small rest,
 Scant joy he knew, for this engrossing pain—
 This deadly anguish—this fell soul-plague stain.

He stood before th' august assembly ; words
 His parch'd lips utter'd not—his yellow hoards
 Plead'd his cause, with far more eloquence
 Than speech e'er prompted by Divinest Sense ;
 And, as he gazed, his eyes shone wild and bright,
 As beacons flaming through the troubled night ;
 Then suddenly, with trembling hands, he drew
 His treasure close, as though its magic view
 Would kindle up in other hearts the fire
 Consuming his, th' unhallow'd gold-desire ;
 He glared around, and then with feverish gait,
 With stealthy glances, scowls of fear and hate,
 He, too, pass'd by ; and 'midst that radiant crowd,
 His care-worn, haggard brow, as midnight show'd.

Last came the mischief-working rosy Boy,
 His look all Innocence, Delight and Joy ;
 His bow was in his soft and tiny hand—
 That bow is slight ; but oh, a mighty wand
 Wherewith to rule the world ! And LOVE, too, knows,
 That he as fire can melt the frozen snows ;
 And that before his infant-seeming might
 Sinks down the stoutest heart, as when a blight
 Unseen, but felt, breathes over plain and wood,
 And flower and tree, which erst so firmly stood,
 Proclaims its power in drooping leaves and air,
 And sometimes Death—if tender, young, and fair.
 There was a general smile, when little LOVE
 Came boldly there, his claims and rights to prove ;
 And royal JOVE's ambrosial curls were shaken,
 As he some merry quip and crank had taken ;
 But LOVE look'd round—the joyous and the free,
 And not a whit for one to care seem'd he.

The Speech and Song of Love.

“ A pretty set of claimants, sure !
 With arguments and reasons,
 Extremely likely to endure
 The wear of old Time's seasons !

“ We'll first discuss that tinkling bell—
 Hereditary Right ;
 Dear JOVE, you sound it very well,
 But then—the metal's light.

“ You claim the throne in SATURN's name,
 And cry, ‘ I am his Heir ;’
 If we may trust the babbler Fame,
 You've little honour there.

“ And do you likewise, pray, inherit
 Your father's soul and mind ?
 I wish that I could add his merit ;
 But this we'll leave behind.

“ His style of thought—his way of deed,
 Are you therewith imbued ?
 If so, ye mothers, oh, take heed,
 He'll have the baby stew'd !

“ And if you choose to grasp the reins
 Were given him (not you),
 Take with them all his cares and pains—
 His hated name take, too.

“ And though you stand as Sacred Tower,
And Nations round you fall ;
You'll have but Nominal Chief-power,
For LOVE rules over all !

“ And beauteous VENUS, dreamest thou that Pleasure guides the spheres ?
That rose-crown'd wine-cups mantling high, can quench for aye Grief's tears ?
That days and years consumed in joy, in thoughtlessness and glee,
Can fill the vortex of the heart, and still its raging sea ?

“ No ; chains of fragile rosy buds, and scented odours twined,
Are all too frail and weak, this mighty universe to bind ;
Stern Age, and Wisdom, mother dear, would throw your spells aside,
And Innocence would snap your links, as flax by torches tried.

“ You cannot, unassisted, gain true proselytes or friends ;
Such popularity as yours in flameless smoke still ends ;
Would conquer, think you, in the strife, the mother or the child ?
Deep, earnest, faithful LOVE, or DISSIPATION, gay and wild ?

“ Yet hide my arrow 'mongst thy flowers, and shade its deadly barb,
And lion-hearts, and eagle-souls, thou then wilt rein and curb ;
But see, the empire of the world may not be granted thee,
For Pleasure cannot conquer Love, or bend stern Wisdom's knee.

“ But think not, PALLAS, though I shew
Thou greater art than Pleasure,
I do not place thee far below
The royal standard-measure.

“ And canst thou think to govern all,
When ever by thy side
Is one, whose softest whisper'd call,
Can make thy power belied ?

“ No, Pallas ! Wisdom, Virtue, Learning,
Are gifts and accidents,
As odour-barks, which home returning,
Diffuse their precious scents.

“ Until the zephyr's silken wings
Are laden with perfume,
And every bird with rapture sings
In Nature's living tomb.

“ And thus thy gifts are odours flung
Among the sons of men ;
And many a rapture-song have sung
From tomb-like cell and den.

“ Yet though thou cheer'st man's pilgrimage,
Thou rul'st not Queen above ;
For e'en thy most laborious sage
Would turn from thee to LOVE.

“ And PLUTUS, gold-mad as thou art,
Thou must indeed be blind,
If thou canst fancy any heart
Itself in chains would bind.

“ And what is love of wealth and store,
But fetters forged of gold,
Which chain the Spirit born to soar,
In fleshly serpents' hold !

“ Great charms thou hast, I grant thee well,
For men and maidens too,
Who gladly for thy lucre sell
Life's spirit-morning dew.

"Frail Danaë! (nay, don't look cross,
Dear Jove, or I'm undone)—
I mark'd your JUNO's jealous toss,
I own your treasure won.

"But I had been before you there;
If not, your golden shower,
Which fell so softly o'er the fair,
Had had nor force nor power.

"Oh! LOVE is the king of high heaven and earth—
The ruler and guide;
Born with Creation's wild sphere-rushing birth,
When Chaos low sighed.

"The old and the young all bend lowly to me—
I make the wise fools;
Th' unlearn'd deep Mysteries of Nature can see
When LOVE their hearts rules.

"The stars, with their music which gods only hear,
Are govern'd by me;
And I call, when the moon shineth brilliant and clear,
To the tides of the sea.

"I have breathed in each stone of the earth's jewell'd urn,
A life and a soul:
And my spirit it is, bids the magnet to turn
To the far Northern Pole.

"The green-cradled buds, they are waken'd by LOVE
To gaze on the sky;
And my voice sounds from earth to the moist clouds above
When wither'd and dry.

"I glow in the rainbow's soft colours of light
When thunder-clouds rage;
And I look on the earth from the planets of night
Gemming heaven's blue page.

"Each insect and weed, which the strong winds disperse,
With my instinct is rife—
Oh! LOVE is the lord of the wide universe,
For LOVE is LIFE!"

He ceased; and only deepest silence reign'd—
His words all hearts had moved and then enchained;
Nought but flush'd cheeks and downcast eyes were seen.
E'en DIAN, in her moonlike, silvery sheen,
Thought on her young ENDYMION, and sigh'd;
Then starting, sought her tell-tale blush to hide.

"Reign, then," cried Jove, in heart-wild ecstasy,
"I see my birthright's only fantasy.
Come! I will be the first to take the vows!"
"Holloah!" said LOVE; "why, ZEUS, where is your *nous*?
Think you that bauble sceptre, cushion'd throne—
That earth-gemm'd, gilded, headache-giving crown—
Have any charms for one who feels his might
Pervades THE ALL, with soul, and life, and light—
Who feels that all things live and move by him—
From Gods, who in the ether float and swim
Down to the earth-born insect world, unseen
By man's gross sense, as though it had not been?
Yet one must be our lord. What say ye, then,
Ancient we, JOVE, THE KING OF GODS AND MEN?
'Twas done with loud acclaim—each took the oath;
But PALLAS secretly was sorely wroth;

And ever from that day, a deadly feud
 'Twixt her and LOVE fermented hath, and brew'd.
 But little careth he for her: her shield
 So strong, he breaks, as fire-consum'd reed;
 Her best-loved proselytes he slyly smites;
 And oft her Tree of Knowledge fruitless blights.
 Oh, Love and Wisdom, quarrel as ye may,
 Ye shall embrace, in that dread latter day!
 And who can call that boy's proud claim a boast—
 His power omnipotent—a straw, wind-toss'd?
 For sounds it not in every leaf and tree—
 In every tiny grass-blade on the lea?
 Do birds not swell the voice in heaven-hid song?
 Do bees not murmur it the heath among?—
 Nay, is it not religion's Mighty Whole,
 Whisper'd and sung from human soul to soul?
 The voice, which welcomed young creation's birth,
 "LOVE, LOVE, IS BREATH AND LIFE OF HEAVEN AND EARTH!"

E. L.

COURTENAY OF WALREDDON.*

ONE of the sweetest pleasures of the romance-reader—if he belong to the real order of readers, and can give up the "reins of his imagination into his author's hands"—comes in by way of postscript to his perusal of a fine work; and only begins when he has shut up the last volume, and found a feeling of regret that he has come to the end of it, mingling with a crowd of other sensations. This supplementary pleasure he enjoys, in a communicative, comparative, and semi-critical chat with an intelligent fellow-reader of the story, who is not at all ashamed of his sensibilities.

With such a companion, who knows Courtenay and Cinderella as well as we do—who has, like us, caught a startling glimpse of the awe-inspiring Lady Howard, in her passionate communion with the mysterious picture, and listened to the moaning whispers of old Constance Behenna in the dark confessional, overlooking that solemn catholic chapel—secret and hushed as the dungeon and the grave, from which it yields an escape—we can talk by the hour and never tire. It is like the delightful half-hour's discussion on tragedy and farce, upon the return home from the play.

But to relate our impressions, and to impress the reader, by means of that more measured enthusiasm which flows from the pen, is quite another thing; and often a disappointing one. Criticism, in the case of such works as the one before us, should come gushing from the lips. While the joyous emotions of the blood, and the high intellectual excitement raised by the reading of Mrs. Bray's admirable romance, are in full play, written language shrinks into inexpressiveness; the words look cold as they fall upon the paper—ink seems to chill them.

With the deepest admiration, not only of the talents exercised upon this romance, but of the wise and humane government of them, and the "sweet uses of humanity" which they are made to serve, we welcome "Courtenay of Walreddon" (a romance of the West, in

* A Romance of the West. By Mrs. Bray.

the days of the civil war) as a tale framed in all its parts to communicate those literary pleasures which are longest remembered, and most frequently to be renewed. To a story woven of several mysteries, skilfully preserved, while they often verge upon solution, is added that higher interest, which belongs exclusively to the exposition of character, whose natural workings alone, when directed by a master-hand, like that of Mrs. Bray, are sufficient to enchain us. Quite independent of the curious and exciting situations in which they are relatively placed, the living characters here retain our sympathies to the last, holding sway over us, like portraits, when the eyes are bent directly upon us, and move as we move.

Lady Howard is one of these realities. Her history is deeply affecting, but the chief interest originates in herself. Woman's nature—its profoundest recesses of grief, its loftiest points of courage, its firmest and most wonderful capacity to endure, its exquisite and almost angelic sensibility, even when the heart is steeled by prejudices and pride—is illustrated in this character, with a calm, conscious, un-failing power, which “tells” at every turn of the strange maze through which we breathlessly follow her. We have scarcely seen Lady Howard, when awe mingles itself with our admiration. We notice every expression of her countenance; we mark particularly whatever she does, however trivial it may be; and each word she utters falls upon the ear with an emphasis, quite unforced, but irresistibly impressive.

A striking proof of her power over the mind is felt long before the story has advanced far. Lady Howard is a widow, not young but beautiful, with a mind more queenlike than her person, and wealth which (her daughter having mysteriously disappeared in infancy) she is to bequeath to the young cavalier, Courtenay. There is some secret sorrow—veiled, however, by such a proud yet tender reserve, as to be sacred; and her simple wish that an apartment or two in her house may be held as private rooms, to be entered but at her own desire, acquires the character of a solemn injunction. And when, in a careless mood, entering the library to get his Phædon, as a cure for idleness, Courtenay makes accidental discovery of the passionate sorrows of his benefactress, her reserve cast off, her pride prostrate, her whole soul luxuriating in the tenderness or writhing in the agonies of long recollections—we shrink back, with the awe-struck intruder, as from profanation. We read with hushed breath, and watch his retreating footsteps with terror, lest the soft carpet should give forth a single echo; and it is a literal fact (only to be stated as a token of the impressiveness of the picture) that when the scene was past, we became conscious of having, during those still moments, turned the very leaves of the book silently.

And not less memorable, in an opposite spirit, is the early scene in the village church, where we first meet the two gentler specimens of beauty and truth in woman; when Cinderella, the young, tall, graceful gipsy girl and her elder companion, enter the edifice sacred to divine worship, and meet, instead of Christian charity, in such a place, looks of cold scorn and haughty reproach; until, as the humble, shrinking sufferers, unadmitted to any seat by human pity, are about to take their seats on the stone pavement, a divinity, acting in accordance with her angel-like appearance, opens a pew-door, and beckons to the

forlorn intruders to advance, and share the seat assigned to affluence and rank. The courage and delicacy of the act is matched by the admirable demeanour of the outcasts raised from their abasement. The entire scene is as humanizing in its purpose, as it is picturesque in character.

The gipsy is delightful to the very last, and her devotion to her young brother one of the simplest, truest pictures ever drawn from the promptings of the heart, and an intimacy with all the innocent play and fancy of its affections. Many interests are compressed into her story, but herself is the flower of all the romance amidst which she breathes. A tender interest is settled, too, in Emily,—a heroine far higher than the average; as Courtenay, the narrator of his own story, eclipses in some respects the ordinary Charles the First cavalier. Yet it must be acknowledged, that in others the autobiographer rather than the high-minded gentleman is uppermost; and that the influences of curiosity upon Courtenay's mind, admirably exhibited in their first beginnings, lead him somewhat far from the right line. Although we owe so much to his listenings and questionings, our respect for him is not therefore increased.

There is hardly one of the characters wanting in distinctness. Mr. Gandy is of a high class; and while belonging strictly to the time, has that universality which great art and entireness of feeling can alone enable a writer to convey into his portrait. Constance Behenna is a miracle—she is old and conscience-stricken, full of talk, and yet never wearisome.

The nicer touches of character, the powerful contrasts, the many proofs of skill, and more of sympathy and moral purpose, which we have liberally marked with notes of admiration, we must now pass by, with the assurance that every reader must find them as we did, for they cannot be missed. Mrs. Bray has produced a very charming book indeed.

Our Library Table.

Agathonia. A Romance. 1 vol.—The Rhodians have left a more glorious and enduring monument of their existence than their colossal statue of Apollo could possibly have proved, even if it had escaped the destructive assaults of its combined enemies—earthquake, Saracen, and Jew. Devoted to commerce, and the first people to create maritime law, their code was engrafted into that of Rome, and has been in part adopted by all nations to this very hour. It may therefore be said to have been the fortune of an insignificant island, now trembling under the control of a bey, who is in turn a trembler under the bowstring of the sultan, to give laws to the seas.

But here is a tale which attaches another kind of interest to Rhodes, in the day of its conquest by the Saracens, and the sale of its colossus to the Jews. *Agathonia* is a prose poem, of a rare order of excellence; and is so fashioned and coloured, as to carry the imagination far back into time, and to scenes remote and dim, renewing the past and reviving the dead. The imagery and the feeling all belong to the age and place described; the human agonies and exultations, the faith and the passion, the persecution and the love, belong to them too, but are universal, and fresh as the blossoms and weeds that spring up to-day.

Heavy is the hand of barbaric power upon the conquered Rhodians; but the Christian physician Telephus has snatched the emir from the grave, and the son of the kaliph's representative reverences the preserver of his father. His heart, gentle as noble, is drawn to the Christian by another charm than gratitude and reverence—the superhuman beauty of his grandchild Agathonia. Permitted to enter as a guest within the sage's protected dwelling, the young soldier, with a spirit half Christianized by birth as well as sympathy, holds high converse with Telephus, and has the still dearer privilege of listening to the accents of a voice sweet as the gales of Zimboli or honey of Philermus. There, perhaps, his spirit is galled at the idea of a household task assigned to the lofty Agathonia; but the young Saracen hears meekly the justifying words of the physician:—

“‘The Parthian kings devoted their leisure to forging and sharpening the heads of their arrows,’ replied Telephus, with a smile. ‘(Eropus, king of Macedonia, amused himself with the invention of household lamps; Attalus, of Pergamus, whom his subjects called Philometer, with the culture of hemlock, hellebore, and other vegetable poisons, not for evil purpose, but the advancement of science. What better use, I pray thee, hath an old man for his last few earthly moments on the verge of eternity, than the assuagement of the wants and sufferings of his fellow-creatures? Contemplation, that voluptuousness of the soul which is the original sin of a philosophic nature, demandeth, so to say, the expiation of good works. ‘Do the duty that lies nearest to thee!’ said one of the best inspired of mankind; and though to few is given to bud or engraft the branches of the tree of knowledge, to none is it denied to cherish the hyssop on the wall.’”

Velid listens with his ear to the learned one, but his soul listens when Agathonia speaks; and in his tent, amid the watches of the night, her voice steals into his memory like a haunting strain of music. He meditates on her beauty, her gentleness, her filial piety—and then on the impassable abyss between them. Once more Love bears him to the valley, in which, lily-like, she blooms and lives. Past the city-suburbs, with the dark masses of their fig-trees, across the dim slopes with the olive's cheerless foliage, through the orange-groves at the foot of Zimboli—then by the clustering hyacinths, and the spray of the mountain-torrent—until he stands by the rustling plane-trees, whose shade is as the threshold of the beautiful Rhodian's refuge.

There now are awaiting him tidings of fresh persecutions of the children of the Cross, decreed by the implacability of his father.—“And behold, as two dew-drops trembling on a leaf at morn, when shaken by an angry breeze, unite indissolubly for ever, those two unsullied beings, moved by the troubles of the hour, inclined towards each other for support, till their young hearts trembled into one.”

And with the sweetness of Christianity in his disposition, he listens deferentially to lessons from the lips of Telephus, while his mind draws light from the mild eyes of Agathonia:—

“‘When thy second kaliph, O Velid,’ resumed the old man, ‘dispersed the conquered treasures of Chosroës, store fell into the hands of thy people of an Indian gum, wherewith, mistaking it for salt, they made bitter their bread; being the camphor destined to illuminate the courts of kings. For howbeit of like semblance to the eye, the one burneth with a lambent flame and grateful fragrance; while the other savoureth the food of man preserving it from corruption.—So is it betwixt Faith and Reason.’”

But a convulsion bursts upon their calm discourse, and it is silenced for ever. Treachery siezes upon the young Velid; he is drugged, and carried across the sea into captivity; and at the rumour of his death (the wicked device of the Jews, who had borne false witness, to engender wrath against the Christians), the emir's retaliative power falls upon Telephus and Agathonia. Death snatches its white-haired victim ere the executioner can stretch forth his hand; but over the flinty way, from the prison-cell to the stake, the bleeding feet of the angel-maiden passed, and all her agony ended as the cry of astonishment and exultation arose proclaiming the arrival of the released, the frenzied Velid. There was a third grave dug in the desolate valley. It is a beautiful story.

Palm-leaves. By Richard Monckton Milnes.

"Eastward roll the orbs of heaven,
Westward tend the thoughts of men;
Let the Poet, nature-driven,
Wander eastward now and then.

"There the calm of life comparing
With his Europe's busy fate,
Let him, gladly homeward faring,
Learn to labour and to wait."

This little "morality" rendered in music, forms the appropriate thoughtful motto to the impressions which Mr. Milnes has here recorded in another volume of those poetical compositions by which he has become agreeably known to readers of the higher and more reflective class; impressions resulting from excursions made by him in the Levant and Egypt during the winter before last. Not ambitious of adding to the long catalogue of "Tours" and "Rambles," and of bestowing a superfluous prose-volume upon the world, his thoughts took the form most congenial to them, and whether turning upon matters connected with our moral being, or on objects picturesque and peculiar that met his sight for the first time, or associated themselves with images of the scenes then present to him derived from reading, they insensibly blossomed into verse, and breathed their fragrance in song.

Mr. Milnes does not profess to have made discoveries, or to have anything startling to tell of Eastern manners and customs; nor does he even seek to place before our eyes the course of daily existence, or the incidental romance, of Mohammedan countries, with any display of gorgeous colouring and artistic effect; yet in the judicious remarks which introduce his poems to the reader, he professes to be doubtful whether some of his pictures of ordinary life in the East may not appear novel and strange; as assuredly they will to all (and the all is many) who have derived their notions of Eastern domesticity "much more from the ballet than reality." Having set us right upon one or two points, he remarks, in reference to the religious faith of the people he was amongst—

"I never experienced a stronger impression than the first day I spent in a Mohammedan country; it is like returning, at one leap, to the old dispensation—to the condition of mankind standing, without mediation, without sympathy, alone, beneath the will and might of God. There the whole of life goes on in the distinct presence of the Invisible; there prayer is no special mental process, but a plain act of dutiful service, a mere obedience of the laws and conditions of existence; there reverence is the distinction between man and the inferior animals, and the scoffer and scorner would be rebels against the common sense and decency of mankind. This feeling accounts for much of the Mohammedan estimation and treatment of Franks in religious matters. The Roman-catholic and Greek churches are generally believed to include all Christians, and both these forms of worship appear to them idolatrous, and thus treasonable against the one absolute God. Protestantism, from its absence of symbols and its reverence for the written word, would have more points of contact with them but for its apparent disregard of the duty of prayer. Protestants are called 'men without prayer;' and, in fact, are generally looked on as atheists. An Imâm, when told that the protestants prayed in private, shook his head doubtingly, and said, 'No, no,—Prayer is much too good an act to be concealed; were it done at all, nobody could be ashamed of it.'"

The poems, nearly forty in number, are all brief, and all of nearly equal merit; although the subject, or form of verse, or attractiveness of illustration, may confer on several a superior interest to others. A calmness, deepening almost into solemnity, characterizes many of them; in others, there is a warmer feeling of life and sunshine; and in some we have passages of the most easy, graceful, and animated description.

Saint James's:
OR
THE COURT OF QUEEN ANNE.

BY THE EDITOR.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

HOW THE MARQUIS DE GUISCARD HELPED TO RID MR. SAINT-JOHN OF AN
INCUMBRANCE.

SOON after the attack upon the serjeant related in a previous chapter, and while he and Proddy were making the best of their way towards Whitehall Stairs, two men were staggering along Stonecutter's Alley, a narrow passage near the north-east angle of Saint James's Park communicating with Pall Mall, supporting themselves as they proceeded against the wall, and ever and anon giving utterance to a groan or an execration. From the difficulty and uncertainty of the progress of these persons, it might have been supposed that they were affected by liquor; but when they came within the range of a lamp which burnt at the corner of the alley, it was seen from their ghastly looks, as well as from the state of their attire, that they were both severely wounded. On reaching the lamp-post, the foremost of the two caught hold of it to prevent himself from falling, and declared with an oath, that he could go no further. The conversation that ensued between him and his companion was maintained in French.

"Fiends seize him!" exclaimed the man, in accents rendered hoarse with pain. "I believe he has done for me. Who would have thought it would turn out so unluckily. Two to one, we ought to have been more than a match for him. But engaging with that man is like fighting with the devil. One is sure to have the worst of it. He has an arm of iron."

"I wouldn't have proposed the job," groaned the other in reply, "but I thought we could come upon him unawares. He boasts he is never taken by surprise, and after this, I shall credit the assertion."

"If he had not a scull as thick as a block of marble, and as hard, I should have cut him down," rejoined the first speaker.

"And if he were made of ordinary stuff he must have dropped after the thrust I dealt him," returned the other. "My sword passed right through his body."

"Bah! your blade must have glanced against his ribs, or

gone through his arm, Bimbelot," observed the first speaker. "Reserve the description of your feats for the marquis. I know what really *did* happen. I know he has given me enough, and more than I am likely to bear. Go on and leave me. I may as well die here as elsewhere."

"Don't think of dying, corporal," replied Bimbelot; "that would indeed be making the worst of a bad business. You're badly hurt, I dare say—and so am I; but I hope not mortally. If we can but reach the Unicorn over the way, where the marquis is waiting for us, we shall get our wounds dressed, and then all danger will be over. Come, make an effort. You'll bleed to death if you stay there. I would lend you a helping hand, but my arm is useless."

"It's over with me entirely, comrade," groaned Sauvageon. "This precious scheme was all of your contriving, and you see how it has turned out."

"We both ran equal risk," replied Bimbelot, "and the reward was to be equally divided."

"Reward!" echoed Sauvageon, in bitter derision. "What will the marquis say when we go back empty-handed? We shall get curses from him instead of gold."

"No we shan't," replied Bimbelot; "he *must* pay us, or we'll peach."

"The shame of defeat galls me more than my wounds," cried Sauvageon, writhing with anguish. "Would I could have one more blow at the caitiff."

"Don't strike at me, corporal," exclaimed Bimbelot, moving away from him. "I'm not the serjeant. Make an effort, I say, or you'll fall into the hands of the watch. I hear them coming this way."

So saying, he crept off, and Sauvageon, alarmed by the noise of approaching footsteps, staggered after him across the street. A few steps further brought them to the Unicorn—a small inn at the corner of the Haymarket. Guiscard was standing at the door, and without a word led them to a chamber on the right of the passage, on entering which the sight of their blood-stained apparel made him start.

"What the devil is the meaning of this?" he cried. "You have not failed in your enterprise? It was too well planned, and too easy of execution for that. Give me the dispatches quickly, and you shall have that which will prove a balsam for your wounds, were they deeper and more desperate than they appear to be."

"You had better send a surgeon to us, without further questioning, monseigneur," rejoined Bimbelot, sullenly, "unless you wish us to die at your feet."

"You *shall* die, if you have disappointed me, villain," cried the marquis, in a terrible tone. "Give me the dispatches, or——" And he drew his sword.

"Nay, if this is the way we're to be served, it's time to take care of ourselves," rejoined Bimbelot, moving towards the door.

But his passage was barred by the marquis. Bimbelot would have cried out, but he was stopped by Sauvageon.

"This is poor usage to men who have risked their lives for you, monseigneur," said the latter; "if we have failed, it has not been our fault. That we have done our best you may be sure, from the condition we are in."

"I was wrong to blame you, my poor fellow," replied Guiscard, sheathing his sword; "but it is cursedly provoking to be robbed of a prey when it seemed actually within grasp. Why, the fate of this kingdom hung upon those dispatches. With them, the success of the French expedition would have been decided. All my preparations were made for their speedy transmission to France. A mounted courier awaits my orders in the next street, prepared to ride as fast as post-horses could carry him to Deal, where a small vessel in my pay would bear whatever he might bring, safely and swiftly, to Dunkirk. This accomplished, I would have made both your fortunes."

"We did our best to accomplish it, monseigneur," replied Bimbelot. "But that serjeant is the very devil."

"Ay, the luck has been against us," added Sauvageon; "but if we get over it, we'll hope to be more fortunate next time."

"You will never have such another chance," cried the marquis, sharply. "These things don't occur twice. Would I had undertaken it myself!"

"If you had, monseigneur, without disparagement to your skill and courage, I don't think you would have been more successful than we have been," replied Sauvageon. "I never encountered a man like the serjeant. We hit him pretty sharply, but he contrived to walk off with the queen's coachman, Proddy, and I have no doubt embarked with the dispatches."

"Hell sink him!" cried Guiscard, savagely.

"I hope we shan't lose our reward, monseigneur?" said Bimbelot. "Consider what we've gone through."

"It was a game of chance, like any other, and having lost it, you ought to abide by the consequences," replied Guiscard. "However, as you've suffered so much, you shall have the hundred pounds I promised you."

"You won't repent your generosity, monseigneur," said Sauvageon.

The marquis then left the room, but returned shortly afterwards with a surgeon and his assistant, to whom he had accounted for the disaster by stating that the two men had been set upon and wounded by the Mohocks—a circumstance of far too common occurrence in those times of nocturnal riot, to occasion any surprise, or awaken suspicion. Having seen their wounds dressed, and ascertained from the surgeon that no danger was to be apprehended, he ordered his two followers to be put to bed, and again quitted the house.

To distract his thoughts, which were by no means of an agree-

able nature, he hurried to Little Man's Coffee-house, and joining the faro table, soon lost a considerable sum. He was about to double his stakes, when a friendly arm was laid upon his shoulder, and turning, he perceived Saint-John.

"Come away," cried the latter; "I want to have a word with you. You're not in luck to-night; and if you go on, you'll repent it."

Guiscard would have resisted, but his friend succeeded in dragging him away.

"Come and sup with me," said Saint-John, as they quitted the coffee-house. "I am about to leave town to-morrow."

"Leave town!—and at this juncture, when such great events are on the eve of occurring!" exclaimed Guiscard. "Now, if ever, you ought to be on the scene of action."

"I have done with politics and courts, and will try the sweets of retirement," replied Saint-John.

"Is ambition extinct within your breast?" cried Guiscard. "I cannot believe it. If the sovereignty of the realm should be changed by this threatened invasion, you may regret hereafter that you have let the occasion of pushing your fortune to the uttermost, pass."

"I should have more reason for regret if I took any part in the struggle," cried Saint-John. "But a truce to politics."

"By way of changing the subject, then," replied Guiscard, "I have remarked a very pretty woman in your coach of late, and from the hasty glimpse I caught of her features, they seem familiar to me. Who is she?"

"An old acquaintance of yours," replied Saint-John, laughing. "Don't you remember Angelica Hyde?"

"What! the country parson's daughter?" cried Guiscard. "Why, you don't say 'tis she? Now you mention it, I *do* remember the features. And so, she has taken up her abode with you, eh?"

"It fell out thus," replied Saint-John. "She preferred town life so much to a dull existence in the country, that when the old people returned into Essex, she could not be persuaded to accompany them. And as she threw herself upon my compassion, why—i'faith—I was obliged to receive her."

"No great hardship, I imagine," replied Guiscard, laughing. "She's devilish pretty."

"And devilish extravagant," rejoined Saint-John. "She has almost ruined me in dress and trinkets. Whatever she fancies she buys, no matter at what cost."

"And is she to be the companion of your solitude?" asked the marquis.

"Deuce knows," replied Saint-John; "I haven't told her of my intention yet."

"You seem indifferent enough about the matter, at all events," said the marquis, laughing.

"Why, to say truth, I have discovered that she cares very

little about me," said Saint-John; "and therefore, though I *have* committed the folly of loving a woman under such circumstances, I shan't do so in her instance."

"A wise resolve," replied Guiscard. "She will sup with us, I suppose?"

"Oh, certainly!" replied Saint-John.

And they continued chatting in the same strain till they reached their destination.

On entering the drawing-room, they found only two persons within it, and these were Prior and Angelica. They were playing picquet, but stopped their game on the arrival of the others. Prepared for some change in Angelica, Guiscard was nevertheless struck with astonishment at the extraordinary alteration that had occurred in her. In the space of a few weeks the country girl had been transformed into the perfect town lady. There was no end to her finery. Her dress consisted of a blue and gold Atlas gown, with a wrought petticoat edged with gold; shoes laced with silver; lace cap, and lappets; while her fingers glittered with costly rings, and pearls and other precious stones adorned her neck. Her cheeks were covered with patches, and her beautiful locks were filled with powder. She looked handsomer than before, but bolder and freer in her deportment; talked loudly; and laughed boisterously and incessantly, probably to display her pearly teeth.

When Guiscard was presented to her by Saint-John, she extended her hand to him, and cried, in a tone of easy familiarity, "Glad to see ye, marquis. How are ye? Come to sup with us—eh? Been to ridotto, or the masquerade? Saint-John would'nt take me to either; and of all things I doat upon a masquerade. It's so purely funny—one hears and sees so many diverting things—and one can do just what one likes. Come and sit by me. Find me changed since we first met in the secretary's ante-room, eh?"

"I then thought you could not be improved," replied Guiscard, bowing; "but I now perceive my error."

"Prettily turned indeed," she cried, with a laugh. "I like to extort a compliment. But I *am* improved,—at least, if my glass may be trusted. Hope you admire my dress. It's the ditto of the Duchess of Marlborough's, and was made for me by her grace's own milliner, Madame Alamode, so it must be the thing, you know."

"It's perfect," replied Guiscard. "No dress ever became the duchess half so much—but then, your figure—"

"Far surpasses her grace's," interrupted Angelica, with another boisterous laugh. "I am quite aware of that, marquis."

"There's no comparison between you," said Guiscard. "We have no such beauty as you at court."

"Always excepting Abigail Hill!" rejoined Angelica, maliciously.

"Not even excepting her!" said Guiscard.

"You really think so?" rejoined Angelica, much pleased.

"On my veracity," affirmed the marquis, laying his hand upon his heart.

"You hear the pretty things the marquis is saying to me, Saint-John," she cried. "Aint you jealous?"

"I should be, if I were not secure of your attachment," he replied drily. "But, see, supper is ready. Marquis, be so good as to give your arm to Angelica."

Guiscard readily complied, and the folding-doors being thrown open, they proceeded to the adjoining room, where an exquisite repast awaited them, to which ample justice was done by all parties. The champagne was pushed briskly round, and with every fresh glass he swallowed, the marquis discovered new charms in Angelica, who, on her part, did not appear insensible to his admiration. A bowl of mulled Burgundy closed the feast, and this discussed, the party returned to the drawing-room, where Guiscard sat down to picquet with Angelica, while Saint-John and Prior conversed apart.

"How monstrous dull you'll find the country after the gay life you've been leading," observed Guiscard, in a low tone to his partner.

"Find the country dull!" repeated Angelica, listlessly. "What do you mean, marquis?"

"Oh, I forgot!" said Guiscard. "Saint-John hasn't told you of his intention of—"

"His intention of what?" interrupted Angelica, becoming suddenly animated. "Surely, he doesn't think of going into the country?"

"Faith, I don't know," rejoined Guiscard. "Excessively stupid in me to allude to the subject. It's your play, madam."

"I insist upon having a direct answer, marquis?" said the lady.

"Before I comply," he rejoined, "tell me one thing. If Saint-John goes, will you accompany him?"

"Question for question," she rejoined, regarding him fixedly. "Your motive for asking, marquis?"

"My motive is this, he replied, with a passionate glance. "If you prefer staying in town, my house is at your service."

"And you would have me believe you are in love with me?" said Angelica, smiling.

"I adore you!" he answered.

"My heart flutters so that I can play no more," she cried, throwing down the cards, and rising. "Mr. Saint-John, may I ask if you have any idea of going out of town to-morrow?"

"Going out of town," he replied, glancing at the marquis. "Yes, I think I have."

"Do you mean to remain long in the country?"

"Two or three years," he answered, carelessly. "Just as the whim may take me."

"Two or three years!" almost screamed Angelica. "And you have settled all this without deigning to consult me?"

"I meant to tell you at breakfast, my dear," said Saint-John, with a comical expression of countenance, "and then you would have had sufficient time for your preparations."

"I should *not* have sufficient time, sir," she retorted; "and to be plain with you, I won't go."

"As you please, my dear," replied Saint-John, coolly; "your staying behind will make no difference in my plans."

"No difference!" she exclaimed—"what am I to do for three years? Why, you told me you couldn't live a day without me. Oh, you deceitful wretch!"

"Go, or stay, whichever you prefer, my love," replied Saint-John. "The choice rests entirely with yourself."

Angelica seemed to hesitate between a torrent of indignation and a fit of hysterics. At last, she flung herself violently upon a sofa. Guiscard would fain have offered her assistance, but she pushed him aside.

After a few moments, she arose, and in a tone of forced composure, said—"Will you do me the favour to order my chair, Mr. Saint-John?"

"Certainly, my love,—by all means," he replied, ringing the bell.

And on the appearance of the servant, he gave the necessary directions.

"You were good enough to place your house at my disposal just now, marquis," said Angelica. "I accept the offer."

"Enchanted!" replied Guiscard, though with some confusion. "I hope Saint-John——"

"Oh! no apologies, marquis," replied the other. "You've done me a great favour."

"Adieu, Mr. Saint-John," said Angelica, spitefully. "I hope you will amuse yourself in the country."

"Adieu, ma petite," he replied; "I hope to find you handsomer than ever on my return. I give you a new lover for each month of my absence."

At this moment, the chair was announced, and Guiscard, taking Angelica's hand, led her out of the room.

"I congratulate you, Saint-John, in getting rid of a plaguy incumbrance," cried Prior, laughing.

"The marquis has saddled himself with a nice burthen," replied the other. "His ruin was certain without her assistance, but she will accelerate it."

"Well, I must begone, too," said Prior. "I cannot very well picture you in retirement. But we shall have you back when Harley is again in power."

"Pshaw!" cried Saint-John—"but for Harley, I might remain. He is in my way. If ever I do re-appear—but no matter. Farewell."

As Prior left the room, after shaking hands heartily with his friend, he said to himself—"I shall live to see a terrible conflict between Saint-John and Harley, yet."

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

FURNISHES FRESH PROOFS OF MR. HARLEY'S TALENT FOR INTRIGUE.

ABOUT this time, a second drawing-room was held at Saint James's, and was followed, as the first had been, by a grand ball in the evening. So far from diminishing the numbers of those accustomed to attend on such occasions, the threatened invasion, which seemed to call for a demonstration of loyalty and devotion, materially increased them. The drawing-room was crowded; and the ball, to which the invitations, at the duchess's suggestion, had been very extensive, was equally numerously attended.

The honours of the evening were divided by the queen and the duchess; and it would be difficult to say which of the two claimed the greater share of attention. Whatever mortification Anne felt, she took care to conceal it, and appeared in better spirits than usual; but the duchess put no such constraint upon herself, and made it evident how much she was elated by the homage she received. Her deportment had more than its accustomed loftiness and majesty; her brow was clothed with more than its ordinary pride; and as she leaned upon the arm of her illustrious lord, and conversed with the noblest and proudest of the realm, who pressed around her, as well as with the more distinguished representatives of foreign powers, she might well have been mistaken for the sovereign mistress of the assemblage.

Much of this homage, though appropriated by the duchess, was paid to the duke. By all, except those arrayed against him by faction, he was regarded with admiration, affection, and gratitude; it being generally felt that if the country was saved from the outbreak of a rebellion, it would be mainly owing to his judgment and foresight. Amongst others of the duchess's opponents who were present, was Harley, and though bitterly mortified at the unmistakeable evidence he received of her unbounded popularity and influence, he took care that her assumption of almost royal state should not pass unnoticed by the queen.

"An invasion seems scarcely necessary to wrest your majesty's crown from you," he observed, in a malicious whisper, "for the duchess appears already to have usurped the sovereignty. See how she keeps the ambassadors around her, and confers with them as if she were discussing the affairs of her own government."

"I see it all, Mr. Harley," replied Anne, quietly, "but it gives me no concern. She is intoxicated with vanity, and sees not

the danger she provokes. This night will be remembered both by herself and others, as that on which her fancied power had reached its climax. Henceforth, it will decline."

"Since your majesty gives me this assurance, I am well content," replied Harley, "but I should like to see her hurled from her pinnacle of pride at once."

"All in good time," said the queen with a significant smile.

"Your majesty will forgive my hinting," rejoined Harley, "that the way in which you could wound her most sensibly at this moment, would be to announce to her that you have given your consent to Masham's union with Abigail."

"Oh! apropos of that!" cried Anne. "You heard her declare she will forbid it."

"An idle threat!" exclaimed Harley, derisively. "Your majesty does not attach importance to such a piece of vapouring."

"There is something in it, I am persuaded," replied Anne. "However, I will try what effect the announcement will have upon her."

"You will deal a harder blow than you calculate upon," said Harley, joyfully. "All her vain-glorious fancies will be put to flight at once. But, with your majesty's permission, I will ask a question or two of Abigail."

And as he mingled with the crowd, the queen commanded an usher to bid the duchess of Marlborough attend her.

While this was passing, Abigail and Masham were engaged in the dance, and formed the chief object of attraction to the lookers on, for the story of the young equerry's disguises having been buzzed abroad, he had become quite a hero in the eyes of the fairer portion of the assemblage.

As Harley approached the group round the dancers, he perceived the Marquis de Guiscard, watching the graceful movements of his rival with a jealous and vindictive gaze, and not wishing to be troubled with him, he moved in another direction, and stood apart till the dance was over. He then approached Abigail, and claiming her for a moment from her lover, led her into an ante-room.

"Cousin," he said, "I have excellent news for you. The queen, at my request, has consented to your immediate union with Masham."

Abigail uttered an exclamation of delight.

"There is only one obstacle now in the way, that I can foresee," he pursued—"and it may arise from our mutual enemy, the duchess. You recollect she threatened to forbid the union. On what pretence can she do so?"

"Alas!" exclaimed Abigail, turning pale, and sinking into a chair—"I ought to have told you this before."

"Told me what?" exclaimed Harley. "You alarm me. The mischief is not irreparable."

"I know not," she answered, in a desponding tone; "but you

shall hear. When I was introduced by the duchess into the queen's establishment, she required from me a written obligation to consider her in the light of a mother—my own, as you know, being dead—with my full consent to her bestowal of my hand in marriage.”

“And you signed such a paper?” cried Harley, in dismay.

“I did,” she replied.

“Imprudent!” he exclaimed, striking his forehead. “Then the duchess is indeed mistress of your destiny, and our last and fairest scheme is crushed in the bud.”

“Oh, do not say so!” she cried—“I knew not what I was about. The duchess will not enforce fulfilment of the promise,—and if she does, I am not bound by it.”

“Be not deceived,” replied Harley, “the duchess *will* exact compliance from you; and though you certainly are not bound by the engagement, I know the queen too well not to be sure that she will respect it. If you had told me this before, it might have been guarded against.”

“I feel I have been to blame,” said Abigail, despairingly. “But it is not too late to remedy the mistake now?”

“I fear it is,” rejoined Harley; “but the attempt shall be made. The duchess is evidently reserving this blow to the last, and if it can be warded off, nothing more is to be apprehended.”

“Accomplish that,” cried Abigail, earnestly, “and I swear to you that no efforts shall be wanting on my part to help you to the highest point of your ambition.”

“I will do my best,” replied Harley, “but unless the document could be abstracted—or—ha!—a plan occurs to me——”

“What is it?” she asked.

“Nay, this is my secret,” he replied. “Not a word on the subject to the queen or Masham. Trust me, we will be prepared to meet the danger when it comes.”

So saying, he reconducted her to the ball-room, and consigned her to her lover.

A moment after this, as Harley was making his way towards the queen, he perceived the duchess quitting the presence with looks which, in spite of the mask put upon them, plainly bespoke the receipt of some disagreeable intelligence. Satisfied that the queen had made good her words, Harley determined to watch the duchess's movements, and finding that in place of returning to the duke and the brilliant circle around him, she shaped her course toward the green cabinet, as if for the purpose of seeking a moment's repose, he followed her, but at such a distance as not to attract her attention, and stationing himself near the door, waited to see what would ensue.

He was not long kept in suspense. An usher passed him, and presently returned, accompanied by the Marquis de Guiscard. Seeing this, Harley moved away until the marquis had entered the cabinet. He then stepped forward, and approaching the

door, which was left ajar, leaned against the side in such a posture, that he could hear what passed in the room, while, to the lookers-on, he appeared solely occupied by the gay scene before him. The first words that reached his ears were uttered rapidly, and in the voice of the duchess.

"I know you are willing to take a short cut to fortune, marquis," she said, "and I will point it out to you. Notwithstanding the opposition from various quarters—notwithstanding the refusal of the girl herself—notwithstanding the queen's consent within this moment accorded to Masham for an union with her,—you shall still wed Abigail Hill."

"I would hazard everything, as your grace knows, to carry the point," replied the marquis; "but I have, for some time, abandoned it as hopeless; and I see not how my chance is improved by what your grace now tells me."

"Hear me, marquis," rejoined the duchess. "When Abigail entered the queen's service, she resigned the absolute disposal of her hand to me, and subscribed a document to that effect, which I now hold. She stands, therefore, in the position of my ward, and I can bestow her upon whomsoever I please. I offer her to you."

"And I need not say with what eagerness I accept the offer," replied Guiscard. "But when does your grace propose to assert your authority?"

"Not till the day of her intended union with Masham," she replied.

"But a secret marriage may take place, of which your grace may be kept in ignorance," said the marquis.

"I am not afraid of that," replied the duchess, significantly. "Will you place yourself in my hands?"

"Entirely," replied the marquis.

"Enough," she rejoined. "I shall now return to the ball-room. Nay, do not attend me, for I would not have us seen together. Our designs might be guessed at."

So saying, she quitted the cabinet, and just as Guiscard was about to follow her, he was surprised by the sudden entrance of Harley.

"A word with you, marquis?" said the latter.

"As many as you please, Mr. Harley," replied Guiscard, bowing.

"To come to the point at once," rejoined Harley. "I have overheard all that has just passed between you and the duchess."

"Then you will have learnt that I can still flatter myself with the hope of becoming your connexion by marriage," said Guiscard, with unshaken effrontery.

"A little cool reflection must convince you of the utter impossibility of the scheme being accomplished," said Harley. "Abigail will never comply with the duchess's directions."

"If it does nothing else, it will help me to gratify my revenge upon Masham," said Guiscard.

"It will answer your purpose much better to act with us," returned Harley. "The duchess has offered you no reward——"

"Pardon me, Mr. Harley," interrupted Guiscard, "she has offered me the highest reward in promising me Abigail. I defy you to outbid her. But I am a reasonable man, and always willing to be convinced. What do you offer?"

"Freedom from arrest," replied Harley. "I have nothing to do, on leaving this chamber, but to go to the Duke of Marlborough, and inform him that you engaged two of your servants to waylay a serjeant whom he had entrusted with important despatches—I have nothing, I say, but to disclose this—and prove it, as I can do—and you will see that we are not likely to be embarrassed by your presence at the wedding."

"The charge is false!" cried Guiscard, turning very pale.

"Nay, marquis," replied Harley, "it is useless to brave out the matter with me. I can produce the men at once. But I would rather hush up the matter than reveal it."

"What do you require, sir?" demanded Guiscard.

"Ay, now you are indeed becoming reasonable," said Harley. "I would have you keep on terms with the duchess—acquiesce entirely in her scheme—and when all is arranged, take your final instructions from me. Do this, and you shall not find me ungrateful."

"I shall, indeed, be happy to serve you, if possible, Mr. Harley," said Guiscard.

"We understand each other, marquis," replied the other, drily. "When I purchased the stolen letters from you, you read me a lesson which I shall not speedily forget."

"Ay, and poor Greg's mouth has been stopped by a halter, or I might read you another," muttered Guiscard. "You must undertake to ensure me against the duchess's enmity, Mr. Harley," he added, aloud.

"So far as I am able—certainly," he replied. "But I can more confidently assure you of Abigail's gratitude, and you will find it more than counterbalance her grace's hostility. No further double-dealing, marquis."

"Nay, I do not merit that reproach, Mr. Harley," said Guiscard. "You yourself have made me a traitor now."

"Why, faith, that's true," returned Harley; "and as it is clearly your interest to be faithful to me, I think I may venture to trust you."

And he quitted the cabinet.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

IN WHAT WAY MRS. PLUMPTON AND MRS. TIPPING CONDUCTED THEMSELVES
DURING THE SERJEANT'S ABSENCE.

THE first time Proddy saw Mrs. Plumpton and Mrs. Tipping after the serjeant's departure he found them in a very desponding state indeed, and failing in affording them consolation, he repaired to his absent friend's den, to smoke a pipe and discuss a pot of ale, and as he sat upon the three-legged-stool, gazing at the trophies around him, and now and then beating a melancholy rat-a-tat upon the drum, his feelings got the better of him, and he melted into tears. As he issued forth he found Mrs. Plumpton at the door with her apron to her eyes.

"Poor soul!" thought Proddy, as he pushed past her, being rather ashamed of the display of sensibility he had made, and fearing she had heard him sobbing. "What would she do if she had seen him as I saw him, just before he started. She'd cry her eyes out. Well, I hope he's safe and sound."

A day or two afterwards a letter arrived from the serjeant stating that he had arrived safely, and was in good health. It contained many kind messages to the two ladies, and these remembrances were so nicely balanced, that it was impossible to say which of the two stood nearest his heart.

One day, about a week after this, Proddy took into his head to call on Bimbelot, and to his surprise, his appeal to the knocker was answered by a valet with whom he had no acquaintance, and who informed him that his friend was within, but very unwell, and unable to attend to his duties. Proddy, expressing much concern at this intelligence, and a strong desire to see him, was shewn into a small room near the kitchen, where he found Bimbelot looking very pale indeed, with his left arm in a sling, while beside him sat Sauvageon, whose head was bound up as if he had received a wound in that region. Both seemed considerably surprised and disturbed at the sight of the coachman.

"Heydey!" exclaimed Proddy, staring at them—"What's the matter? Been fighting another duel, eh?"

"Non, non, mon cher cocher," replied Bimbelot, "we have been wounded as you see by de Mohocks. Ah! terrible fellows dem Mohocks."

"So I've heard," replied Proddy; "but I've always been fortunate enough to escape 'em. Sorry to see you in such a state. When did it occur?"

"Ven!" exclaimed Bimbelot, in some confusion. "Oh, two or three nights ago."

"Well, it's strange I never heard of it," rejoined Proddy; "but they seem to have mauled you desperately. I hope you gave 'em as good as they brought. How many on 'em was there?"

"How many!" repeated Bimbelot. "Let me see—I can't exactly tell. How many should you say, corporal?"

"Ventrebleu! I didn't count 'em," replied Sauvageon. "Maybe two dozen."

"Two dozen!" exclaimed Proddy—"that was fearful odds. No wonder you came off so badly. Why the serjeant found it difficult to—" But remembering his promise, he suddenly checked himself.

"Que dites vous, monsieur?" cried Bimbelot. "Vat vas you goin' to say?"

"I was goin' to say that I've just received a letter from the serjeant, from the Hague," replied Proddy.

"Ah, mon dieu!" exclaimed Bimbelot. "Is it possible he arrived there safely, after his wounds?"

"Wounds!" echoed Proddy, staring, "who told you he was wounded?"

"Why, you yourself, to be sure," rejoined Bimbelot, eager to repair his inadvertence. "You said just now that he was badly wounded—didn't he, corporal?"

Sauvageon growled an assent.

"Well, if I did, the word slipped out without my being aware of it," replied Proddy. "It's true he got hurt by some cowardly ruffians on his way to the wherry. But it seems he thinks nothing of the accident, for he makes no allusion to it. However, his assailants wont so easily forget *him*. He said he had given 'em somethin' to remember him by—ha! ha!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Bimbelot, gnashing his teeth, and glancing at Sauvageon. "Sarpedieu! quand je suis retabli je creverai le tête de ce coquin."

"What's that you say, Bamby," noticing the angry expression of the other's glance. "It's not polite to talk French in company of a gem'man as doesn't understand it."

"Pardon, mon cher cocher, pardon," cried Bimbelot. "Je veux dire—vat I mean to say is dis, dat dose who encountered de sergent, wont forget him in a hurry—ha! ha!"

"No I'll warrant it they wont," replied Proddy, laughing.

"Nor forgive him either," muttered Sauvageon. "They'll pay off their old debts one of these days."

"Eh! what's that Savagejohn?" cried Proddy.

"Oh! nothing—nothing—" replied the corporal, "but you're always blowing the serjeant's trumpet."

"And he deserves to have it blown," replied Proddy, proudly.

"I say, Proddy," observed Bimbelot, "did de sergent suspect who attacked him, eh?"

"He more than suspected," replied Proddy, significantly. "It was certainty with him. He knew 'em perfectly."

"Ah diable!" exclaimed Bimbelot. "And he told you deir names—eh?"

"No," replied Proddy, "he kept that to himself, because, as

he said, "he wished to have the pleasure of cutting their throats when he came back!"

Bimbelot and Sauvageon exchanged glances of apprehension, while Proddy muttered to himself—

"Curse the rascals! I believe they're the men, and it'll do 'em good to frighten 'em a bit."

"Et comment se trouvent les dames—how do Mrs. Plumpton and Mrs. Tipping bear de sergent's absence?" asked Bimbelot, after a pause.

"Oh, pretty middlin',—as well as can be expected, poor things!" replied Proddy. "It's a sad loss."

"A sad loss—poor tings!" echoed Bimbelot, secretly grinning. "Pray make our compliments to 'em, and say de corporal and I will do ourselves de honour to call upon dem and offer dem some consolation."

"I'll deliver your message, certainly," replied Proddy, "but I dont think it'll be of much use. You'd better call some Wednesday evening, for then I shall be there."

"Dat will be an additional inducement," said Bimbelot, "we'll come next Wednesday, if nothing occurs to prevent us. But you're not running away?"

"Yes I am," replied Proddy, rising, "good day, gem'men." And with sundry bows, on both sides, he took his departure.

"I tell you what corporal," said Bimbelot, as soon as the coachman was gone, "it would be a fair revenge on this cursed Scales to rob him of his mistresses while he's away. What say you? Shall we try it?"

"With all my heart," replied Sauvageon. "Perhaps we may succeed better this way than t'other."

"Oh! I've no fear of failure," replied Bimbelot, "I flatter myself I possess as many attractions in a lady's eyes as an old battered soldier. I will lay siege to Mrs. Tipping—you to Mrs. Plumpton."

"Agreed!" rejoined Sauvageon.

Punctual to their promise, the two Frenchmen repaired, on the appointed Wednesday evening, to Marlborough House. Bimbelot was dressed to the point in a velvet coat, satin vest, silken hose; had a sword by his side, large lace ruffles on his wrists, and a well-powdered flowing peruke on his head. His master's toilette-table had been visited for his perfumes, and his left arm was supported by a silken sash. Thus decked out, he looked in his own opinion excessively handsome and interesting,—in fact, irresistible. The corporal had brushed himself up a little,—powdered his wig, and put a new tie to his enormous pigtail, but his personal appearance, never very attractive, was by no means improved by a thick bandage across his brow.

Arrived at their destination, they proceeded at once to the kitchen, where they found most of the household assembled, including Mr. Brumby, the duke's coachman, whom they had not

chanced to meet on any former occasion. Mr. Fishwick, who was recruiting himself with a tankard of ale, having been somewhat busily engaged in preparing for a grand banquet on the following day, gave them a hearty welcome ; and the ladies, professed themselves enchanted to see them. These greetings were scarcely over when Proddy made his appearance.

In pursuance of his scheme, Bimbelot devoted himself to Mrs Tipping, paid her the most extravagant compliments, and affected to be desperately in love with her, while she, who, it must be confessed, was somewhat of a coquette, gave him sufficient encouragement. The corporal did not progress equally rapidly with Mrs. Plumpton. Whether he was not gifted with the same powers of pleasing as his friend, or whether Mrs. Plumpton was more constant to the serjeant, than Mrs. Tipping, is foreign to our present purpose to inquire ; but his compliments all fell to the ground, and his fine speeches were wasted on inattentive ears. A quiet observer of what was going forward, Proddy pretended to be engaged in conversation with his brother whip, Mr. Brumby, but he kept his eyes and ears open to the others. Seeing the encouragement given to Bimbelot by Mrs. Tipping, he thought it, at last, time to interfere.

"Well, Mrs. Tipping, I'm sure," he cried, "you seem vastly pleased with Mounseer Bamby's attentions. I wonder what the serjeant would say if he was here. It's perhaps as well that he isn't."

"I don't see what the serjeant could complain of, Mr. Proddy," replied Mrs. Tipping, pertly. "I'm not aware that I'm under an obligation not to talk to any one else in his absence."

"And even if you were, *ma mignonne*, it's of no consequence," replied Bimbelot. "A soldier never expects fidelity ; and if he does—ha ! ha ! But I don't see what the serjeant can do with two wives. Is it settled which is to be Mrs. Scales ?"

"Did he propose to you, Plumpton ?" asked Mrs. Tipping.

"I shan't answer the question," replied the other. "Did he propose to *you*, Tipping ?"

"And I shan't answer the question neither," she rejoined.

"Its plain he's trifling with the feelings of both," said Bimbelot.

"That's false," cried Proddy. "The serjeant is incapable of trifling with anything, or anybody. He's always in earnest. He means to marry——"

"Which of 'em, Proddy ?" interrupted Brumby, with a laugh, "for I'll be whipped if I can tell. And what is more, I don't think either of the women can."

"It's too bad of the serjeant," cried Mr. Timperley, joining in the laugh. "He don't give other people a chance."

"Not the slightest," cried the portly Mr. Parker, the butler.

"I agree with you, Timperley, it's too bad."

"C'est affreux—intolerable !" cried Bimbelot, with an im-

passioned look at Mrs. Tipping. "I hope he'll be kill'd in de wars," he added in an under tone.

"No whisperin', Bamby," cried Proddy, marching up to him. "No squeezin' of hands. I don't allow it."

"And pray, Monseer Proddy, who gave you a right to interfere?" inquired Bimbelot, angrily.

"The serjeant," replied the coachman, boldly. "These ladies were committed to me by him, and I'll take care of 'em as long as I can."

"Very much obliged to you, Mr. Proddy," rejoined Mrs. Tipping; "but we fancy we can take care of ourselves."

"It's only fancy then, to judge from what I see goin' forward," observed the coachman.

"Well, I wish the serjeant was back again with all my heart," cried Fishwick, "it did one good to hear his adventures."

"Ay, I was never tired of hearin' him tell how he beat the Mounseers," said Proddy, with a glance at the two Frenchmen. "Did you ever hear him relate how he mounted the half-moon of Ypres at the siege of Menin?"

"Never," replied Fishwick; "and if you can recollect it, let's have it."

Thus exhorted, Proddy went to the fireplace, and taking down the spit, tied the two corners of his handkerchief to its point, so as to produce something like a resemblance to a flag. This done, he snatched up a ladle, and to the infinite diversion of the Frenchmen, and indeed of the company generally, planted himself before the cook, and commenced his narration.

"Well, you must know that Menin is one of the strongest forts in Flanders, and esteemed the masterpiece of the renowned Marshal Vauban."

"Marshal Vauban is de first engineer in de world," cried Sauvageon.

"Be that as it may, he couldn't build a fort as could hold out against the Duke of Marlborough," pursued Proddy. "But that's neither here nor there. To proceed: besides being strongly built and well garrisoned, the fort of Menin was rendered difficult of approach, owing to the inundations of the river Lys. Well, the duke takes up a position before it, and after the place has been invested for nearly a month, the works bein' sufficiently advanced to allow of an attack, the signal was given by the blowing up of two mines, which had been laid near the angles of a bastion called the half-moon of Ypres. Amid the silence that followed this tremendous clatter, the first detachment of the besiegers, amongst whom was our serjeant, dashes up to the palisades that protected a covered way communicatin' with the fortress, and throwin' a quantity of grenades into it, forces their way in, amidst the confusion occasioned by their explosion. You may guess the strife and carnage that ensues, for every inch o' ground is fiercely contested. Meanwhile,

our serjeant works his way on, through a heavy fire, with his comrades dropping around him at every step, over courtine and counterscarp, till he stands in the very face of the half-moon itself. A scalin'-ladder is planted, but so fierce is the fire, that no one will mount, till the serjeant, steppin' before his officer, runs up the ladder, and cuttin' down two of the besiegers, and snatchin' up a flag fixed on the bastion, waves it over his head, and shouts at the top of his voice, "Come on, my lads!"

As Proddy said this, he sprang upon a small stool, and planting his right foot on a chair near it, raised the mimic flag over his head, and pointing with his ladle towards the imaginary half-moon of his narration, roared out again with stentorian lungs—"Come on, my lads, I say! We'll give these Mounseers another lickin'. Come on! Victory and Marlborough!"

At the same time, he glared terribly at Bimbelot, who turned aside his head, affecting to be greatly alarmed, though he was convulsed with laughter, while Sauvageon covered his face with his hat to hide his merriment. Fishwick plucked off his cap, and waving it in the air, cheered loudly; and acclamations resounded from the rest of the company. Proddy was so delighted with the effect he produced, that he remained for nearly five minutes in the same attitude, continually shouting—"Come on, my lads!—come on!"

"So like the dear serjeant!" exclaimed Mrs. Plumpton, gazing at him in rapt admiration.

"I don't know whether I'm most frightened or delighted," said Mrs. Tipping. "The dear serjeant oughtn't to risk his precious life in this way."

"Well, what happened next, brother Proddy?" asked Brumby, who was leaning over the back of a chair behind the coachman, and began to be somewhat tired of the constant repetition of the same cries.

"Ay, there's the unfortunatest part of it," replied Proddy; "just as the words was out of our serjeant's mouth, a bullet comes and hits him slap on the shoulder, and knocks him clean off the half-moon."

In describing which disastrous occurrence, the coachman unluckily lost his own equilibrium, and tumbling backwards, caught hold of Brumby and Mrs. Tipping, and dragged them both to the floor with him.

The rest of the party flew to their assistance, and on being helped up again, it was found that no damage had been sustained by any one. By no means discouraged by the accident, Proddy recounted some more of the serjeant's achievements, and seemed to have a malicious pleasure in dwelling upon his frequent drubbings of the French.

"I dare say he'll have plenty to tell us when he comes back," said Fishwick. "I anticipate another glorious campaign for the duke."



Proddy relating the Serjeant's achievements.

"It is next to impossible he can go beyond his former successes," said Proddy.

"Fortune may change," observed Sauvageon, "and the duke himself may experience a reverse."

"I don't think it very likely," observed Brumby, "it has been frequently predicted, but has never yet come to pass."

"Nor ever will," said Parker.

Soon after this, supper was served in the servant's hall, and the two Frenchmen required little pressing to induce them to sit down to it. Bimbelot contrived to obtain a place near Mrs. Tipping, and Proddy remarked that he seemed to make further progress in her good graces. Vexation took away his appetite, and he would neither eat nor drink, notwithstanding the jests passed upon him by Fishwick and Brumby.

At length, the hour of departure came. The coachman bade a sullen adieu to his female friends; but remarking that Bimbelot did not come forth with Sauvageon, he went back to see what he was about, and as he traversed the passage leading to the kitchen, he observed him creeping into a cupboard. Without saying a word, he walked quickly up to the spot, locked the door, took out the key, put it into his pocket, and chuckling to himself at the trick he was playing, quitted the house.

CHAPTER THE TENTH.

IN WHICH THE DAY IS FIXED FOR THE MARRIAGE BY THE QUEEN.

THE queen and her consort were alone together in the library of Saint James's palace, when an usher announced that the Duke of Marlborough and the lord treasurer requested an audience.

"Admit them," said Anne. "Some new demand, I suppose," she remarked to the prince.

"Nay, I see not that," he replied. "Most likely they come to tell us that the Chevalier de Saint-George has landed in Scotland. Or he may be captured."

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated the queen, hastily.

As the exclamation was uttered, Marlborough and Godolphin entered the room.

"We bring your majesty good tidings," said the duke: "the invasion is at an end."

"Then it is true he is taken?" cried Anne.

"The pretender—no," replied Marlborough.

"He is not slain?" asked the queen.

"No, he lives to trouble your majesty further," rejoined the duke.

"Heaven be praised!" she ejaculated.

"But what has happened, your grace—what has happened?" interposed Prince George.

"Your highness is well aware," replied Marlborough, "that after the French expedition had encountered Admiral Byng in the Frith of Forth, its commander changed his intentions, and made for Inverness, in the expectation that an insurrection would be made in the pretender's favour."

"I am aware of it," said the prince; "and I am also aware that it is mainly, if not entirely, owing to the excellent precautionary measures taken by your grace that the insurrection has been crushed."

"Your highness does me much honour," rejoined Marlborough, bowing. "But to the point. The very elements seemed to have warred in our favour. A violent storm prevented the expedition from landing, and, driven out to sea, they have at last succeeded, after various disasters and severe losses, in getting back to Dunkirk."

"Then we are as much indebted to the weather as to our own exertions for deliverance," said the queen.

"Bloodshed unquestionably has been prevented," replied the duke. "Yet it may be doubted whether the pretender would have not received a severer lesson if he had landed his forces. He might not have lived to repeat the attempt. However, all present danger is at an end, and the lord treasurer and myself are come to offer your majesty our congratulations on the fortunate issue of an affair which seemed fraught with so much perplexity and peril."

"I thank you heartily, my lords," replied Anne.

"Loyal addresses will be presented to your majesty on the occasion from both houses of parliament," said Godolphin, "in which it is to be hoped that our conduct will be approved, (if it shall be found, on consideration, to merit approval,) and that of our enemies, and the enemies of the country, duly censured."

"No doubt of it, my lord," replied Prince George—"no doubt of it. Full testimony will be borne to your individual deserts, who have managed her majesty's treasure so admirably, and to those of the duke who has commanded her armies with such distinguished glory."

"One thing I trust her majesty will deign to state in her reply," said Marlborough; "that she will henceforth place her dependence only upon those who have given such repeated proofs of their zeal for the security of her throne, and for the maintenance of the Protestant succession."

"I shall remember what you say, my lord," replied Anne, coldly.

"Your majesty will also remember," said Godolphin, "and it would be well to insist upon it, that all that is dear to your people, and has been secured by your government, would be irretrievably lost if the designs of the Popish Pretender should ever take effect."

"Enough, my lord," cried Anne, angrily—"I have been schooled sufficiently."

"All danger of the invasion being over," said Marlborough, "I must crave your majesty's permission to join your forces in Flanders. Prince Eugene is impatiently awaiting me at the Hague, to mature preparations for the ensuing campaign."

"You have it," replied the queen. "And when do you propose to set forth?"

"To-morrow," returned the duke, "unless your majesty has need of me further."

"I shall grieve to lose your grace," said Anne. "But I know that you go to win fresh honours for me, and new laurels for yourself."

"I go with somewhat less spirit than heretofore, gracious madam," rejoined the duke, "because I know that I leave an insidious enemy at work to counteract all my efforts for the advancement of your welfare. I implore you, as you value the security of your government, and the prosperity of your kingdom, to dismiss Abigail Hill from your service. She is a mere tool in the hands of Harley, and as long as she is near you, to pour the poison of that serpent into your ear, it will be in vain to hope for your confidence. All our best efforts will be neutralized. By the zeal and devotion I have ever shewn your majesty—and am prepared to shew you to the last—I conjure you to listen to me."

"Do not trouble yourself about my domestic arrangements, my lord," replied the queen, "Abigail is merely my waiting-woman."

"Ostensibly she is," replied the duke, "but you yourself, gracious madam, are scarcely aware of the influence she exercises over you. It is apparent to the whole court—nay, to foreign courts—and does you and your ministry incalculable mischief."

"It is but a variation of the old cry, your grace," said Anne. "A short while ago, it was said I was governed by the Duchess of Marlborough."

"I trust your majesty will not degrade the duchess by instituting a comparison between her and Abigail Hill," replied the duke, proudly.

"There is no comparison between them, my lord," said Anne.

"A faithful adviser is necessary to a sovereign," rejoined Godolphin; "and it has ever been said that your majesty was singularly fortunate in having such a confidante as the duchess."

"If loyalty and devotion are titles to the office, her grace possesses the requisites in an eminent degree," added the duke.

"She has more than those," said Godolphin, firmly; "she has judgment such as no other woman in the kingdom possesses."

"And arrogance to match it," replied the queen, bitterly.

"I have long felt that her grace has incurred your majesty's

displeasure," said the duke, "and I feared the occasion of it. "Haughty and imperious she is, I grant. But her whole heart is yours."

"I do not dispute it, my lord," replied Anne, softened. "In spite of her violence of manner, I do believe the duchess loves me."

"She is devoted to you," rejoined the duke; "and oh, madam, let me entreat you to confide in her. Dismiss your unworthy favourite."

"If you wish the duchess to retain her position near me, you will not continue these solicitations, my lord," said Anne.

"I have done," replied Marlborough; "I take my leave of your majesty."

And bending the knee, he pressed her hand to his lips.

"Farewell, my lord," said Anne. "Every good wish attend you."

And with obeisances to the prince, the duke and the treasurer withdrew.

"Your majesty is firm in your adherence to Abigail, I perceive," said the prince, taking a pinch of snuff.

"They take the very means to bind me more strongly to her," replied the queen.

"I am glad of it," observed the prince. "Masham was with me this morning, and implored me to intercede with you to make him happy."

"I am wearied to death with these repeated solicitations," said Anne, good-humouredly, "and must put an end to them in some way or other. Send for Abigail."

"Instantly!" replied the prince, hurrying off to the usher. "We must not lose the lucky moment," he added to himself.

A few minutes afterwards, the favourite entered the presence.

"The Duke of Marlborough and the lord treasurer have just been here, Abigail, and have demanded your dismissal," said the queen.

"Indeed, madam," replied the other, trembling. "Am I to understand then——"

"You are to understand that you are to be united to Mr. Masham to-morrow," replied Anne.

"Oh, madam," replied Abigail, throwing herself at the queen's feet. "Pardon me if I do not thank you properly. My heart would speak if it could."

"Nay, I want no thanks," replied Anne. "I am happy in making you happy, and my conduct will shew your enemies that I am not to be diverted from loving and befriending you by menaces or entreaties. Still, as I wish to avoid any scene on the occasion, the marriage shall take place privately, in the evening, in the rooms of my physician, Dr. Arbuthnot."

"Admirably resolved!" cried the prince.

"Oh! I hope the duchess will not hear of it," cried Abigail.

"She is not likely to do so," rejoined the queen. "And now I will no longer detain you. There are times when one desires to be alone—to indulge one's feelings unrestrained. Take this pocket-book. It contains two thousand pounds. It is your wedding portion."

"Your majesty overwhelms me with kindness!" cried Abigail, in a voice of heart-felt emotion.

"I will take care to apprise Masham of the good fortune in store for him," said the prince; "and I offer your majesty thanks in his name for your goodness. You have made us all very happy," he added, brushing away a tear, "very—very happy."

Abigail attempted to speak, but words failed her; and with a look of the deepest devotion and gratitude at the queen, she retired.

CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

OF THE MANNER IN WHICH THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH SET OUT FOR FLANDERS.

THE Duke of Marlborough adhered to his resolution of departing on the following day. A barge was ordered to be in waiting at Whitehall Stairs to convey him on board the vessel he was to sail in, which was moored off Queenhithe. The duke wished to embark privately, but the duchess overruled his desire, and the state carriage was commanded to be in readiness at noon.

It having been rumoured abroad that the duke was about to set out for Flanders on that day, long before the hour fixed for his departure, a vast crowd collected in front of Marlborough House. This was what the duchess had calculated upon, and she congratulated herself upon the success of her scheme, as she watched the momentarily-increasing throng from the windows of her superb abode.

A little before twelve, the duke requested the attendance of the duchess in his closet. It was to bid her farewell. He seemed deeply affected, and taking her hand, remained for some time silent. The duchess was less moved, but it required the exercise of all her fortitude to forbear from bursting into tears.

"I go away with an aching heart," said the duke, at length; "for though all seems bright and prosperous at this moment, I discern a storm gathering afar off."

"I am depressed by the thoughts of losing you," replied the duchess, tenderly. "But I have no presentiments of ill."

"My beloved wife!" cried the duke, straining her to his breast. "Heaven knows what I suffer in these separations!"

"I suffer as much as your grace," replied the duchess. "But you are wedded to glory as well as to me, and when my co-mate calls you hence I do not repine."

"You are an heroic woman!" cried the duke, gazing at her with the deepest admiration. "Oh, Sarah! matchless in beauty as in judgment, Heaven has indeed been bountiful to me in vouchsafing me such a treasure. But if I look on you longer, I shall never be able to tear myself away. One word before we part. Be prudent with the queen. Do not irritate her further. She is inflexible in her adherence to Abigail."

"Before your grace returns, the minion will be dismissed," rejoined the duchess.

"I doubt it," said the duke, shaking his head.

"You know not the extent of my power," replied the duchess, with self-complacence. "Shall I tell your grace a secret? I have just learnt, from a confidential agent in the palace—the usher who attends the library—that the queen designs to marry her favourite to young Masham this evening.

"This evening!" exclaimed the duke.

"It is intended that the marriage shall take place privately in Doctor Arbuthnot's rooms in the palace," pursued the duchess. "Well, what does your grace say to it?"

"Say to it!" echoed the duke. What should I say? It cannot be prevented."

"You think so?" returned the duchess. "The first letter you receive from me will be, to announce that this marriage—arranged by the queen—has been stopped."

"I advise you not to interfere in it," said Marlborough. "It is too petty a matter to meddle with."

"Small beginnings lead to great consequences," said the duchess. "I will pluck up the weed betimes."

Further remonstrance on the duke's part was interrupted by the entrance of Timperley, to say that the carriage was at the door. Once more tenderly embracing the duchess, Marlborough took her hand, and led her down the great staircase. As the illustrious pair passed through the hall on their way to the carriage, they found it thronged with the various members of the household, who were drawn up to bid their beloved lord farewell. Amongst these was Proddy, who was transported almost out of his senses by a nod of recognition from the duke.

As Marlborough was seen to issue from the door, a tremendous shout rent the air, and, in spite of all the efforts of the porters at the gates, the court was instantly filled with a mass of persons eager to bid him adieu. Acknowledging their greetings with repeated bows, the duke stepped into the carriage after the duchess. It required all the management of Mr. Brumby and the postilion, who was mounted on one of the leaders, to manœuvre the carriage out of the gates, without injuring some of the throng; but this point safely accomplished, renewed cheers and huzzas burst from the crowd outside, the whole of whom uncovered their heads, as if by a preconcerted signal, at the sight of the hero they had flocked to behold.



The Duke of Marlborough's departure for Flanders.

Scared by the shouts, a flight of rooks, which built their nests in the gardens of Marlborough House, sprang screaming into the air. They were instantly answered by another flock from the royal gardens, who attacked them in mid-air, and drove them back again to their roosts—a circumstance which did not pass unnoticed by some of the more curious observers.

Meantime, hundreds of faces, in succession, appeared at the windows of the carriage, and benedictions were heaped upon the duke's head. Hats were waved aloft, tossed on the point of sticks, or hurled in the air. That no part of the triumph might be lost upon the inmates of the palace, the duchess had privately instructed Brumby to drive up Saint James's-street—an arrangement which would have been opposed by the duke, if he had been aware of it; but it was now too late. So on the carriage went in that direction at a foot's pace, for quicker progress was out of the question.

On arriving in front of the palace, the crowd was so dense that it was found impossible to move at all. To the cries of the postilion and Brumby, to "make way," the crowd only answered by shouts and vociferations, and pressed closer and closer round the carriage. At last, seeing the difficulty in which the duke was placed, those nearest him exclaimed, "Take out the horses, and we'll draw the carriage!"

The cry was answered by a thousand applauding voices—"Take out the horses! we'll draw the carriage!" resounded on every side.

The duke was so circumstanced that he could not refuse consent, and in an instant the wheelers were unfastened by Timperley and another servant, and the leaders driven off by the postilion. The pole of the carriage was then seized by some dozen eager hands, while another band attached a stout rope to the axle-tree, and harnessed themselves to it. Brumby still retained his seat on the box, and flourished his whip, though deprived of his reins, declaring "he had never driven such a team before."

The carriage was then put in motion amid the reiterated shouts and applauses of the spectators, hundreds of whom eagerly offered themselves as relays when the others should be tired.

The triumph of the duchess was complete; for as she glanced towards the palace, she fancied she discovered the queen at one of the upper windows, attracted thither, no doubt, by the prodigious clamour of the multitude.

In this way, the carriage was borne up Saint James's-street and along Piccadilly, until it was finally brought to Whitehall-stairs, where, after bidding adieu to the duchess, amid acclamations which the roar of artillery could not drown, the duke entered his barge.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

HOW THE MARRIAGE WAS FORBIDDEN BY THE DUCHESS, AND WHAT FOLLOWED THE INTERRUPTION.

AT seven o'clock on the same evening, a small but very illustrious party was collected together in Doctor Arbuthnot's rooms in the palace. It consisted of the queen and her consort, Masham, Abigail, Harley, and Doctor Francis Atterbury, dean of Carlisle. Of this celebrated person, who afterwards became Bishop of Rochester, occasion will be found to speak more fully hereafter, as well as of his friend the witty and learned Doctor Arbuthnot. The object of the meeting, it need scarcely be stated, was the consummation of Masham's wishes, in regard to his union with Abigail, and Doctor Atterbury was just about to commence the ceremony, when, to the surprise and consternation of all present, except, perhaps, Harley, the door opened, and the Duchess of Marlborough, followed by Guiscard, entered the room.

"I am in time," she cried, looking around with a smile of triumph. "You thought to steal a march on me. But you see I am acquainted with your movements."

"Who can have betrayed us to her?" muttered the queen.

"Why was I not invited to this marriage?" cried the duchess.

"Surely I, Abigail's nearest female relation, should have been asked to it."

"It was an omission certainly, duchess," said the prince; "but her majesty fancied you would be completely engrossed by the duke's departure for Flanders."

"An evasion, prince!" cried the duchess, angrily. "Her majesty did not desire me to be present at it."

"Well, duchess, since you will have it so," replied the queen, coldly, "I did *not* desire your presence."

"I knew it," rejoined the other; "but I am come, nevertheless."

"And you have presumed too much upon my good-nature in doing so," replied Anne. "You will consult your own pleasure about remaining. But the ceremony shall be no longer delayed. Proceed, sir," she added to Atterbury.

"Hold!" exclaimed the duchess. "This marriage cannot take place. I told your majesty before, to beware how you gave your consent to it. I forbid it."

"Your grace is neither Miss Hill's parent nor guardian," said Atterbury.

"I stand in the place of both," replied the duchess. "Now hear the grounds upon which I offer any interference. When Abigail Hill entered her majesty's service, she gave me absolute disposal of her hand. Let her answer, was it so or not?"

Abigail was silent.

"Since she declines to speak, this document will reply for her," replied the duchess, handing a paper to the queen. "You will see that I have not advanced an untruth."

"Why did you not tell me of this before, Abigail?" demanded the queen, somewhat severely.

"She did not dare to do so," replied the duchess.

"I did not suppose the duchess would act upon it," said Abigail.

"You treat the matter too lightly," cried the queen. "You have given her full power over you, and must abide by your own act."

"Your majesty!" exclaimed Abigail.

"You must ask her consent to the match, ay—and obtain it, too, before it can take place," pursued the queen.

"I knew your majesty would decide justly," said the duchess.

"Then it is at an end, indeed," cried Abigail, "for your majesty well knows it is in vain to appeal to her."

"I cannot help you further," said the queen; "and if I had been aware of this instrument, I would not have allowed the matter to proceed so far."

"Spoken like yourself, madam," cried the duchess. "No one has a nicer sense of justice than your majesty."

"How comes it that her grace never mentioned this instrument before?" asked Prince George.

"I thought it sufficient to forbid the union," replied the duchess. "Abigail ought to have asked my consent."

"This is mockery," cried Abigail.

"Your majesty having admitted the duchess's right to dispose of Abigail's hand under this document," said Harley, advancing, "will, I am sure, agree with me, that if she objects to Mr. Masham, she is bound to say whom she would propose as a husband for the lady."

"You are right, sir," said the queen. "She shall name some one, or the present match shall take place."

"I am willing to abide by your Majesty's decision," said the duchess; "and think it influenced by the same high principles of justice as those which have distinguished your judgments throughout. I gave it as my opinion before, that Abigail could not do better than accept the Marquis de Guiscard. Since I am called upon to assign her hand to some one, I do so to him."

"This cannot be," cried Masham, indignantly. "The marquis——"

"Peace!" interrupted Harley. "Your grace has made your nomination. If it is agreed to—good. If not, Abigail is free to make her own choice."

"Undoubtedly," replied the duchess.

"Hear me!" exclaimed Masham.

"Peace, sir," cried Harley. "What says the Marquis de

Guiscard, then? Is he inclined to accede to the duchess's proposition? Will he consent to unite himself to Miss Hill?"

"I must take time to consider of it," replied the Marquis.

"Consider it!" cried the duchess.

"He may well do so," rejoined Masham.

"The answer must be at once," said the queen.

"Then I must decline the proposed honour, madam," returned Guiscard.

"How, marquis!" cried the duchess, in dismay.

"After this declaration, Abigail is free," said Harley.

"Most assuredly," replied the queen.

"I protest against it," cried the duchess.

"Nay, duchess, the queen decides against you," cried Harley, in a tone of bitter irony; "and no one has a nicer sense of justice than her majesty."

"If I had been allowed to speak I would have disposed of the matter at once," said Masham. "The marquis is married already. He was wedded only three days ago at the Fleet, to Angelica Hyde, the cast-off mistress of Mr Henry Saint-John."

"I have been over-reached in this matter," cried the duchess, furiously. "It is all Mr. Harley's knavery. As to you, marquis, you shall bitterly rue your share in it."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Harley. "Her grace has overreached herself, and she now visits her rage and disappointment on others. I pray your majesty, let the marriage proceed. The duchess will offer no further opposition to it."

"She will be revenged on you all," cried the duchess, in extremity of passion.

"Hark'ee, duchess," whispered Harley. "I told you this marriage should precede your downfall, and so it will."

"You have beaten me on this point," rejoined the duchess, in the same tone; "but it will avail you nothing. I will never rest till I have driven you from the palace."

And she flounced out of the room without even making an obeisance to the queen.

The marriage ceremony then commenced. Prince George gave the bride away, and in a few minutes more Masham and Abigail were one.

"I can now claim your promise, cousin," said Harley, in a low tone, as he advanced to salute the bride.

"You can," she replied. "Look upon the duchess's overthrow as certain, and the treasurer's staff as already in your hand."

BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI, AND THE "NEW GENERATION."

THE small-talk and the grand talk carried on in many circles of the town touching the last national novelty, the "New Generation," and the curiously speculative notions prevailing in many quarters relative to Young-Englandism—who it is, where it was educated, why it appears amongst us, how it is to go on, when it is to begin, and what it is to do next—are sufficient to attract to any work of fact or fiction likely to illustrate the subject, the eyes of the whole book-demanding public—skippers, skimmers, readers, devourers—clubbists, buyers and borrowers. For our humble selves, we confess to having felt an interest quite apart from the subject when "Coningsby" was announced, and honestly welcomed it for its own sake, as a new book by the author of "Vivian Grey."

That was a tale, in fact, to create an interest, and a strong one, about the author of it; which some stories never do. After reading it, we never felt indifferent about Mr. D'Israeli; but were anxious to see him turning the original powers and fair acquirements of which it proved him to be the possessor, to an unquestioned and distinguishing account. We do not say that he has not done so; but his early page, brightly coloured, yet deep and clear in its revelations of the young mind then at work, has left fixed impressions behind it; and these speak of qualities, to the entire and arduous development of which the author's after-course has not always been favourable. He has been brooding rather upon the splendour of a position to be securely won, as a leader of the New Generation, than on the mild and durable glory of writing his name among the illustrious ones of that old generation, the Authors of many Ages and Countries,—to the illustration of whose labours, with a consistent enthusiasm, an unwarped judgment, and refined intelligence, his father has happily devoted so many honourable years. Quietly to shine always, was by the younger writer felt to be a less glorious destiny, than sometimes to dazzle.

But to say that there is not in the tales which followed "Vivian Grey," the unobscured, though assuredly the unsteady genius, in full play, is to read them with shut eyes, and hearts warranted not to throb. A wide range of scene is filled in "Henrietta Temple"—a tale that never had justice done to it—and there are diversities of character in it that display, not merely with a happy grace and infinite discrimination the changeful chequered colours on the surface of society, but the innermost springs of motive and action in human life. How nice and exact in his way is the old Lord Grandison; and how veritable as truth itself is Glastonbury. Count Alcibiades de Mirabel, the pink of all pattern-gentlemen, is perhaps rather *ultra* even for the extreme verge of the order of society of which he enjoys the hero-worship; but he does honour to his parentage, it must be owned. We know not what Clementina or Miss Byron would have said of him standing beside Sir Charles Grandison; but we know to which of the all-accomplished we should have proffered the hand of friendship or the bow of homage, secure that in him, although the model of exquisite art, the purely natural and unaffected was also to be found. The secret of his art was there. No Chesterfield, armed with libraries of advice, could

have turned his son into a Mirabel in ten centuries—though he might have made him a Bevil.

The same remarkable talent is shewn in the portrait of Lady Bellair, that dowager viscountess who had outlived two or three generations of wit, fashion and beauty, and was unfatigued, almost unfaded, when nearly a century rolled by:—she who had been the pet-subject of Sir Joshua, had chatted with Samuel Johnson, and flirted with Lord Carlisle; who remembered Brighton a fishing-town, and Manchester a village; who stimulated the young ambition of Fox, and sympathized with the latest aspirations of Canning; to whom the loves alike of Byron and Alfieri had been confided; who recollected the Gunnings had introduced the Sheridans, worn black for Wolfe, and fêted Wellington; who gave her first homage always to talent, her second to beauty, and her third to blood—making us curious to know when virtue might begin to be recognised, and what measure of homage was rendered to it.

Spirited and brilliant in his sketches of artificial life and drawings from reality, he was even more successful in portraying the heart. Deep learning in love-matters dictated the pathetic and passionate parts of the tale, which are so written as to shew that the author had faith in his subject, and was not to be deterred from rhapsodizing by any fear of ridicule. He had the courage to write real downright love-letters, at the risk of their being thought mawkish or exaggerated—free, overflowing, unreserved, and unmisgiving love-letters—a bolder as well as a more rare and difficult thing to do, than wise people who laugh at them may imagine.

In “*Venetia*,” which followed, the aim was to depict the characters of Byron and Shelley, under the names of Lord Cadurcis and Marmion Herbert. An extraordinary romance is woven out of the leading incidents of the career of the two poets, altered, magnified, transposed, and mingled with imaginary matters, with a licence that stops at nothing, but with an ingenuity and eloquence that would have been admired even by the poets so delineated. Scarcely any event in the life of either is figured as it occurred, and no two circumstances in the reality are connected in the representation; indeed, the accidents and the experiences of one are transferred sometimes to the fortunes of the other, and the inventive faculty is never idle. But neither is the curiosity and speculation of the reader, who is bewildered with truth and romance, with glowing expositions of character, and subtle inquiries into subjects of the nicest morality and the highest intellectual interest.

Some parts of the various and complex theme are treated with admirable delicacy—but on other points, the licence of invention extends beyond any allowable degree, and shews the divinity not disguised simply, but distorted. The picture of the boyhood of Cadurcis, of his waywardness and violence, and of the influence of his ill-governed mother's character upon his own, ranks among the masterpieces of modern delineation; and equal in excellence is the very opposite picture of the Lady Annabel—repulsive, in her pure calm-mindedness, as *Venetia* is charming. The stamp of genius—erratic, like the genius it celebrates—is upon the work, in spite of every crudity, contradiction, and defect.

Mr. D'Israeli was now in Parliament. The impulse, the self-will,

the energy, the eccentricity which had been more or less conspicuous in him on each successive appearance as a novelist, marked his conduct on first entering life as a legislator. He carried with him into the House of Commons a reputation of which five hundred of the silent sitters there might reasonably be proud; but he wanted the art—the common tact, rather—to conceal, on his first rising to address that peculiar assembly, his ambition to become distinguished for excellence of another kind, and to rival the most renowned of his hearers in the brilliant fields of oratory and debate. He pitched his note too high, and failed; the tone of his address was new to the ear of the house; his imagination took a range too wide, and did not address itself to the question, but introducing topics not in the smallest degree expected to be then and there touched upon, startled when he should have charmed, and tickled where he should have triumphed. But the day prophesied in the young orator's passionate and courageous asseveration at the close of his speech, "The time is coming when you *shall* hear me," dawned full soon—and those who met to laugh, remained to praise. If that same speech were to be delivered now, from the position which the member for Shrewsbury has so honourably attained amongst the chivalry of parliament, the house would ring with reiterated applauses. They laughed satirically at the idea of "the hurried Hudson rushing through the chambers of the Vatican;" but what an excellent mock-heroic picture it presents—what a telling House of Commons picture—of the panting king's messenger pursuing Sir Robert Peel even into the City of the Soul, and with three magic words, "Wanted a Premier," dissolving at a breath all the enchantments of old Rome, and wafting him to Downing-street.

Questions of a practical nature soon engaged Mr. D'Israeli's attention; and especially to matters of foreign policy, and subjects of a diplomatic character, he applied himself assiduously. These he frequently brought before the house with considerable address, and with a point and manner which could not but interest even when it failed to convince. Too impatient to be always prudent, too ambitious and enthusiastic to be a slave to faction, and too acute and intellectual to be mechanically duped by the artifices and sophistry of party, he shaped for himself a course which, in the exigencies of political alliance, often seemed most unconsidered when, perhaps, it was most methodized, and which it is always unfair to pronounce eccentric until occasions of demonstrating its consistency arrive. At length, the collision of various elements, the crash or discomfiture of rival interests, and the explosion of old delusions grounded upon the formal and long established separation of parties professing to be irreconcilable on every point of policy, struck out a new element, and announced a political accouchement, in the birth of a nondescript, who has since become heard of beyond the walls of parliament under the name of "Young England." Foremost, or not less distinguished than the foremost, among the originators and oracles of this modern marvel, is the author of "Coningsby, or the New Generation."

Between Mr. D'Israeli's political and literary course of action, affinities and analogies are often discoverable. As the wondrous Tale of Alroy might be said to be a combination of poetry and prose, so the wondrous creed, to the exposition of which all ears, long and short, are opened in the present day, may be described as a combination of the

elder Toryism, as it flourished prior to the era of social corruption, and the latest Radicalism, as it overlooks the factory and the union work-house, and dances round the May-pole to the pipe and tabor.

Young England, the representative of our New Generation, wears a velvet vest and leather leggings; on the hand which he sets to the plough, a diamond ring is glistening; he has a coronet on his head, and treads the mire in clouten shoon: he breakfasts on a *paté de foie gras*, and three pints of oatmeal porridge. But there is body as well as soul in him, nevertheless; a good deal of consistency, in spite of the anomalies; determined energy of tongue and action, and plenty of life—while he lives.

It was hardly possible for any new political creed or party to have secured a more emphatic and flattering celebration than the principle of the New Generation has obtained in the production of "Coningsby." In this work, an author whose speculations and style of writing are well calculated to pique curiosity, has exercised his admitted powers more strikingly in every respect, more ably and brilliantly in many, than in any former production. If the New Generation should turn out to have no other existence than the Utopia, Coningsby, notwithstanding, has secured one for himself.

The present season, however, will be occupied less in speculating upon and discussing the philosophic and political doctrines expounded in "Coningsby," than with surmisings and mystifyings concerning the personages introduced in the exposition. It is less the battle than the combatants, less the comedy than the characters, that we think about just now. But these are riddles we shall pass, if only for the sake of novelty, without a guess.

We know nothing of Lord Monmouth. Enough for us, that he is anybody. When Sidonia was giving a brilliant *fête*, the Marquis of Monmouth "half talked" of going, although his ardent wish was, that people would come to him, and never ask him to their houses. That was his idea of society. "He liked the world, but he liked to find it under his own roof. He grudged them nothing, so that they would not insist upon the reciprocity of cold-catching, and would eat his good dinners instead of insisting on his eating their bad ones." But then Sidonia's cook was a gem—and so the marquis went. Here is character enough in six words, without wondering about the accuracy of the title which the noble lord bears.

Just as little do we know of Mr. Rigby. Many Rigbys may have intrigued to bring in the Duke of Wellington—may have gone down at the critical moment to Windsor, just to ask the date of some historical incident which they well knew, have found majesty agitated, and Canning in the ascendant. What would they then do? What Rigby did—that is, he drove post-haste to the Foreign-office, broke through all official rules and impertinent impediments, and flung himself into the astonished arms of Mr. Canning—crying in broken tones—"All is right; I have convinced the king that the first minister must be in the House of Commons; no one knows it but myself, but it is certain."

His creed, too, like his conduct, was that of many, and forbids individualizing. He assured Coningsby that the want of churches was the sole cause of the want of religious faith, and that want of loyalty was occasioned by George IV. having shut himself up too much in

the cottage at Windsor Park, contrary to Mr. Rigby's advice. He was convinced that the church commission was operating wonders; "and that with private benevolence (he had himself subscribed 1000*l.* for Lord Monmouth) we should soon have churches enough. The great question now was their architecture. Had George IV. lived, all would have been right. They would have built on the model of the Buddhist pagoda. If the present king went regularly to Ascot races, he had no doubt all would go right." And how should he conclude his instructions to a young student in politics, but by setting him to read a capital work just published, which "proved that Providence was on the side" of his party!

At as respectful a distance are we from any clue that can guide us to a knowledge of Lord Eskdale. The noble lord may be the representative of all the rich in the land who have experienced the unhappiness attendant upon a large fortune. His philosophy is that it is troublesome; you begin with dissatisfying others, and end with discontenting yourself. To maintain an equable expenditure, he says, "not to spend too much on one thing and too little on another, is an art. There must be a harmony, a keeping in disbursement, which very few men have. Great wealth wearies. The thing to have is about ten thousand a-year, and the world to think you have only five. There's some enjoyment then; one is let alone. But the instant you have a large fortune, duties commence: and then impudent fellows borrow your money, and if you ask them for it again, they go about town saying you're a screw." Why ask for an index to a volume that paints such self-illustrating characters?

Coningsby himself, the grandson of the Marquis of Monmouth, and, what is a greater distinction, the hero of the *New Generation*, and leader of the Young English, is still more sacred, in our estimation, from all impertinent and unavailing speculations. He is not Mr. Hume, nor Sir Robert Inglis; but whosoever he may be in the House, he is one of the firmest, pleasantest, finest philosophic gentlemen ever met with in a book; and if he were for an instant wanting in the independent power of speaking for himself, his friendships speak for him. Buckhurst may be with him in Parliament, but no Parliamentary debate is needful to interest us about his identity; and the same feeling applies to Vere and Sydney. They may all be illusions like Don Quixote, but they are drawn with such life-like force that the Speaker of the House in his robe of office is not more real.

Lucian Gay, unquestionably, calls up to the "meanest capacity" in the art of unriddling, reminiscences of a real existence once brilliant as the brightest of the throng, and shortened by its own wasteful and reckless expenditure of the vital oil—like "the candle burning at both ends." But the portraiture of Lucian Gay is detectable, rather by the light flung upon it from circumstances and position, than by any play of self-illumination in the picture itself. This, however, exhibits a touch of wise art in the author of the sketch. His other characters signalize themselves by action as well as speech; but Lucian Gay having no "doings" in the scene, must have been all "sayings;" this task proved a teaser, and of him, consequently, we have but an indication.

But "the greatest is behind"—the all-accomplished Sidonia; a sketch which, whether drawn from any resemblances in real life, or purely from a series of brilliant images suggested by a luxurious imagination, is manifestly one of remarkable force and discrimination.

Too sublime for earth, he yet moves about it in an orderly human manner. Unlike any other creature of the scene, he yet belongs to it, and has relationship with all. The tie between the brilliant Spanish Jew and the "British and Foreign" Christianity by which he is surrounded—for he is ever the central figure when on the stage—is never broken, though it is drawn out to a fineness that becomes at times almost an imaginary line of connexion.

Who Sidonia may be—that is, whom he may be intended indirectly and by remote affinities to represent—is a question which should suggest to the querist generally the futility and unprofitableness of guessing. He may be an absolute reality—or simply the idealized principle of the breeches-pocket; he may be a Rothschild struck off by a system of literary photography, or he may be a "gay creature of the elements playing i' the plighted clouds." This is a character that at once becomes first-rate, and makes his fortune at his first appearance. The scene at the inn, where he flashes amidst the lowering tempest into view, his brilliant discourse upon the divinity which is in youth, his bread-eating assiduity while Coningsby attacks the eggs and bacon, the splendour of his person, the graciousness of his reserve, the high and rare breed of his Arab mare, the "Daughter of the Star"—the whole picture fixes itself in the memory, and kindles in the highest degree an expectation which the course of the story and the development of the character cannot be said to disappoint.

Sidonia is superbly drawn. Sidonia, possessed of that experience of the most refined and polished society which instils into us the indefinable tact, "preventing us from saying the wrong thing, and often impelling us to do the right," who, long before middle-life, was master of the learning of every nation, and indeed the mover of every court, by the unparalleled resources of his wealth; whose studies had been assisted by that absolute freedom from prejudice "which is the compensatory possession of a man without a country;" who has no profound sympathy with any heart, and who is deeply interested in intellect alone of all human qualities; forms a figure in the scene which enables the author to scatter with profuseness the riches of his fancy, and the maxims of his sagacity, over the sparkling and diversified page.

The acquaintance of Mr. Ormsby, Lord Beaumanoir, and the rest, is worth cultivating, and the ladies are rich in every variety of attraction. Who is the princess? &c. is a question as easily and innocently put, as "Who—*who* is Mrs. Guy Flouncey?" And all may answer as the whim dictates. Such trivialities are swallowed up and lost, in a sense of the higher qualities of character, sentiment, and passion, which impress us as we advance with the story—a story in which all thoughts of the New Generation and the prospects of the world at Westminster are annihilated. That tale is one of true love and true friendship; and its charm and interest are in reality centered in Coningsby and the Millbanks.

For the Millbanks, the thoughtful reader, wheresoever carried by the fitful course of the narrative, preserves a fond and unwavering attachment. We first hear of Oswald Millbank as a student at Eton, where he has been asked to breakfast with a little knot of friends, all high aristocratic, but most so the youthful Coningsby; who, assenting to the intrusion with some grace, yet wonders why his fine companions "should invite an infernal manufacturer?" From that moment an interest is awakened for Millbank which ends only with the book.

Every circumstance of that youthful college life which is depicted with such wonderful youthfulness of spirit and animation of colouring, tends to strengthen this interest. The letter of Oswald, proclaiming his gratitude and revealing his affection for Coningsby, is a masterpiece in its way. Edith Millbank is an angel of a heroine, "and yet a woman still;" while her father, the parent Millbank—the fine intellectual Manchester manufacturer—is a great moral machine, helping on the purposes of the world in his own manner; even as these purposes are assisted by the very opposite agencies to be discerned in such works as Coningsby.

An exemplification of the poetical feeling which pervades the passages of love and friendship in this tale, occurs in one of the later scenes. The young aristocrat, a chief by this time of the New Generation, and that "infernal manufacturer" whom he had once condescended to meet at breakfast, had long been friends; when in the fulness of his heart, "Coningsby put his arm round the *astonished neck* of Oswald, as if they were once more in the playing fields of Eton!"

Coningsby, with its politics, its philosophy, and its passion—its exposition of affairs in St. James's, in 1834, and its revelations upon matters unconfined to age, country, or condition—wherever and whenever the human heart beats—may be considered unique, and classed with the Literary Curiosities.

SPRING.

BY MRS. PONSONBY.

THE Spring returns with sunshine, the Spring returns with mirth,
With a golden glory for the sky, a verdure for the earth;
With a voice for every gushing brook, for every stream a song,
As through the woods and through the plains they leap in light along.

The waken'd rivers roar and rush, the leaping fountains play,
The snow from the distant mountain-tops is vanishing away;
And o'er the wide and breezy heath, and o'er the springing grass,
The shadows of the flying clouds with a transient darkness pass.

The breezy heath is brown and sere, the grass is scarcely green,
But there the daisy's snowy flower and crimson bud are seen;
And there, by many a mossy root, 'neath many a leafless tree,
Blooms the darling of the early year, the wood anemone.

On sunny slopes the primrose lies, and gazes on the sky,
The violet from her place of rest looks forth with loving eye;
And bursting, with its slender stem, through the garden's darksome mould,
Comes the crocus with his purple crest, or crown of burning gold.

The laurel's leaves are fresh and green, they never change or fade,
And the snow-drop rings her silver bells beneath their verdant shade
Or stars with white the trim parterre, or on the distant hills,
She dances in the morning air, with the "dancing daffodils."

Oh, dear to us this changeful Spring, with its sunbeams and its showers—
Its budding and its leafless trees—its wreath of humble flowers;
And its still progressing loveliness, which brings it to the time,
When its flowers shall match the rosy crowns of summer's glorious prime.

The Spring returns with sunshine, the Spring returns with mirth,
With a golden glory for the sky, a verdure for the earth;
With a voice for every gushing brook, for every stream a song,
As through the woods and through the plains they leap in light along.

A FEW PASSAGES ON DREAMS, NIGHT-NOISES, AND PHANTOMS.

BY CHARLES OLLIER, AUTHOR OF "FERRERS."

PART II.—NIGHT-NOISES.

"Noncrede then took occasion to speak, and endeavoured to reduce his dear brother to his right senses. 'Twas indeed an enterprise in which 'twas impossible for him to succeed, for nothing happens more rarely than the bringing people off from their prejudices, and engaging them to determinations absolutely contrary to what they are resolved on. However, Noncrede was willing to venture some arguments to bring this honest gentleman to reason. I shall recite here those which I'm informed he urged."—HISTORY OF MONSIEUR OUFLE.

GIACOMO. Listen! What sound is that?

ORSINO. The house-dog moans, and the beams crack; *nought else.*

SHELLEY.

MANY thousand men and women (particularly the latter) have been tormented from infancy to age by a dread of supernatural influences—omens, death-watches, ghosts, visions, strange noises, fiends, hobgoblins, witches, necromancers, &c. Even now, in the nineteenth century, this folly, though much diminished by the advance of knowledge, has not ceased to exist. It will always be found in company with ignorance; and ignorance still makes her abode in many right-worshipful families no less than in the hovels of the poor. If superstition could be cherished by any class of men of cultivated intellect, surely poets, of all others, would be such men; for the very nature of their vocation demands what Milton calls the "high-raised fantasy;" yet it is certain that by the greatest poets a healthy tone in this respect is constantly maintained. The prodigality of their imagination presents us indeed with "visions and enchantments drear;" but, on the other hand, by way of antidote, they lose no opportunity of denouncing irrational belief. In the 9th Canto, Book the Second, of the "Faery Queene," Spenser exhibits the chamber of "Phantastes," and speaks plainly enough of its illusions:—

"And all the chamber fillèd was with flies,
Which buzzèd all about, and made such sound
That they encombred all men's eares and eyes;
Like many swarmes of bees assembled round,
After their hives with honny do abound.
All those were *idle thoughtes and fantasies,*
Devices, dreames, opinions unsound,
Shewes, visions, sooth-sayes, and prophecies;
And all that feignèd is, as leasings, tales, and lies.

"Amongst them all sate he which wonnèd there,
That hight Phantastes by his nature trew;
A man of yeares, yet fresh as mote appere,
Of swarth complexion and of crabbed hew,
That him full of melancholy did shew;
Bent, hollow, beetle browes, sharpe, staring eyes,
That mad or foolish seemd; one, by his vew,
Mote deeme him borne with ill-disposèd skyes,
When oblique Saturne sate in th' house of agonyes."*

* In commenting on this last line, Upton says, "The aspect of Saturn, by astrologers, was always deemed malignant, *impio Saturno*, as Horace, alluding to this opinion, says, *L., ii., O. xvii.* And Chaucer calls him 'pale Saturnus the cold,' *Kn. T. 2445.*

'I do vengeance and plaine correction
While I dwell in the signe of the Leon.
My loking' (i. e., *aspect*) 'is the fader of Pestilence.'"

And in another poem (the "Epithalamion") he says, invoking a quiet night,—

"Let no deluding dreams, nor dreadful sights,
Make sudden, sad affrights;
Ne let hob-goblins, *names whose sense we see not,*
Fray us with things that be not."

Shakspeare and Milton are equally emphatic against superstition; and Bacon, discoursing of prophecies (not of *divine* prophecies), after speaking of their fallacies, says, "There are numbers of the like kind, especially if you include dreams and predictions of astrology. My judgment is, that they ought all to be despised, and ought to serve but for winter-talk by the fireside. That that hath given them grace and some credit, consisteth in three things:—First, that men mark when they hit, and *never mark when they miss*; as they do generally also of dreams. The second is, that probable conjectures, or obscure traditions, *many times turn themselves into prophecies*, while the nature of man, *which coveteth divination*, thinks it no peril to *foretel* that which indeed they do but *collect*. The third and last (which is the great one) is, that almost all of them, being infinite in number, have been impostures, and *by idle and crafty brains merely contrived and feigned after the event is past*." In another place, this great man says, "Superstition is the reproach of the Deity. Without a veil, superstition is a deformed thing; for, as it addeth deformity to an ape to be like a man, so the similitude of superstition to religion makes it the more deformed."

But to our present subject—Night-noises. These are numerous; and most persons are apt to invest them with a mysterious character, when a little reflection would refer them to very natural causes. In the first place, the silence of night renders things audible that would be drowned in the turmoil and bustle of day. Of these too-often alarming sounds, the trivial, and even ridiculous, origin is not unworthy of notice. Cats are prodigal agents in such matters; and we are of opinion that the greater number of ominous noises which frighten sober people out of their senses, are attributable to them. A young cat, of a very sociable turn, fond of human company, and belonging to the present writer, is in the habit, especially at night, of knocking with its forehead three times upon the door of any room it may desire to enter. On hearing such a summons, any person, sitting in the hush of a winter evening, would seize a candle, open the door, and, looking level with his eyes, while the cat glided in with noiseless steps at his feet, would protest that the sound came from something invisible, and terrify his family with all manner of horrid portents, which, if some member of it should chance to be infirm of health, might tend to a fatal fulfilment. Once, indeed, and it was at midnight, too, this very summons caused a momentary alarm in one of the writer's relatives, who, knowing that every one in the house (except herself and companion) was a-bed, started and was aghast at hearing three thumps against the parlour door. "'Tis only our little cat," said the writer; "you shall see her enter." Opening the door, and holding the light downwards, puss was seen to steal in, sure enough, and take her place quietly on an ottoman under the table. A know-

ledge of this common, but unobserved, fact, might perhaps prevent much mystification, and cloudy terror, and might, moreover, explain many "well-authenticated" and grim stories of night-noises.

In other ways, too, cats, which are singularly active at night (indeed, they are truly the rakes who turn night into day), originate strange and unexpected sounds; since, not to mention their talent for throwing down tins and crockery, they have a remarkable faculty of rendering their steps audible or inaudible as they please. They can descend stairs with very heavy and sounding foot-falls, or glide downwards as if their paws were made of wool. Cats have more contrivance and cunning than human beings are apt to suppose, though it is not easy to "penetrate the heart of their mystery." When the present writer lived a little way in the country, he built an outhouse on his premises, wherein garden-seeds were stored, and garden-implements deposited. From this shed, an inner door communicated with the kitchen-stairs. There were no means of access from without; the wooden flap, a few inches in size, contrived for admission of air, not being large enough for a baby to pass through. One night, when he sat up very late, the silence was broken by a sudden sharp report, followed by the creaking of a door, and stealthy footsteps down the kitchen-stairs. Here was a case for a policeman, had such officials been in existence at that time. The writer, however, quickly followed the steps, and saw the house-cat, which had been missing some hours, stationed at the kitchen-door. Puss had been prowling outside till she was tired, when, jumping in through the open flap of the seed-house, and knocking down a prop which kept it apart, had occasioned, by its fall, the sudden noise. Then pushing aside an inner door, the animal descended to its usual place of rest, the kitchen. Had this not been promptly discovered, a notable story might have been manufactured of ghostly and invisible footsteps, and horrible nocturnal sounds.

Rats, too, are busy in the dark, ascending drains, and squealing, not like Shakspeare's Roman ghosts, in the streets, but at the mouth of house-sinks. These noises have, no doubt, often passed with old cultivators of the marvellous for the gibbering of unquiet spirits, and been so recorded. Strange and monotonous wailings, like a lamenting human voice, are not unfrequently produced by air passing through empty water-pipes. These are heard only at night, because, during day, they are "over-noised" by bustle and conversation. Even the obvious rattling of doors, shutters, and windows in a gusty night, and the moaning of wind through a keyhole, have been known to create dismal conjectures and suspicions of unearthly visitants.

"The wind is up : hark ! how it howls ! methinks
Till now I never heard a sound so dreary !
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird,
Rook'd in the spire, screams loud.
I'll hear no more ; it makes one's blood run chill."

With due deference to Blair, and due admiration of his verses, we think he might have spared the last of the above lines. The sounds he enumerates are gloomy enough, no doubt, but being perfectly natural and of frequent occurrence, are not capable of making "one's blood run chill."

We have heard of a family, who lived in a solitary suburban house, approachable only by a by-road close to a churchyard, being roused by

an unaccountable noise from midnight sleep, leaving their beds, and huddling together in one room, while the master of the house, pistol in hand, searched the premises. Though nothing suspicious was detected, the female servants could not be persuaded to return to their chambers, because, as no thief was found lurking about, it was clear "the house was haunted." And to this day such a belief would have been cherished, had not the master been a man in whose mind no prejudice or absurd fear could for an instant exist—one whose clear and sagacious faculties are competent to the exposure of any fallacy, however plausible. The sound was heard on a subsequent night; and being resolved to detect its cause, which this gentleman suspected beforehand would turn out to be something very simple and very trivial, he ascertained at last that it proceeded from the rattling, in a sudden wind, of a Venetian blind, hanging outside the window of an unoccupied room, and which the servants had neglected, week after week, to draw up and secure.

This discovery was resented by the gossips in the kitchen, who were actually disappointed at the ruin of so promising a story of a haunted house.

Servant-girls, indeed, are very industrious and very effectual propagators of wonderful stories. They delight in them: such tales constitute the food on which their minds exist; and they are angry with any one who should snatch them from a dark and "fearful joy," and place them in the light of reason. They are of "unbounded stomach" in matters of credulity: a ghost or an omen gives the finest relish imaginable to their tea, and the most intense zest to their conversation: there are not impossibilities enough for their ever-ready faith: to them truth is an insipid thing. Life would lose all its charm if you should prove that gipsies and "cunning women" were ignorant and sordid impostors; and unfortunately a belief in such tricksters is not confined to the poor and uneducated, but extends itself to those who have received the advantage of careful nurture. Early in the present month (May), a young lady drowned herself in the river Lea, at Bow, from despondency at something she had been told by a female fortune-teller in Goswell-street-road, whose accursed residence she had been in the habit of visiting for a considerable time. This fatal facility of belief, which had destroyed her faculties, inspired her with groundless terror, and driven her to the madness of self-murder, might have been derived from the early counsels of a servant-maid; for it is notorious that much ineradicable mischief is instilled into the minds of children by domestics placed about them. Any apparently unaccountable night-sound is immediately translated into a portent by the greater number of female servants. The constant falsification of these "omens" makes no difference in their belief: if the event, thus *foretold*, does not occur, they declare it *ought* to have occurred. They resemble the "sage," of whose fantastical speculations some friend said, "The facts, my dear fellow, do not agree with your theory." "Don't they?" replied the enthusiast; "then so much the worse for the facts."

It is painful to speak thus of any class, and no doubt numerous worthy exceptions might be found; but most persons will agree that the censure may be justified. Want of education is at the root of the mischief. With the dense stupidity in which the majority of girls who go out to service are brought up, is combined a large portion of cunning. Some of them have been known to make startling noises in

the dead of night, purely to give birth to an awful story; and the best of the thing is, that in an incredibly short space of time they themselves believe the very marvels they invent.

The present writer recollects being, a few years ago, roused out of his sleep, one wintry morning, about three o'clock, by a violent knocking at the lower part of his house—a rather lonely dwelling, two miles from town. Had this noise proceeded from the front door, it is probable he would have turned on his pillow and gone again to sleep, under a notion that the knocking originated in those facetious gentlemen—adherents of “spring-heeled Jack”—who, in their cups, like their predecessors, the Mohocks, wittily disturbed the nocturnal quiet of families, and thought it good manly sport to terrify women and children. But as the sounds came from the back of the building opening on a garden into which access was not easy, any suspicion of these heroic revellers was at once dismissed. He instantly jumped out of bed; and while descending the stairs, the stunning and threatening sounds were repeated. Going to the garden-door, he vociferated, “Who’s there?” No answer was given; and perfect silence returned. The servant slept in a room adjoining the kitchen. Thither the writer went, and speaking from outside, inquired if she had heard the loud knocking. “O yes, sir,” she replied; “and I am frightened to death.” “Well,” added he, “keep where you are, and I’ll soon find out what’s the matter.” He then opened the house-door, passed into the road, and, for once in his life, found a policeman at the very moment he was wanted. “Have you seen any one within the last five minutes go out of these premises?” he asked. “No, sir,” answered the man. “Nor any suspicious characters about the road?” “No.” “We have just been disturbed by a violent noise. Come in, and go with me over the premises.” The constable unmasked his light; and every part of the garden, outhouses, kitchen, &c., were examined, but no intruder was found. “I never expected we should see anybody,” said the man; “because thieves don’t make noises when they go a-housebreaking.” “I ought to have thought of that myself,” observed the writer; “but I was too suddenly roused out of a heavy sleep.” By this time the servant had dressed herself, and though told by her master to keep her bed, had come forth. “Did *you* hear these knockings, young woman?” asked the officer. “Yes, yes,” answered she; “and never shall I forget them!” The man looked her hard in the face. “Do you ever walk in your sleep?” said he. “No, never!” replied the girl, emphatically. This occasioned a new train of ideas in the writer’s mind, who, dismissing the policeman, went again to bed, and slept uninterruptedly till daylight. In a few days, the girl, who had been but a short time in the family, gave her mistress warning, saying the place was too lonely for her; and, at last, it was ascertained that, either being scared at the dead silence of the night, so different from the crowded houses of London in which she had hitherto lived, and where perfect stillness never comes, or anxious to create a wondering sensation, she had left her room, determined to bring some evidence of life about her by inflicting heavy blows on the kitchen-door. That her master should have been so successfully hoaxed was, doubtless, an additional source of enjoyment.

Here was another tale of mystery crushed in the bud.

It has been observed, in old houses especially, that the timbers,

from swelling and contracting according to the state of the weather, will cause sudden, and, when heard at night, inexplicable noises. Furniture will produce the same effects, and so, occasionally, will the backs of stoves during the process of cooling, when the fire is out. All these, from time to time, for want of a little sensible investigation, have received wondrous interpretations, and been sources of terror.

But the most dismal of all night-noises—one of which the ghostly import is fully believed by scores of unreflecting persons—but which is among the most innocent things in the world, is the “Death-watch.” This curious sound has been held to announce the speedy decease of some inmate of the house wherein it is heard; and overwhelming is the dread, and torturing are the heart-throes, occasioned by the ticking of this supposed fatal watch. Though natural history long ago declared that these sounds proceed from a little harmless insect, hundreds of believers still exist who refuse to be persuaded that the noise is not prophetic of the charnel-house. Even those who have been brought to credit the fact of the ticking being made by an insect, are reluctant all at once to abandon a gloomy notion, and therefore affirm that the sound is still significant of death, for, say they, it comes from a spider in the act of dying, and when the ticks cease, the creature is dead. Many intelligent persons are aware that this latter opinion is equally erroneous with the former; but as others may lack such correct information, it might not be altogether superfluous to state that the insect in question is *not* a spider, but “the *pediculus* of old wood, a species of *termes* belonging to the order *aptera* in the Linnaean system.” It is very diminutive. There are two kinds of death-watches. One is very different in appearance from the other. The former only beats seven or eight quick strokes at a time: the latter will beat some hours together more deliberately and without ceasing. This ticking, instead of having anything to do with death, is a joyous sound, and as harmless as the cooing of a dove. It is to be regretted that Science, to which we owe so many blessings,—so much of health both bodily and mental,—should have made an inconsiderate compromise with Superstition, by naming this lively and harmless little creature, “*mortisaga*.”

LIFE'S MISSIONER.

BY THOMAS ROSCOE.

THIS mortal life of few and fleeting days

Time hurries on, unheeded and obscure;

Its iron yoke and chain I still endure,

In spirit mourning, but with lips of praise:

For I am told, through dark and dangerous ways

A Saviour's hand may lead our footsteps sure.

Then prize, my heart, his precepts mild and pure;

Lean on his cross—a staff that none betrays—

Like some lone pilgrim to the distant shrine

Of his heart's vows, musing, is seen to stand

At eventide, and gaze with wistful eye

On the far track behind him. So on mine

The trembling spirit marks Life's fading strand—

Hasting to that far bourne where its last-loved hopes lie.

DANIEL MACLISE, R.A.

THE treasures of Art—its flowers, we should rather say—graceful emblems and dainty decorations—have been laid in this age, with unexampled profusion, at the feet of literature. To such an extent are the devices of embellishment called into requisition, that books without pictures are becoming scarcities. How far this illustrative enthusiasm, in its costly and indiscriminate excess, may in the end promote the real dignity and advantage of literature, is a question not here to be discussed; but it does something, if it be only the means of drawing artists and authors into closer alliance, and of securing for the pencil such aid and homage as the influence of the pen can give.

Artists, however, of all intellectual labourers,—of all who administer to our highest tastes and purest pleasures,—are least indebted for assistance and advancement to the sympathy of literature. The pen yields them but small protection and support; and men of the noblest genius, who in any other field of distinction would claim attention from critics of eminence, and arouse quarto-writer, pamphleteer, and journalist to an exposition of their rare doings, are, as exhibitors in the Royal Academy, merely the subjects of a miserable paragraph once a-year, recording the name of the new picture, around which thousands perhaps have crowded with inexpressible delight. Authors, singers, and discoverers in science, can generally command the homage expressed in an elaborate investigation of their claims and performances; but a great artist, who has devoted half the year to a fine work, sees it pass from under the contemplation of his critic in three minutes, and it is then made the subject of just three lines of commentary.

It is impossible to glance round the present exhibition; to pause before the works of Etty, Leslie, and Stanfield, Landseer, Turner, Mulready, and their associates; without feeling how insignificant and unworthy is the aid—if any at all—which Art in our advanced day derives from the sympathy and co-operative spirit of literature.

Far from us is the presumption of supposing that we possess, in any degree, the means of remedying such an injustice; but the reader who admires the fine painters as we do, may find some gratification in an occasional page devoted to their merits: as we here dedicate this—to the merits of Daniel Maclise.

It is now some three years more than a century since the city of Cork produced JAMES BARRY. He was a man of genius, but got himself sadly bewildered by what is called the grand style. If he had but been wise enough to talk about it, as Sir Joshua did, without attempting to put it in practice, he, too, might have thriven, and, like Sir Joshua, rode about in his wheel-gilded coach, with the four seasons painted on his panels. It was a great pity; for, up to his time, the English school had had no such exuberant fancy or vigorous hand. You may any day see evidence of these at the Adelphi, even in the midst of those mad allegories which shew you Dr. Burney with his drenched wig swimming the Thames with Mercury and the nymphs, and blowing the trumpet for Drake and Raleigh.

The second great painter sent us from Ireland also drew first breath

in that good city of Cork, now three and thirty years ago. It is sixteen years since DANIEL MACLISE came up to London; a little less than twelve since he exhibited his first picture. He had none of Barry's advantages. There was no good-hearted Quaker Sleigh to speed his going, no wise and friendly Edmund Burke to welcome his coming. But, with as fine a fancy as Barry, and as vigorous a hand, he had a clearer head, a more distinct purpose, and no bewilderments about any grander styles than his nature and his genius pointed him the way to. So with these he set to work. And he has worked hard; has bravely resisted the thousand importunate temptations of portrait-painting; and, in twelve short years, raised himself to the first rank in modern art.

This is matter of history; let the Brushes and the Carmines cavil as they may. And as we have got into history rather than criticism, which we are not sorry for, let us mention the leading triumphs of Mr. Maclise's pencil. The first was the *Mokannah*: a sudden burst of fire and fancy which amazed even the Fadladeens of art, and set them asking, one dull British Gallery private-view day (which we well remember), who on earth this young Irishman could be. Then came the *Puck* picture; as pleasant a piece of humorous mischief as ever laughed from an artist's canvas, and the first of those revelations from fairy land of which the last may be seen in that *Ondine*, this instant on view in the Royal Academy, wherein, with a little attention, you will find yourself in the way of mastering a great many secrets of the fairy world, and perhaps discover what a certain earnest squirrel is communicating to his fairy friends, of such clearly momentous interest to the race. To these fanciful works succeeded two large compositions, worth a vast many Irish debates and State Trials for conspiracy, in which Mr. Maclise held up to view the bright and the dark side of the character of his countrymen: shewing, in the *Snap-Apple Night*, for what happy, careless, and contented mirth, bounteous Nature had designed them; and in the *Captain Rock*, to what dark, resolute, and revengeful guilt, bad Legislation had driven them.

His next great work was the *Vow of the Peacock*: the opening of that new world of prodigal invention, rich romance, and exhaustless variety of character, to which we have been indebted for the *Bohemian Gipsies*, the *Robin Hood*, and the *Sleeping Beauty*. More recently, in a form much matured and chastened, the imagination lavished on these pictures made grander flight into the boundless world of Shakespeare. It is not necessary to do more than name the Two great subjects from *Macbeth*, the *Hamlet*, and the *Twelfth Night*. Of the stricter historical style, we recall two admirable works: the *Henry the Eighth*, and *Cromwell and Charles*. And out of countless minor illustrations of romance and character, there come, crowding on a grateful memory, infinite *Salvator Rosas*, and *Midases*; *Vicars of Wakefield* without number, and a most charming series of adventures of *Gil Blas*. His last work, from *Comus*, shews fancy at its full, and a genius winged for strong and steady flights, which we pray may many years continue.

A man who has a twelve years' work of this kind to shew, can bear a great deal of criticism. And this Mr. Maclise has done, quite as gallantly as he has provoked it, and as lightly. We shall advert to it sufficiently, perhaps, in an historical view, if we say that a great many people have quarrelled with him for being satisfied to rest his fame

upon form and character rather than the faculty of colour; that a great many more have advised him to be classical and not romantic; and that most of all (of his critics, we mean) have been discontented for special reasons of their own which we could never make out, but doubtless founded upon views of art which came into this country with what is called our glorious constitution and the family of Hanover. "What—what?" asked George the Second, in the impatient blundering way which afterwards descended to his grandson: "Who is this Hogarth?" "A painter, my liege," was the deprecatory reply. "*Bainter!*" contemptuously retorted that intelligent sovereign—"I hate bainting, and boetry too!"

It must thus, perforce, be Mr. MacLise's consolation, that in the class which hates painting and poetry, the poetry of his painting finds its most intelligent detractors. It will be safe to say, in short, that the measure of fancy and feeling in his critics will at all times measure the appreciation exacted by his works. We may add, as of course, that he has the poets hollow on his side. "We are all going to heaven," said poor Gainsborough, on his death-bed; "and Pope and Vandyke are of the company." There is a strong disposition in men of this sort to keep company, and in the rest of the world to resent it. They have a knack of viewing things, and doing things, in much the same way. When Alfred Tennyson saw the *Sleeping Beauty*, he inquired of a friend with a good memory, if he had repeated certain manuscript verses to the painter? When MacLise read the *Day-Dream*, he asked, how on earth any sketch of his canvas could so privately have gone to the poet?

And happily this allusion to verse suggests a more melodious termination to our notes than we could otherwise have given them. From another poet, quick to feel, and eloquent to express, the genius of MacLise has received tribute; and turning to the rich volume of English Songs, just published by Barry Cornwall, we copy, with admiring hand, the earnest greeting he has given to the fame of the painter.

TO D. MACLISE, R.A.

On! from honour unto honour; let nor praise nor pelf allure!
Onwards, upwards, be thy course, and let thy foot be firm and sure.

There is Raffaele still before thee; Titian, Michael, Rembrandt, all;
Now for a vigorous effort; knit thy sinews, and thou shalt not fall.

In thy land is Hogarth's glory; side by side with Reynolds' fame;
Much to spur thee, nought to daunt thee:—DARE! and thou shalt do the same.

On the earth are lands untrodden; (somewhere underneath the sun);
Azure heights yet unascended; palmy countries to be won.

In the heart's diviner regions, there are thoughts that stir the soul
Till it shoots the bounds of darkness, past where stars and planets roll.

In the cottage as the palace, in the clown as in the king,
Infinite endless passions reign, and with them change and conduct bring;—

Love, whose strength did vanquish sorrow; Freedom, wealthy with his crust;
Truth, the servant; Faith, the martyr; Hope, that soareth from the dust.

Life in all its sunny aspects,—all the moods of vice and pain
Lie before thee:—oh, be certain, *nothing* need be sought in vain!

THE GULF OF ALEXANDRETTA.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH.

Ascent of Mount Rhosus—Alexandretta—Gates of Syria—Baïæ—Amanian Gates
—'Ayás—River Pyramus—Ascent of Amanus.

ON the 29th of April, and two days after the ascent of Mount Casius, the usual party—strengthened by the addition of a stout, blundering, but willing and good-humoured sailor, yclept Laurie—started from Amelia Depot in an open native boat, manned by a Rais, or captain, and boy. The Rais was a sedate-bearded Turk, and he wore a green turban, in token of his direct descent from the prophet.

Our way lay round the foot of Mount Moses and Rhosus, disclosing in our progress a panoramic succession of new points of view, which rivalled one another in their picturesque peculiarities. The promontory formed by the termination of these mountains in the sea, is called Rás Khanzír, or boar's head. A little misunderstanding with our Rais occurred on this our first day's voyage, his religious scruples having been strongly aroused by the appropriation of his culinary utensils to infidel cookery; finding, however, that his prejudices upon this subject were stronger than usual, they were afterwards respected.

The ensuing day, having doubled the cape, we arrived at the port and village of 'Arsús, which latter we found to consist of about a hundred mud houses, erected on the left bank of a rivulet, and chiefly inhabited by Syrians of the Greek persuasion, who have a small church, profusely adorned with rude paintings. As 'Arsús rose upon the site of ancient Rhosus, we explored the neighbourhood in search of remains of the old city, and found many fragments of walls, arches, and some remains of a temple, with Corinthian columns. The most remarkable ruin in the neighbourhood, however, was an extensive aqueduct carried on arches, and which formerly brought the water directly from the mountains to the port. The pains and expense everywhere bestowed by the older inhabitants of Syria to obtain good water is remarkable, and evidences of it are thus often met with in the most unexpected places.

Nothing, however, indicated that this city, whither, according to Plutarch, Demetrius repaired from Seleucia Pieria, and which is much noticed by the old geographers, was ever an extensive site. It appears, however, that it is a spot still much frequented by Syrian Christians, with whom its church is in great sanctity, thus preserving, to a certain extent, the ecclesiastical importance which belonged to it in the middle ages, and which enabled it to send its mitred representatives to the Christian synods of the East. Eusebius, it is true, only notices it as a parish, but Socrates (iii. 25) mentions Antipatrum as Bishop of Rhosus; and it is also noticed as an episcopacy in the Acts of the Synod. The name is variously rendered Rhosus, or Rassus, by the Greeks and Latins; the Acts of the Synod have it Rhosopolis, and the Theodosian tables, Rhosus.

Early next morning, we started to ascend the loftiest point of Mount Rhosus, not far from the coast, and which point is known to the natives by the name of Jebel el Sair, (Abulfedæ Tab. Syriæ, p. 165,)

"little castle mountain," Serjeant Sym, Laurie, and the interpreter, assisting the guide in carrying the instruments, and a tent, with which we were provided on this occasion. The plain we had to traverse was diversified here and there by the dark-leaved Carob tree, but as we approached the hills we found ourselves in woods, chiefly of oak, which became, as we ascended, more dense than on the slopes of Mount Casius, having fewer intervening open spaces with flowering plants; and the acclivities being so cut up by deep narrow wooded ravines, that it would have been very difficult to have found our way without a guide to the summit of the mountain. After a toilsome day's march, and advancing some distance beyond the oak into the pine forests, we arrived at a spring, where the tent was pitched, and we bivouacked for the night. This was at an elevation of 2975 feet, and 2351 feet below the summit.

The next morning, to our surprise, we were joined by two Syrians, who came from the other side of the mountains, one of whom we immediately recognised as a person who had been rather troublesome to us on our visit to the villages in Mount Moses. We naturally inquired what they came to do, and they as frankly answered, to watch our proceedings, and to ascertain what our objects were in thus ascending and exploring their mountains, things quite out of the habits of their Turkish or Egyptian rulers, and which they could not conceive but were connected with intentions entertained against the country. We treated these apprehensions as a jest; and after conciliating them by our good-humour, made use of them to carry the instruments to the top of the mountain, which, however, afterwards turned out an unwelcome circumstance.

The crest of the mountain, which we gained on the second day, we found to be divided into three separate peaks, situated about half a mile from one another, and the highest of which was, by barometer, 5326 feet above the sea. After a long day spent in observations, several times interrupted by clouds sweeping along these gloomy heights, preparations were forced upon us, by an approaching sunset, to repair to the tent, where Laurie had been left in charge of the culinary department. We had experienced great difficulty in keeping our Syrian acquaintances in order, their boisterous and rude impatience breaking forth frequently; but on the larger theodolite being entrusted to their care, one of them began, to our horror, running lustily down the mountain with it on his head, thus endangering, at every movement, the perfection of the instrument. It was in vain that Murphy called out, and Serjeant Sym exerted his lungs to arrest his progress; the only chance was to overtake him, and this, luckily for me, I at once set about, followed at a more moderate pace by the less excitable serjeant. Murphy, Thomson, and the interpreter, were a little in the rear; and while we ultimately arrived at the spring without any accident, our friends, unfortunately, missed their way, and got into one of the many lateral ravines.

At first the delay did not astonish us; but it gradually began to lead to some surprise, as we had all been without food from an early hour in the morning. At length, as evening came on apace, and the Syrians had gone away, our anxiety became greater, and we partly retraced our steps, but no one answered our calls. At night time we lit a large fire, which, however, the density of the forest prevented

being seen many hundred yards distance; and kept firing guns occasionally, but without success.

On the following morning none of the party having made their appearance, I naturally concluded that they would have reached the foot of the mountain, from whence they would be able to make their way to the boat; so I started with the tent and baggage for 'Arsús, where, as I anticipated, I found my friends, who had passed a supperless night, wandering through the dark forests, and across the rough acclivities of the mountain, prevented by the bark of hyænas and the howling of jackals from seeking repose, and yet unable to find their way except by an occasional star, seen glimmering through the overhanging canopy of trees. In this dismal plight they had been able to obtain some slight relief to their thirst from the tender leaves of the Judas tree (*Cercis siliquastrum*), which possess an agreeable acidity; but their clothes had been torn from their backs by the prickly coverts through which they had to force their way, and Thomson was so divested of superfluous garments, that he had found it advisable to creep to the boat by the rear of the village.

May 3rd, we quitted 'Arsús, coasting along to Rás Sabil, where we lay to for the night, and where I killed my first francolin—a beautiful game bird, the size of our pheasant, and with nearly similar plumage, only the male bird has no tail, but a black ring round the neck. We arrived the following morning at Alexandretta, called Iskenderún, by the natives. I had wished to carry on the portion of the survey from 'Arsús to this place on foot, the shore being nearly level, although wooded in part, but was over-ruled in this matter by the antipede-
strian inclinations of others—a thing I regretted the more, as the site of Myriandrus, celebrated as a port of the Phœnicians, in the gulf of Issus or of Alexandretta, and particularly noticed in the campaigns of Cyrus and of Alexander, must, by the distances given by Xenophon of five parasangas, or fifteen geographic miles from the gates of Cilicia and Syria (Merkez), have been nearly half-way between the two places.

On this, the occasion of my first visit made to the port of Alexandretta, the British consulate was represented by Mr. Martinelli, an Italian gentleman, who resided in a house of but small accommodations. This gentleman, a civil engineer by profession, had done a great deal towards draining the marshes, which render Alexandretta so proverbially unhealthy, that it is said that few English vessels come to this port without losing some of their men. It is no doubt on this account, that a spot much resorted to by ships is so little frequented by the natives, who have not above fifty huts, or mud cottages, in the place. An English vice-consul, Mr. Hayes, who succeeded to Mr. Martinelli, afterwards built a commodious house in this place, the Austrian consul taking possession of the old one; and Ibráhim Páshá erected storehouses in the same neighbourhood. The ruins of the factory of the Levantine merchants still exists, and attached to it there is a chapel, whose consecrated yard is full of the graves of European victims of the climate.

Some short way in the interior, and beyond the marshes, is a polygonal fort, still in good repair, and said to have been constructed by Godefroy of Bouillon. Not far from this, and where the ground begins to rise, is an abundant spring, commonly known as Jacob's

Well; and in the same neighbourhood are foundations of buildings of olden time, which have been supposed by Rennell, and others, to indicate the site of Myriandrus, but which, more likely, belong to the station to which Alexander condescended to give his name. In an old map, which I examined at the Armenian Library at Venice, Godefroy de Bouillon's castle is marked as close to the shore, from which it is now nearly a mile distant, so that the present Alexandretta rather represents, than is actually the site of, the town or stables erected by the Macedonian hero.

Forty vessels, on an average, come every year to this port from Great Britain, and from fifteen to twenty from other countries. For a time the Austrian steamers also touched here; but the experiment appears not to have answered.

Mr. Martinelli gave us an unpromising account of the state of the country around the gulf of Alexandretta, in which he was borne out by an European officer in the pasha's service, then residing at the consulate, and both strongly recommended the survey not to be continued without a guard. It was, however, resolved to continue our labours as we were; and had we possessed the knowledge only gained by subsequent experience, of the exaggeration which so generally attends statements of this kind in the East, the thing would not have dwelt upon our minds for a moment. At Alexandretta, where we stayed two days, we employed our leisure time in setting to rights some of the tombs of our countrymen, which time, and the sacrilegious hands of infidels—to retort their own term upon themselves—had done their best towards destroying.

Sailing from Alexandretta along the wooded foot of the lofty Amanus, from whence the winds sometimes come down in such violent gusts as to drive the vessels from their anchorage, we landed, first, at the ruin of a massive gateway, known to sailors as a landmark, by the name of Jonah's pillars, but designated by the Turks as *Sákál Tútán*, or the beard-stroker, a common expression for a difficult pass, as requiring patience, emblemed by the stroke of the beard. This ruined gateway, of which only the sides are now extant, was erected where an ancient causeway was carried along the foot of the hills, where these advance directly upon the sea.

This is the spot at which Alexander had arrived on his march onwards from Issus, when he learnt that Darius had crossed the Amanus, and descended into the plain of Cilicia, in his rear. Alexander's arrival at this point, and the passage of the Persian army across Amanus, happened on the same night, as we learn from Quintus Curtius (iii. 81), and from Plutarch (*Life of Alex.* p. 675), who call it the pass of Syria; and it was probably in commemoration of this fact, and of the great victory obtained on the plain of Pinarus, that this triumphal gateway was erected. At least, it appears to belong to the Macedonian era, although now very ruinous, and encumbered by vegetation.

A little beyond this we visited an untenanted Saracenic castle, situate on the brow of the hills, where these recede from the shore. This castle is called *Merkez Kal'ehsi*, and a road leads hence into the mountain districts of Amanus. It is separated from a village of the same name by a narrow ravine, through which a rivulet flows, which divides, on entering the plain, into two branches, one of which goes nearly

directly to the sea, while the other loses itself in marshes to the northwards, and from which it makes its exit by a channel upwards of a mile distant from the other.

This river is called Merkez súi, and corresponds to the ancient Kersus, and the Andricus of Pliny. The ruins of a wall can be traced north of its most southerly branch, leading from the rocky ravine before mentioned, and occasionally hid by a dense shrubbery, to the sea-side, where it terminates in a tower, the remains of which are still visible. To the north of this, and at a distance of 600 yards, and within the two branches of the stream, are some ruins on the shore, probably those also of a tower, at the extremity of the other wall, which is described in olden times as being at a distance of three stadia, and having the river flowing between them.

These were the gates of Syria and Cilicia, described by Xenophon as existing in the time of Cyrus at a distance of fifteen geographic miles from Issus. They then consisted of two fortresses, of which the one next Cilicia was possessed by Syennesis, with a guard of Cilicians; and the outer, next to Syria, was said to be defended by the Persians. The river Kersus ran between the two fortresses, which are described as reaching from inaccessible rocks down to the sea.

In order to gain this pass, Cyrus sent for his ships, that by landing his heavy armed men both within and without the gates, they might force the passage; but on his approach the Persians fled, and no opposition was offered. In the same manner Alexander sent his boats to examine and turn this important defence in the rear.*

On the 8th of May, we measured our third base, in the interval between the two walls of the gates of Syria—a position which was unluckily chosen, for the chain had to be carried in great part through the marsh, in which we all got buried up to our waists, and no doubt imbibed the seeds of malaria, which soon after manifested themselves in every member of the party. In the evening, I paid a visit, with the interpreter, to the villagers of Merkez; the men were in the mountains, but the women came out, uncovered, to greet us; and the jests which passed about on the subject of my European dress, brought a blush even upon the tawny countenance of the dragoman. It is remarkable that a few isolated palm-trees grow upon this part of the shore, the most northerly point at which they are met with flourishing in their natural state.

On the 9th, we coasted along, first to Eski Rás Bayás, and thence to the little port of Bayás, where are a few cottages, and a rather lofty square castle, built in the old Italian style, and probably Genoese; being untenanted, we took refuge within its walls, to make our observations, for at this time we were foolishly apprehensive of the enmity of the people.

* The way in which the Kersus of Xenophon came to be called Andricus, by Pliny, is curious. The Roman notices a Mons Crocodilus in the Amanus, which appears to be the inaccessible rock of Xenophon, rising above the Kersus; for the Crocodilen Flumen was called by Ptolemy, *Χερσαίας*. The word Kersus, derived from a Coptic and Syriac idiom, refers to the ancient crocodile worship, and is met with in the Axio-Kersus of the Samo-thracian mysteries, and explained by Zoega and Munter as a great fecundator, or fecundatrice, and was thus expressed by Pliny as Andricus. The crocodile worshipped by the Syrians was also called Succoth; but the able annotators of Pancoucke's Pliny, suggest an identity between the Syriac Kersus and the Egyptian Kamses, the name of a ferocious crocodile, which has been ascertained to be of a different species from the Sucko, or Succoth.

Our observations completed, we walked about a mile across a level plain to a group of Saracenic structures, forming the nucleus of a town, founded here by Ibráhím Khán-Zádeh, "son of the khan," better known, however, as Sakálí Mohammed Páshá, or "the bearded," and who was vezir to Sultan Suleimán II. This is the most complete and compact thing of its kind I ever met with in the East. A spacious stone bázár, or, more correctly speaking, bezestein, solidly arched over, and approached by noble portals, opens at the centre, to the east, into a khán, with large paved yard, with a fountain, and the usual stables and galleried apartments above; while to the west, another passage, after leading by some massive domed buildings, which constituted the public Hammám, or baths, opens into a court-yard, at one end of which is the domed mosque, with its graceful menareh, and at the other, the entrance to a polygonal castle of considerable dimensions. Everything that is thus essential to the nucleus of an Oriental city is here gathered in the smallest possible compass, and although untenanted, all was in excellent preservation.

Ibráhím Páshá made great endeavours to resuscitate this place, and endeavoured to induce salesmen to establish themselves in its noble-looking bázár; but either there was no demand for their trifling commodities of fruit, tobacco, and yellow slippers, or for some other reasons, the experiment did not succeed.

The river of Bayás, a stream of clear water, about fifty-eight feet in width, flows past these buildings on the south side, where it is crossed by a bridge, and close by are ruins of houses, while further up the river is a village of Syrians of the Greek church, who have about forty houses distributed amidst gardens of orange and pomegranate trees. The antique Baïa, or baths, were certainly situated in one of the most fertile and agreeable spots on the coast of Syria. The modern village of Bayás, where the governor resides, is about two and a half miles north upon another and lesser rivulet, and between the two is the small village of Kûretás. The whole line of coast, from the gates of Syria to beyond the Pinarus, with a few exceptions, vie in productiveness and beauty of vegetation; and around Bayás, Yuzler, and Kóï Chái, extensive groves of orange and other fruit-trees are to be met with.

We passed the night in a Syrian cottager's garden; and the next morning, while roving through the untenanted town, imprudently ventured into the baths, which appeared to have been resorted to by horses and cattle. The result was, the most fearful visitation of fleas that had yet befallen us. We were positively covered with them, and hurried in dismay to the sea-side, where, without further ceremony, we rushed at once into the water. This was, however, of little avail, for the hot sun soon brought them to life again, and the lesson we learnt on this occasion was not lost upon us in our future explorations.

The 11th, the wind being unfavourable, we could not make the head of the gulf, of the shallow waters of which our Oriental boatmen appeared to have a salutary dread; so we made for a point on the opposite coast, and landed on extensive grassy plains, relieved here and there by knolls, or little hills. In the distance, we observed tents of pastoral Turkomans. It is difficult to imagine anything more luxuriant than the herbage of these plains, and which no doubt contribute

to render the Turkoman horses of the district, and of the Campus Aleius, so much valued and esteemed by Orientals.

The next day, the Raïs wished to sail southwards: but it was absolutely necessary to reach some point at the head of the gulf, in order to render the survey complete, and when this was urged upon our bearded friend, he first objected, but this having no effect, he expostulated; and at last wrought himself into a frantic passion, casting his turban off, and trampling it under his feet. This moral tempest having been assuaged, we got, with Laurie's assistance, under weigh to the northwards, and ultimately reached a spot where a conical tel, or mound, more particularly attracted us, as having been made a frequent point for bearings.

This tel, which was of inconsiderable size, we found, on examination, to be artificial, and the foundations of a castellated building, or acropolis, to exist on its summit. Similar foundations and ruins were traceable for some distance on the plain around; and close by, there ran a rivulet, resulting from the junction of two streams, one flowing from a pass in the hills, due north of us, and the other from another pass, to the north-west.

On further examination, we found the remains of a wall and towers, which closed up the pass to the north; while an ancient stone causeway, now in part buried under sand, coursed along the foot of the hills, east and west, leading from an arched gateway, some distance to the east, to the pass in the hills to the north-west, where was a beautiful Cyclopean arch, built of polygonal stones of black basalt, without cement, and not arranged in regular or horizontal courses.

This was the renowned Temir Kapú, or iron gate, corresponding to the Amanian Gates, with a station, as described by Strabo, "*After Mallus comes Agææ*," a town with a station, then the Gates of Amanus, with a station. This term, "Amanian Gates," has been used by old historians with great laxity, and more especially so, by the historians of Alexander's exploits, who frequently apply it to the pass by which Darius crossed the Amanus, when he descended upon Issus, after the Macedonian Greeks had reached the before-mentioned Syrian Gates. Thus Callisthenes, in the fragments of Polybius (xii. 8), says Darius, led his troops into Cilicia, by the Amanian Gates; and Quintus Curtius (iii. 8) says, that the same evening that Alexander had arrived at the pass called that of Syria, Darius arrived at that place which is called the Amanian Gates; but Arrian (ii. 94) expresses the matter with his usual correctness of detail: Darius, he says, having passed the mountain which is near to (*κατα*) the Amanian Gates, moved towards Issus, Alexander having imprudently left him in the rear. Upon which Cellarius remarks, with critical sagacity, the Persian army did not pass the Gates, but the mountain near to them.

It is to be remarked, that the rivulet before mentioned flowed past the southern foot of this Cyclopean archway; and beyond this, a knoll of basalt upheaving limestones shuts out all other way by the sea-side; and this accounts for the fact, that that part of Alexander's horse which went under Philotas by the Campus Aleius and the sea-shore, was as much obliged to pass the Amanian Gates as the rest of the army, which came by Mallus and Megarsus.

There were no habitations at this point, called Matakhs by the natives,

no more than where we had spent the previous day, and our stock of provisions, which had always been scanty, was now fairly exhausted. The small rations that remained for distribution were received in the after-part of the boat with a tolerable grace, but the occasional snarl, breaking out now and then into an almost open conflict for a bone, between Sym and Laurie, required interference on more than one occasion. All this time, the passive dragoman looked on with indifference; indeed, I never saw an Eastern manifest impatience or ill-temper on the subject of food. The old Turk had, however, a sack of dates in the background, of which we gladly availed ourselves.

On the 13th, we sailed to 'Ayás, a port of some celebrity in former times, but consisting, in the present day, of scarcely a hundred houses, enclosed within the walls of an old and dilapidated castle. It was here that Captain Beaufort's well-known survey of the coast of Karmania was terminated by an outrage committed by the natives, who, firing into the boat of the surveying party, killed a young midshipman, and severely wounded the hydrographer in the thigh. We found the inhabitants rude, but not hostile; nor did they interfere with us, or even, as usual, crowd upon us, when taking our observations from the crumbling towers of this old fortress, the first origin of which is wrapt in the obscurity of the past, although its name, *Ægæ*, common to several cities in Eubœa, Macedonia, and Thrace, gives to it an undoubted Hellenic connexion.

— "et externa resonat navalibus *Ægæ*,"

says Lucanus (iii., ver. 225), and it became a free city under the Romans.

This was the site whither, in the middle ages, Maria, the Christian maiden of Carthage, whose plaintive history is narrated by Gibbon, was taken to, and it preserved its importance as a port under the Genoese, as may be seen by the repairs of its castle; yet it has now scarcely a fishing-boat in the offing. I inquired of a native, smoking under the shelter of its walls, why they did not catch the numerous fish which may always be seen on a calm day moving about in shoals? His answer was characteristic—*Kim Belûre*, "Who knows?"

From 'Ayás, we sailed across the bay of the same name to the delta of the Pyramus, a long bar of naked sands, from which, while Murphy and Thomson were engaged in erecting the theodolite, I waded across an inlet, at least half a mile in width, and advanced into the interior of the marshes in search of wild boar; but the jungle was too dense, and the waters became too deep, to allow me to prosecute this amusement; when I returned, I found that a turtle, having incautiously advanced upon the sands, had been turned upon its back and captured.

Although the actual mouth of the Pyramus, called *Jeihán Sú*, from the Hebrew *Gihon*, by the natives, did not in ancient times constitute its only one, another having flowed out immediately westward of Cape *Kará-tásh*, still its mud-bearing and alluvial-depositing waters appear to possess the same peculiarities which attracted the attention of ancient observers, and was even, according to Strabo, celebrated in their poetical oracles, probably those of Amphilocheus of Mallus, whose augurs were, according to Dion, given during a mesmeric sleep or trance:

"Time is, when posterity shall see great Pyramus reach,
With its soul-engendering waters, Cyprus' sacred beach."

The next day, the weather being fine, we landed on a sandy cape, half way between the mouth of the Pyramus and Cape Kára-tásh, probably the Ammodes, or sandy promontory, noticed by Mela (i. 12), as situated between the Pyramus and Cydnus.

The shore was backed by the usual long ranges of sand hills, and behind these were extensive lagoons, rendered boundless to appearance by the deceitful play of light on their level and still expanses. Vegetation, though thin, was luxuriant on these warm sands. The tamarix formed occasional groves, in which it assumed the port and bearing of a tree, with a rugged and aged-looking trunk; and a kind of grass, which assisted in binding down the sands, threw out creepers, some of which were upwards of twenty feet in length. Other portions of the downs were covered with wild vines, honeysuckle, and prickly shrubs, enlivened by the oleander, and other gaudy flowering plants. No rabbits burrowed among these extensive downs; and sea-fowl were far more rare than in similar situations in our own climates.

We arrived, on the morning of the 16th, at a small port near Cape Kára-tásh, or "Black Stone," a more flourishing place than 'Ayás. The governor received us very civilly. After sitting with him a short time, he remarked, "Well, if our people kill these English, they will, I suppose, retort upon us, and invade and destroy our towns." We smiled at these surmises, at the time, but found afterwards that they had reference to a sailor of the Columbine, who had been assassinated during our absence at the mouth of the Orontes.

After smoking a chibúk, we left the village for the extreme point of the cape, where we found the ruins of an extensive castle, amidst which we pitched our tent. In the evening, the Sheikh brought us a sheep as a present; but it was no longer so welcome as formerly, for sickness had laid its heavy hand upon all of us.

Not far from the castle, we found, upon further examination, the remains of a monastery or edifice of early Christian times, but we did not find any traces belonging to a more remote antiquity. One authority only, as far as I am aware—that of the Byzantine chronicler, Tzetzes, would lead us, by a very general statement, that Magarsus was situated on the estuary of the Pyramus, to seek for that site at Kára-tásh. But the temple of the Minerva of the Magarsidi is described by Stephanus as being on a high hill, and by Lycophronus on a lofty eminence; and that close by, Mallus, which appears to have been that part of the modern Missisah, which is on the east side of the river; and thus Magarsus must be sought for in Jebel en Núr, or "mountains of light."

The day and night of the 18th we were at sea, crossing the mouth of the gulf, on our way back to Alexandretta, which we reached on the evening of the 19th, and where we found Fitzjames, who had been sent to look after us, as anxiety began to be felt for our long absence. Our illness at this time marched with a rapid pace; and thinking to enjoy better air, three of us went to sleep on board an English merchantman, then lying at anchor in the bay; but the onset of the malaria allowed of no repose.

The 20th we started for Beilan, a small town situated in the pass

between Mounts Rhosus and Amanus, which leads from Alexandretta to Antioch and Aleppo. The ascent to this place, which, on another occasion, I made a canter of two hours, was, in our invalided state, more than an afternoon's journey, and we were forced to bivouac at a spring on the mountain-side. The unfortunate sheep we had brought with us from Kárá-tásh, having been picketed at the tent-door, was made a meal of during the night by the jackals or hyænas.

We did not get further than Beilan the next day. This remarkable town, corresponding to the Bomitæ "altars" of Pliny, "situated in the interval between Rhosus and Amanus," contains about 700 houses, of which 200 belong to Armenians, who, unlike the Syrians, who live in the villages, devote themselves to mercantile and industrious pursuits in towns.

Beilan is chiefly built on the north side of the gorge, and at a mean elevation of 1580 feet above the sea. A few houses are, however, also dispersed on the south side of the ravine, and the two sides are connected by a bridge. There are also the remains of two aqueducts, and a part of the Roman causeway, which led from the sea into Cyrrhestica and Chalcidene. The mosque of Beilan was built, on the authority of the Mecca Itinerary, by Sultán Selim, and the Khán by Sultán Suleimán. The Turks made some defence of this pass, after the battle of Homs, against Ibráhím Páshá.

Notwithstanding the discomfited state of the party, we turned off from Beilan, instead of proceeding onwards by the pass, up a central Alpine valley in Amanus, in order to ascend a mountain, whose naked summit rising above the surrounding heights, had been a frequent point of observation during the survey. At a distance of a few miles, we found the ruins of a Christian church, built after the form of the Basilicon, and which, from the odour that teemed from it, appeared to be the repair of wild beasts. We bivouaced not far from this, and the next morning gained a Kurd hamlet, with the unprepossessing name of Kúrtlú, or "the place of wolves"—a small summer pasturing hut or two, at an elevation of 4068 feet, and not far from a deep and abrupt precipice. Murphy being too unwell to make the ascent, Serjeant Sym took a round of bearings from the summit, and I determined its height barometrically to be 5337 feet.

Occasional clouds, and a cold raw mist, enveloped us during the greater part of the day, and towards evening the wind rose, accompanied by rain, and kept increasing in violence, till it threatened momentarily to carry away our tent. We lay, consequently, in considerable anxiety, till a little after midnight, when the event which we most dreaded took place, and the tent-pegs gave way with a loud crash, leaving us in our beds exposed to the pitiless elements. Too ill to get up and help ourselves, and indeed restrained from doing so by the sense that no good could have been derived from such a proceeding,—for the huts were at some distance, and the temptations to dress in such a storm were not very great,—we resigned ourselves meekly to our fate, and it was not long before our beds and ourselves were nearly buried in a stream of mud and water.

Never did I hail break of day with more joy than on that morning! It was with difficulty, however, that we could obtain a cup of hot coffee, before we proceeded on our journey. On our way down the

mountain we visited a Saracenic castle, in one of the apartments of which was a coffin, and bows and arrows were strewn about, indicating the time to which the remains belonged.

Descending hence, we passed Khán Káramút, with the castle of 'Ibn 'Abi Dáúd in the rear, and at the foot of the Beilan pass; and we stopped for the night at a fountain by the wayside. The next day we continued our now rather spirit-broken journey, to Antioch. The sufferings from this our first attack were so intolerable, that I could not help throwing myself at times off the horse upon the ground; and Thomson sat down by a tree, and requested to be allowed to stop and die there. He was, however, put on horseback again, and we ultimately reached Antioch the same evening (the 25th); but poor old Serjeant Sym never recovered this excursion.

A WREATH.

A WREATH we'll braid of flowrets rare,
And gleaming buds,
As bright as those which kiss the air
In scented woods.

When the stars steal out,
And their music-shout
Echoes and dances the moon about.

And things as beautiful as birds,
As moth and fly,
Gentle as zephyr's loving words,
To the clouds on high,
We will here entwine,
While they blaze and shine
Like gems from the genii's golden mine.

A sparkling stone, like the laughing day,
Place we here—
It burns with a bright and dazzling ray,
Distinct and clear.
It is glancing Wit,
Whose flame is lit,
From fires where the Muses, guarding,
sit.

Our gem is free from every stain,
Which lurks beneath
(Like a poison-blight through a flowery
plain,)
Foul Malice' breath,

For our Wit, though bright,
Is of harmless light,
Like the sheeted flame in a summer's
night.

And next we place the gentle flower
Of meekest eyes,—
That bud when seen in mortal bower
Beyond all price.
It is called Love
By the stars above—
Oh! a stepdame doth earth to this flow-
ret prove!

And see! upon the bud doth rest
A butterfly;
Whose downy wings the rainbow drest
'Neath a dewy sky.
And it fans its wings,
And murmuring sings,
And the wreath with its Poetry rocks and
swings.

And now we steep our "fair of birth"
In the golden bowl,
Where foam the richest wines of Mirth
To cheer the soul;
And our garland queen,
With its fadeless green,
We will bind it round this our dear
Magazine!

THE ELLISTON PAPERS.

(Second Series.)

EDITED BY GEORGE RAYMOND.

(CONCLUSION.)

Edmund Kean—Early anecdotes respecting him—A few characteristic traits of the “Mother of Invention”—Dramatic serfs—Elliston’s separation from Drury Lane Theatre—Whitbread’s letter.

THE publication of the “Memoirs of Edmund Kean,” and sundry Miscellaneous Recollections connected with that remarkable actor, having been for years before the public, render it unnecessary to say much on the subject in this place, which otherwise would have been an indispensable part of our history. Some few statements, however, having been hazarded, fairly enough, respecting Kean’s infancy, of which nothing really authentic has ever transpired, we will venture to offer, amongst other probabilities, the belief of one who took considerable pains to arrive at the truth, and had so much opportunity of satisfying himself.

The stripling, known in a certain wayfaring troop of *Atellane* by the name Carey, and afterwards, in Fame’s mighty orbit, as Edmund Kean, was born, in all probability, in the year 1788. As to his parentage, this is altogether “buried in surmise,” arising rather from contradictory statements than the absence of information, so that we must be content to place it amongst those “Mysteries” which were the parent of his own peculiar art, and as a descendant of *Cælus* and *Terra*, receive him at once as a divinity. Kean himself, at times, (for he was never twice together in the same story,) would assert the parentage of the Duke of Norfolk—a West India merchant, by the name of Duncan—and one Edward Kean, in the employ of a Mr. Wilmot, a builder. Thus, under the names *Howard*, *Duncan*, *Kean*, and sometimes *Clarke* (which latter he assumed from one of his early patronesses), he variously amused his own imagination, and completely mystified the fact to others.* But Kean, without doubt, knew as little about the matter as any unwise child could be supposed—one person, Miss Tidswell, for many years an actress at Drury Lane Theatre, was supposed to be in the secret, but as her accounts, like those of Kean, were not always homologous, she has still bequeathed to us as much doubt on the subject. Miss Tidswell sometimes called herself his aunt, and Kean sometimes saluted her as mother; these, however, might have been mere playful terms, “signifying nothing.”

According to Miss Tidswell’s *general* story, Kean was the child of Edward Kean, by Nancy Carey, an actress; and born in Gray’s Inn, 1789. Scarcely was he two years of age, when his mother abandoned him; Miss Tidswell then generously took him under her protection, and brought him up in London. This account, the author of “Memoirs,” &c., has selected as the most probable, because it was the more frequently repeated, but which Messrs. Hughes and Winston (the former, who knew more about him than any one perhaps, except Miss Tidswell, and the latter, a kind of dramatic *Rushworth*, always collecting) were much inclined to doubt. Their persuasion was, that our sub-

* Joseph Trefusis, an actor who appeared soon after the Restoration, acquired the greater part of his fame by declaring himself a natural son of Oliver Cromwell.

ject was born at Arundel; of what parentage they say not; but confidently assert he was not removed from that town until he was six years old, and knew nothing of the Careys until after that time.

“The child whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.”

Then it was that he passed under the protection of Miss Tidswell, who was sojourning with Moses Kean, a one-legged tailor, who had acquired some notoriety by giving imitations of the popular actors. Moses was the brother of young Kean's reputed father, Edward.

Miss Tidswell, who in 1788 had some *weighty* reasons for a short absence from Drury Lane, certainly took a maternal interest in the child, and, in 1794, obtained a place for him in the theatre, where he actually made his *debüt* at the opening of the new building, as one of the red spirits in Macbeth. But young Carey was a wild, ungovernable boy—“tetchy and wayward was his infancy”—frequently would he “take to his heels and run” from Aunt Tid, and was sometimes absent for a whole fortnight together. On one occasion, after an anxious search, he was found actually tarred and feathered at a public house in St. George's Fields, collecting a few pence, as largess for the amusement he had afforded the company in the “tap,” by reciting, tumbling, and singing. His protectress, at length, procured a brass collar to be placed about his neck, on which was engraved—“This boy belongs to No. 9, Lisle-street, Leicester-square—please bring him home;”—So incorrigible was the lad, that poor Tid was frequently compelled to chain him up during her absence.

Liston—the incomparable John Liston—in 1800 held the situation of usher at Archbishop Tenison's School, St. Martin's.* During a temporary absence of the master, (commonly called “Pownall the Pompous,”) the lads petitioned their viceroy for permission to act a play, on a certain night in Whitsun week. The drama was quite original, entitled, “Tippoo Saib,” and written by one of the leading boys, who has long since been known to the world as a dramatic composer. This lad could write, but, like the great Dryden, could not embody his own conceptions. Something was to be done in respect of their chief actor, for the part *Tippoo* was first-rate in its kind, and required an equal genius for its impersonation.

“I know a chap, young Carey,” said one of the boys, “who does Cupids and devils at Drury Lane—a regular *Tippoo*, all over—he'll come, I warrant you.”

On one of his “collar days,” therefore, application was made to young Kean, or Carey, for his valuable assistance. The youth jumped at the proposal; “but I must give Aunt Tid the slip,” said he, “in good time—must run away—'tis fineish weather—I'll be off to my old lodgings, the trees in St. James's Park;” and the future *Richard* was as good as his word. Descending from his rookery at stated times, young Kean attended the furtive rehearsals, painted a famous Seringapatam, worked away at the dresses—in fact, was both the van and flank of the mighty armament. The night arrived. Liston, the equally truant usher, occupied his own chair, as a kind of stage-box; the beadle of

* We offer, in proof, the copy of an original document:—“Received of the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, this 2nd day of October, 1798, the sum of Three Pounds Fifteen Shillings, for half a quarter's salary, due to me on Michaelmas last, for attendance at the Free Grammar School, in Castle Street, Leicester Square. 3*l*. 15*s*.—JOHN LISTON.”

the parish was present; and sundry minor functionaries of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. The business commenced most prosperously—all were delighted; but the ecstasy participated by the chief actor and the virgin bard, was a sum of bliss which rarely falls to the children of this world.

Scarcely had a round of applause subsided into mute attention, when a growl, more startling and terrific than had ever awakened the echoes of Mysore, occasioned the affrighted party to turn their eyes in one common direction. *Pownall the Pompous*, the very aspect of Titus Oates, had returned unexpectedly to St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, and was at this moment grinning a ghastly smile through an iron grating from the staircase, which commanded an entire view of the whole scenic effects. All was immediate consternation—a bull in a crockery booth, or a tiger's spring on travellers in repose, could scarcely have surpassed this moment of dismay. Down rushed the infuriate pedagogue, and armed with his well-known ferule, commenced laying about him with all the vigour which an extra glass had inspired, and all the malice which was so peculiarly his own. Sprawling fell the beadle over the already prostrate David Baird, while the Marshal Harris crept like a rabbit into the burrow of Liston's capacious pocket. Liston, a tithe of whose comic cast has since won him immortal honours, would have moved the gravity of a very wretch under the gibbet. *Tippoo*, so prematurely routed, had vaulted on a fragile book-case, from which citadel he was to have fallen in the coming scene, whilst the poet himself bobbed with agile evitation under the reiterating bamboo, like a *Scaramouch* at Sadler's Wells.

Some very few years from the above event, our identical poet, who in the meantime had been converting old novels into new plays (as an huckster will turn you a worn-out surtout into a pair of smallclothes), linked with his new-made bride, was threading his way through the *Paphian* bowers of Bartholomew Fair, quitting awhile the austerity of letters to mingle the vacant laugh of the common herd. In the act of gazing on the muscular contortions of two clowns, the visitors were standing in front of Richardson's well-known booth, persuaded that in the dignity of their caste they were secure from vulgar recognition, and might snatch a peep through the blanket of this "Mad world, my Masters." The manager of the company, a brawny north-countryman in a large green coat, plated buttons, and light leathern netherlings, had thrice announced, by the thunder of his speaking-trumpet, "Just going to begin—now's your only time!" when one of the duplicate clowns, crouching low and grotesquely, placing a hand on each knee, fixed his black piercing eyes on the poet and his fair *Saccharissa*. Somewhat disconcerted by so special an evidence of distinction, our visitors were about masking themselves under cover of the crowd, when little merryman, with the agility of Jacco himself, slipped down from one of the blue posts, which supported the gigantic Roman capitals, RICHARDSON'S, and rushing through the open-mouthed auditory, pursued the fugitive bard, and seizing him round the neck, in nature's own ecstasy, smothered him with a thousand tokens of affection. As marble, pale was the poet, and almost as cold; affected, indeed, he seemed, with all the properties of stone, save that of firmness, for he was near sinking on the earth. As to the lady, a faintness came over her, more deathlike than she had even exhibited ten days before at the

hymeneal altar; and in a twinkling, a thousand pair of eyes, which but now had been directed to the elevated dais of Richardson, were fixed on the unaccountable scene beneath it.

"What! not recollect me?—*me!*" exclaimed the tufted tumbler, "Carey,* your little manager Carey, and your own *Tippoo*?—the thrashing we both got, too? 'ods whacks!" continued he, humorously rubbing his shoulders, at which the mob roared again, "I feel it now."

This was too much. Tippoo, even Hyder himself, would have cowered under so fierce an attack; and the poet, covered with shame and confusion, in which his partner participated, without at all diminishing, slunk away from these sudden effects, literally like a dog in a fair.

Carey of Richardson's Booth, became, in due season, the Kean of Drury Lane. The dynasty of *Tippoo* was not forgotten; but still more indelibly fixed on the memory of Kean was this last drama on the soil of Smithfield. In 1814, the poet and the player again met. Half fearful of the result, the former made his approaches to the tragedian; too soon did he discover his fears were not without foundation. Kean had, in fact, hugged the opportunity for his revenge, and in the full satisfaction of his indignant spirit, trampled on the advances of the playwright with the ferocity of a *Timon*.

On a certain evening, shortly after his memorable *débüt* at Drury Lane, Kean, accompanied by his old and faithful ally, Jack Hughes, dropped in, or rather *dropped up* (by way of catachresis) at Offley's *premier etage*, the cider-room, in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. Ensnconced in a snug corner of the apartment, the two friends were enjoying their "nip," and as the conversation of the room was a right of common, they felt themselves no trespassers in nipping the pasturage also. As it generally happens, in places of this kind, there is one certain personage who usurps the lead on all topics—one, who would teach Hannibal the art of war; so was the case at this period, at Offley's. This individual was a Mr. Watson, or Wason, a red-headed wholesale tobacconist, and a charlatan "warranted town made." But Watson was a man who might have called Junius Brutus himself a pretender, for Watson was *really* a fool. At the court of Offley, however, he had obtained the *Cordon bleu*, and had a considerable tail, though there was not a wag in it.

Watson, who knew the movements of the town far better than the *Morning Post*, had already enlightened his auditory on the intrigues of Lady Douglas, in the case of the Princess, when he led the conversation, not unnaturally, to the subject of the new actor at Drury Lane.

"It is true enough," said he, stirring up the flaming forest which grew upon his pole, "Dr. Drury brought him to town. He talked with me on the subject—in fact, we went together into Dorsetshire to see him act. I shall never forget Kean's gratitude when we proposed his appearance at Drury Lane."

Here Kean thrust himself forward like a ferret, gazing at the head of the speaker in perfect wonderment; and the "blood-red knight" proceeded—

"I saw him to-day in Cecil Street—he is in the very ecstasy of

* Woodward and Lee Lewis made their first essay on the stage as harlequins; and Baddely was brought up in Foote's kitchen.

triumph—and well he may. A nice child, his son; but I am afraid my friend has something yet to learn.”

“How?—what is that?” demanded the whole tail at once.

“Why, he thrashes his wife,” replied the oracle, with the aspect of a red Indian; “and he who raises his hand on a woman, except in an act of kindness, it were base flattery to call a coward.”

A murmur of applause followed this dramatic scrap, when Kean having quickly passed from a ferret into a tiger, was only withheld by the gripe of Hughes from springing on the carrotty tobacconist. The dealer in Virginia still went on:—“This was his,” said he, carelessly, as he pulled from his pocket a little chased snuff-box,—“this was Kean’s—a slight token of his obligation to me, as he was pleased to say. I carry it for his sake.”

“Do you, by the gods!” exclaimed Kean, and darting from his corner, he grasped the slight token from the table, and hurled it through the window glass into the street.

Consternation seized the tobacconist, as though Cuba itself had been suddenly swallowed by the sea; but up rose his tail, like a water-spout, threatening annihilation to the undaunted little actor, who stood with his arms folded, like a stone terminus on a parapet. “I am Edmund Kean!” exclaimed he, grinding his teeth. “Slanderer! for the first time behold him! I am the Kean!”

The whole West Indies seemed now in a state of insurrection. The company rushed in a body towards the sturdy tragedian, and verily believing him to be an impostor, notwithstanding the humiliation of the wholesale dealer, assailed him with violence, and finally expelled him the house. Little Hughes came in for his share of the bounty, and with a shoe less than he entered the apartment, accompanied his friend, to finish the evening, and consult future proceedings, at No. 21, Cecil Street.

To Elliston’s personal services at Drury Lane, the trifling responsibility of two theatrical managements were now added—the Surrey and the Olympic.* During the short term these two were simultaneously open, the actors, who were common to both, played, as the occasion might demand, either at one, the other, or both, on the same evening. This acting positively in two counties on the same night, gave rise, as may be well supposed, to repeated and distressing dilemmas.

Frequently the poor player, after exciting a roar of merriment in St. George’s Fields, his own eyes moist with far different sensations, had to traverse the bleak granite of Blackfriars Bridge, to raise another burst of delight in the unconscious auditory of Wych Street. Stealthily behind some coach, and wofully behind their time, a pair of half-clad players would make this middle passage in “thunder, lightning, or in rain.” Often and often, the exhausting pores which had been streaming in a Surrey atmosphere, encountered the treacherous bracing from the East, or chilled again on the centre arch, to take the

* Ryder, the Irish manager, possessed the Crow Street, Smock Alley, and Capel Street Theatres. He was costly and extravagant in his house and equipage, and his end was like that of the tavern-keepers, who spend within the bar what is made in the coffee-room.—On Ryder’s quitting his wife for a single day, she always made him take a vow of fidelity, and on his return called on him to swear to the truth of his obedience.

febrifuge prescribed in fresh exertions at St. Clement Danes. Thus, at the hard brokerage of fifteen shillings a week, were health, labour, and ceaseless anxiety estimated; acquirements also, not unfrequently, which might shame the wealthy, while sickness, having nothing to pledge, save only a breaking heart, had not the bidding of a doit; for in theatrical life, sickness and disease pay the penalty of dereliction of duty. We mean not to shoot our arrow at the humanity of Elliston. On the contrary, he was generally kind, considerate, and just; but such is the fate—the hard, humiliating lot of the poor players, that far more numerous portion, whose humbler talents bring them not to the world's acquaintance, and whose misery keeps them still more obscure.

In 1834, (if for a general example we may be pardoned such anticipation of facts,) when Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres were rented by the same lessee, occurrences yet more remarkable in their way, nightly took place. The managerial scheme was to work the two theatres with a company and a half. The actors who had performed in the play at one house, were usually required to bear a part in the farce, at the other. Broad Court and Martlett Buildings, from about half-past nine at night, to a quarter from ten, exhibited a most extraordinary scene. Actors half attired, with enamelled faces, and loaded with the paraphernalia of their art, were passing and repassing, as busy as pismires, whilst the hurried interchange of quaint words—"stage waits"—"music on"—"rung up," &c., would have perplexed the stranger with a thousand surmises. Double-basses, trombones, long drums, books, and wearing apparel carried on the heads of figure dancers, apparently just started from their beds, might have suggested an event—

"As when, by night and negligence, a fire
Is spied in populous cities,"—

while, on the other hand, the variety of costume, peeping from numberless cloaks and provisional wrappers, would carry the traveller back to the convention of all nations, the grand Cairo itself.

On one occasion, Bartley, whose business it was to play in the tragedy at Drury Lane, had to begin also the farce at Covent Garden. The play, on this evening, at the latter house, had been short, and was brought even earlier than usual to a conclusion, by no *encore* of the songs having taken place. After a lapse of some ten minutes, the audience became impatient—"unruly," as Elliston would have said,) and messengers were accordingly despatched, demanding Bartley's instant attendance. Bartley, considering that a per centage on his tragedy might easily be spared, or more readily be supplied by another, than the absence of his merry face in the farce of "My Neighbour's Wife," kicked off his buskins at Drury, and running to Covent Garden, was speedily in his dressing-room, where he instantly began pulling on his well-remembered lilach pantaloons. But being somewhat agitated by the importunity of the prompter's boy, and in a considerable state of perspiration, he had more than usual difficulty, so that the pantaloons gave way in the struggle, presenting the most graceless rent in arrear that ever freeholder experienced. This, of course, augmented the delay, and the delay had the same effect on the patience of the auditory; they were, however, pacified by some timely explanation, and within another quarter of an hour, Bartley appeared in his own respectable grey trousers, and went comfortably through his part.

At the season of Christmas, when the state of alternation was at its height, the female figure dancers pattered from one house to another six times during the evening, and underwent the operation of dressing and undressing no less than eight!

In the old times, (which have set up a prescriptive title to the term "good" in all matters incidental to them,) the Haymarket Theatre was opened some ten days before the close of the winter houses. During these ten days, there was but a skeleton company at the former, until the great patentees gave up their own flesh and blood, by which it was clothed. Many, and frequently ridiculous, were the shifts to which this anatomised body was subject, in the short interval. One circumstance occurred, which, at the first blush (and verily it was of a character to raise one), would appear positively impracticable; but the prime agent in the affair being still living, (with our best wishes to him,) can testify the truth. It was that of Farley acting an important part in the play of Covent Garden, and also at the Haymarket, on the same night; the two *plays*, be it remembered, being the first pieces of the entertainments at both establishments.

At Covent Garden, the curtain rose at half past six o'clock, and in the Haymarket, at seven; at the former, Farley was cast into one of Macbeth's witches, and at the latter, in the part of *Sir Philip Modelove*, in the comedy of "A Bold Stroke for a Wife."

Having, most emphatically, "with toil and trouble," gone through the mystery of the first scene at Covent Garden, Farley now "hovered through the foul and murky air," in the direction of the Haymarket, which he reached in ample time to equip himself for the baronet, who does not make his scenic appearance until the second act of the play. The act being concluded, Farley, with due alacrity, returned to his witchery at Covent Garden, which being perpetrated, he again mounted his broom, and scud through the air a second time to the Haymarket, where he reappeared, in full Protean mastery, *Sir Philip Modelove*, for *Sir Philip* does not make his second *entré* until the fifth act of the drama.

The dove-tailing of this remarkable night's performance was, in fact, thus accomplished:—A hackney-coach, during the evening, was in readiness; this was furnished with a dresser, necessary habiliments, and a pair of candles. From the stage-door of Covent Garden the weird sister sprang into the jarvey, when the dresser, pulling up the mahogany blinds, commenced attiring the patient comedian for the part of the old beau; this was nearly accomplished by the time they reached the stage-door in Suffolk-street, and what little remained afterwards to be done was easily effected. The first act of the comedy being over, in jumped Farley again with his man "Friday," and commenced the task of the double transformation. On returning, however, for his last scene at Covent Garden, the coach, in making the corner of Hedge-row, (now called Whitcomb-street,) came in contact with a post, and immediately upsetting, poured its full contents, actor, dresser, candles, and all the heterogeneous matter into the highway. The upsetting of a coach in London, is of itself an occurrence not unlikely to bring about it a few of the curious; but the capsizing of this identical vehicle, thus freighted, was an event which perhaps the most travelled of our citizens never before witnessed.

Half witch and half baronet, poor Farley was extricated from that

door which fortune had thrown uppermost, and never actor surely made an appearance to more general applause. Next came Friday—that always unlucky *Friday*—to renewed, reiterated shouts. As to the goods which lay scattered around, the mob could make nothing of them, unless, as it was shrewdly suspected, it being about quarter day, the two wights were a pair of rascally Frenchmen running off with what they could pilfer, partly in disguise, and altogether in their landlord's debt. Notwithstanding this maladroit proceeding, by prompt assistance, and another coach, *post tot naufragia tutus*, Farley reached Covent Garden both in time and safety.

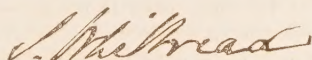
The seeds of discord which had long been sown between Elliston and the Drury Committee, were now fast ripening, and a correspondence which ensued between the parties, terminated by the cancel of mutual articles. Elliston, whose tragedy was never first-rate, (for we would avoid that kind of biography which Dr. Dibdin says, is like epitaphs, nothing but praise,) was now immeasurably removed from the high position to which Kean had ascended; but that *amour propre*, natural to all men, and so inseparable from those long accustomed to the voice of flattery, betrayed him into many fancied grievances, amongst other things, that he had been called on to play *Macduff* to the *Macbeth* of Mr. Kean—a mandate which he thought proper to resist. On Elliston's refusing *Macduff*, a fine of 75*l.* was imposed, which he was compelled to pay.

The part of *Bolingbroke*, in "Richard the Second," one to which he always expressed great disinclination, being soon after sent to him, placed the state of things beyond all doubt. A long paper war took place between Mr. Whitbread and the complainant. Whitbread's final note was as follows:—

"SIR,—I received the honour of your statement, dated the 16th, and laid it before the Sub-Committee of Management last week. It was yesterday taken into further consideration, and Mr. Ward will furnish you with the result. I beg to assure you I can have personally no unfriendly feeling towards you—there never has been any disposition in the management to degrade your professional talents or reputation, nor have there been any attempts made to "run you down" in their estimation, by any "bucaniers" whatever. But the propriety—the necessity, of the resolution of the Board of Management, I think you will at once acknowledge.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"Dover Street, June 29, 1815."



Elliston was grand throughout, in his correspondence with the great Dons on the Drury Committee, reminding us of an anecdote told by Baron de Grimm, of the elder Vestris in Paris. "This," said the god of ballet, "is the first squabble of our house with the family of the Bourbons!" As for Elliston, he verily thought his retirement from the theatre would have an influence on the funds.*

END OF THE ELLISTON PAPERS.

* The Second Series of "Elliston Papers" will shortly be republished, with large additions, in a collective form.

THE POEMS AND BALLADS OF SCHILLER.

(TRANSLATED BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, BART.)

By the excellent book, which bears the above title, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton has unquestionably conferred a great boon upon the English reader, who is anxious to be introduced to German literature, and feels a difficulty in knowing when to begin. The title, indeed, insufficiently expresses the value of the work, for it is not merely a translation of Schiller's poems, preceded by a brief biography, but a guide to the proper reading, understanding, and appreciation of Schiller, such as many a one, who can scramble up sufficient German to wade through Schiller in the original, will be happy to possess. He who reads Schiller's poems, merely as poems, and considers their æsthetical value only, has but an imperfect knowledge of their real significance. They are symbols of the various states of an individual mind, which passed through the most wonderful transitions,—symbols of the most opposite literary influences; nay, they shadow forth the whole history of German literature and philosophy during the classical period. The same may be said of Göthe as of Schiller; and this, in our opinion, renders German literature instructive above all others to him who seriously resolves to lead an artistical life, and to devote himself to that course of self-cultivation which Novalis, in one of his pregnant aphorisms, declares to be the great mission of humanity, that the two greatest writers may be traced through all the phases of a national progression. Other nations may present works of literary art which shall surpass those of Göthe and Schiller, but the mental history of their literature is enveloped in the blackest obscurity; and we have few, or rather no data by which to judge of the fine organizations to which we are indebted for the highest works. What is known to us of the mental progress of Shakspeare? The antiquary, perhaps, succeeds in raking up a few facts of external biography, or in reconstructing the chronological order of the plays, but of the internal biography of Shakspeare, we know no more than of that of Sachoniathon. What do we know of Sophocles, what of Euripides, but a few scanty facts that will not account for the individuality of either? Indeed, it is probable that the data, by which to judge of the individual organization of the early artists of most countries, never existed in any one mind; that in the early periods of literary history, men produced without clearly knowing why—and that the consciousness of self-cultivation had not yet awakened. The case is precisely opposite with Germany. The literature of that great nation did not regularly begin till the last century. True, there is the early Swabian period, and the epoch of Luther, and the Meister-sänger, but these are not immediately connected with the origin of what we now call German literature. As for the influence which the poets of the middle ages had on the works of the romantic school, that did not begin till the time of the Schlegels, when the basis of German literature was already laid, and was as much a foreign influence as that of one who might take Hafiz and Sadi for his models, and imitate them in his own language. Doubtless, the psychological investigator might trace the same or a

kindred national mind in the production of the "Nibelungen-lied," and in that of "Wallenstein," but that sort of affinity is too remote to be quoted in opposition to what we are now advancing. The history of modern German literature is, then, the history of a nation producing works of literary art *with consciousness from the beginning*, and that at so late a period that we are well able to survey the foundation as well as the completion of the structure. The literature of Germany is that of a people, already cultivated, who looked around them and said, "The nations surrounding us have books in the tongues which they speak, and lo, we have none! We will make for ourselves a literature." Considered from a point of view purely æsthetical, this peculiarity of the German literature, which fought its way through princely contempt, and the rage for the French language, has its disadvantages. There is a want of that *naïveté* and freedom in the German literature—a want of that spontaneity which gives such freshness to so many works of art. When the work is made first, and the reflection is made afterwards, there will, it is true, be a probable admixture of barbarism and uncouthness;* but nature will seem to be speaking out plainly and without check, rejoicing in her own productiveness; but when the reflection and the work are simultaneous, there will always be the appearance of working after a goal. Hence there is a heaviness in German literature, and a tendency to seek after all that is excellent in other literatures as a mark for imitation. No literature is so obviously bookish as that of Germany; Schiller, with his desire to naturalize the Greek chorus, and our own friend Freiligrath, who has whipped himself up into a nomadic state of existence, and by dint of poring into books of travel, has fancied himself in the desert, cheek by jowl with the Bedouins, equally furnish cases in point. But to the student of mental progress, this peculiarity of the German literature offers inestimable advantages. Lessing, a very patriarch, was born only twenty years before Göthe, and Göthe, living from 1749 to 1831, and energizing from a very youthful period to the very last, furnishes, in his own person alone, the history of literary Germany. The various collections of letters and characteristic sketches illustrative of Göthe and Schiller, furnish us with means of knowing the internal history of these two men, and through them that of German literature, more accurate than those which reveal to us the literary progress of any other country. We may know the biographies, internal and external, of many of our own countrymen, but England's literature sweeps over a long period of years, and the revelation refers but to a small part of the entire structure, while the lives of Göthe and Schiller enable us to see the whole chain of influences that operated on the literary production of their country, and every phase of that production is visible to him who will take the trouble to look for it. There is no literature of Europe, that now occupies general attention, that can be so well known as that of Germany. True, there is no complete biography of Göthe yet written, but the materials lie on the surface, and only require industry and acuteness to collect them. Dr. Hoffmeister, who has laboured so efficiently in producing a biography of Schiller, would confer a boon, if by an expenditure of labour, which would be to him

* This should not be applied to the Greeks, who, from what is handed down to us, seem born artists.

comparatively trifling, he would furnish us with the biography of the greater poet. In the meanwhile, the various recollections, letters, and characteristics, furnish ample means for those who are sufficiently interested in the subject to peruse them.

But is not this a long digression from Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's book? On the contrary, it is no digression at all. What we have said is with the purpose of shewing the correctness of the plan which Sir Edward has adopted in producing the work before us. Having industriously collected all the information which is extant on the subject, he not only presents us with the poems of Schiller, but tells us *how* to look at them, what they illustrate, and whence they emanated, what was the particular tone of thought that prevailed at the several epochs of composition, and what were the various influences that were at work. The biography, in which the Rousseau-tendency is admirably set forth, does this on the large style, the introductions to the separate poems go minutely into the origin of each. He who reads through the *two* volumes, and rises without a tolerably definite notion of Schiller, may rest assured that for him Schiller's works were not intended.

The translations are executed with great spirit, and with a strong feeling for the thought of the original. Verbal exactness has not been equally studied; and hence a number of petty remarks have been made in various quarters, whereby the writers have succeeded as much in shewing the smallness of their own views as the deviations of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. We are ready to admit that he has, perhaps, taken more liberties than we should have allowed ourselves in translating a foreign author; but then, because our principle differs from his—and we should rather have a tendency to cramp our own language than to grant ourselves a licence—it does not follow that we should insist on his doing the same. It is so easy to start up, dictionary in hand, and say to the translator, who has rendered several thousand lines, “Why did not you construe this word—so, and the other so?” It is so easy to be right in one's suggestions, when one abstracts from all the considerations of metre, rhyme, and versification. We have minutely compared many of the poems with the original, and we see no instance of a departure from a single material thought of Schiller's, while in general, there is a strict adherence to his metrical form. A short example will, perhaps, suffice to shew the peculiarity of his method. We take the second verse of the “Fight with the Dragon:”—

“Shout thousands with a single voice—
 ‘Behold the dragon, and rejoice,
 Safe roves the herd, and safe the swain!
 Lo!—there the slayer—here the slain!
 Full many a heart, a gallant life
 Has waged against the ghastly strife,
 And ne'er return'd to mortal sight;
 Hurrah, then, for the Hero knight!’
 Go to the cloister, where the vow'd
 And peerless brethren of St. John
 In conclave sit—that sea-like crowd,
 Wave upon wave, goes thund'ring on.”

The metre of the above is the same as the original, with the exception of the double-endings. The literal translation of the original is as follows:—“And a thousand voices become loud; ‘That is the

dragon, come and see which swallowed up our shepherd and herds! That is the hero, who vanquished him! Many others went out before him to venture the mighty fight, but none have we seen return. We should honour the bold knight!" And the train goes towards the cloister, where the order of St. John the Baptist, the knights of the Hospital are hastily (*im Flug*) assembled in council."

We have not picked out this verse sedulously, but have taken it as it almost casually presented itself, as a fair average specimen of the work. The only striking deviation from the original, is the introduction at the end of a comparison between the moving multitude and the ocean. It is by picking out things of this sort, and representing them as of more consequence than all the merits of the book, that the literal critic who can thumb his dictionary, but who could not tack two lines together to save his soul, may amuse himself to his heart's content, and heighten the general effect of his remarks, by assuming a profound connoisseurship of the Schillerian style. Yet what honest reader of the book will not think such remarks excessively small? What honest reader will not confess that the above verse is rendered in the right spirit, and that though an image foreign to Schiller is introduced, the fire and animation of the original is caught, and the picture, as designed by Schiller, is not in the least compromised?

We take leave of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's book, and as admirers of German literature, thank him for the service he has done it in this country.

WATERLOO BRIDGE.

A LONDON STORY.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

UPON the solitary bridge the light
 Shone dim;—the wind swept howling on its way,
 And tower and spire stood hidden in the grey
 Half-darkness of the raw and rainy night;
 When one, still young and fair, with eyes mad-bright,
 Paced up and down, and with a look of woe,
 Gazed on the waters gliding black below,
 Or the dull houses, looming on her sight;
 And said within herself, "Can I endure
 Longer this weight of misery and scorn?
 Ah, no! Love-blighted—sick at heart—and poor—
 Deceived—undone—and utterly forlorn!—
 Why should I live? Forgive me, Lord!" she cried—
 Sprang sudden to the brink—dash'd headlong down—and died!

April 11, 1844.

A JAR OF HONEY FROM MOUNT HYBLA.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

NO. VI.

PASTORAL POETRY.—SCOTTISH AND IRISH POETICAL TENDENCIES IN HUMBLE LIFE.—PASTORAL OF THEOCRITUS, OF MOSCHUS, OF VIRGIL, SPENSER, TASSO AND GUARINI.

[The subject of the present article is different from what was announced in that of last month; but the writer was under a misconception as to the number of papers desired of him under the head of the Blue Jar. He is gratified to find that he can extend them so as to work out his original purpose; and has, accordingly, returned to an earlier point of his general subject. Could he number the articles over again, the present would stand as the second.]

WE propose, in the present number of the Blue Jar, to play the bee in a very arrogant and fastidious manner with the whole circle of Pastoral Poetry, touching only at one or two principal flowers in each ground, such as have been most in repute since it was first cultivated. Theocritus we have already noticed, and shall notice again hereafter, seeing that he is Sicilian, and has the richest district; but neither can we omit him now; for wherever the masters of the art are mentioned, there must he be. He is the earliest, greatest, and must be thought of, first and last. To read the opening verses of his book, is to be in the thick of pastoral at once, and in one of its loveliest spots. You are in the open air, under pine-trees by fountain-heads, in company with two born poets, shepherd and goatherd though they be; poets such as Burns and Allan Ramsay might have been, had they been Sicilian.

A word or two, before we proceed, on the existence of poetical feeling in humble southern life. The north also has seen it in those and other instances; and it is not a little remarkable, that Scotland, which is more northern than England, and possesses not even a nightingale, has had more of it than its southern neighbour. What that is owing to, is a question; perhaps to the very restrictions of John Knox and his fellows, and to a happy tendency in nature to counteract them. Or it may have originated in the wild and uncertain habits of highlanders and borderers. Certainly the Scotch have shewn a more genial and impulsive spirit in their songs and dances than the English. We have nothing among us like the Highland Fling, or the reel of Tullochgorum, or the songs of "Gaberlunzie Men," "Jolly Beggars," and "The Gude Man he came hame at eve." But extremes meet; and the Scotch, in their hardihood, their very poverty, and occasional triumphs over it in fits of excess, appear to have been driven by a jovial desperation into the vivacities inspired by the sunshine of the south. Yet the Irish are a still greater puzzle in this respect: for they are poorer, and their land is in the English latitude; and nevertheless the poetical feeling is far more common and more eloquent among them, than with either of their neighbours. Their fertility of fancy and readiness of expression, render them, in fact, very like a southern people; and if a doubt, alas! did not arise that misfortune itself was their inspirer by sharpening their sensibility, would give an almost laughable corroboration to their claim of a Milesian descent. Now the Italian peasantry to this day, particularly the Tuscan, exhibit,

as they always did, a like poetical fancy, but with more elegance; and so, we doubt not, did those of Greece and Sicily. The latter, in modern times, have been checked in their faculties by unfavourable governments; but in the time of Theocritus, the subjects of the overflowing rich cities of Syracuse and Agrigentum must have been as willing and able to pour out all they felt, as so many well-fed thrushes and blackbirds; and anybody at all acquainted with the less rich, but not ill-governed, Tuscan peasantry, knows well with how much eloquence and even refinement it is possible for people in humble life to express themselves, when the language is favourable, and circumstances not otherwise. Mr. Stewart Rose has given some amusing instances in his "Letters from the North of Italy."* Asking a Florentine servant if he understood some directions given him, the man said, "Yes, for he always spoke IN RELIEF," (*che parlava sempre scolpito.*) Nothing could be better expressed than this. Another time, his good-natured master, inquiring if he was comfortable on the coach-box, the servant answered that he was very well off; "for here," said he, "ONE SPRINGS IT," (*che quì si molleggia.*) The verb was coined for the occasion from the noun *molla*, a spring. Another man being asked the way to a particular house, told him to go straightforward to the end of the street, and it would "tumble on his head." This is very Irish. An Italian acquaintance of Mr. Rose was passing through a street in Florence at serenade time, when he beheld a dog looking up at a female of his species in a balcony, and at the same time scratching his ribs. One of the Florentine populace, who happened to be passing, stopped and cried out, "He is enamoured, and playing the guitar,—serenading the fair one," (*e innamorato; suona la chitarra; fu la cucchiata alla bella.*) A Roman *laquais de place* (but he is a more sophisticate authority) once asked the same writer, on seeing him look at a wild flower in the fields, whether it was the signor's "pleasure that he should CULL it?" (*commanda che lo CARPA?*) For our poetical word "cull," though its meaning is different, may represent the un-vernacular elegance of *carpa* (pluck). The *laquais de place*, it seems, "talked like a cardinal." We have ourselves, however, heard a coachman's wife, who was a Roman, pour forth a stream of elegant language that astonished us. A neighbour of ours, near Fiesole, a fine old Tuscan peasant, who was clipping a hedge, said to us one day, as we exchanged salutation with him, "I am trimming the bush's beard," (*fo la barba al bosco.*) But a Florentine female servant, who had the child of an acquaintance in her arms, and who, like the generality of her countrywomen, was perfectly unaffected, carried the aristocratic refinement of her style higher, perhaps, than any of the persons mentioned. Some remarks being made respecting the countenances of her master's children, she asked us whether the one in her arms did not form an exception,—whether, in fact, we didn't think that it had "a kind of *plebeian* look," (*un certo aspetto plebeo.*)

So much for the ability of the humbler orders to speak with force and delicacy, when sensibility gives them the power of expression, and animal spirits the courage to use it.

In the opening of Theocritus' first poem, the time of day is a hot

* See vol. ii., pp. 15, 37, 38, &c.

noon, and a shepherd and goatherd appear to have been piping under their respective trees;—we suppose at a reasonable distance. The shepherd goes towards the goatherd, who seems to stop playing; and on approaching him, commences the dialogue by observing, that there is something extremely pleasant in the whisper of the pine under which he is sitting, but not less so was the something he was playing just now on his pipe. He declares that he is the next best player after Pan himself; and that if Pan were to have a ram for his prize, the ewe would of necessity fall to the goatherd.

“Ἄδν τι το ψιθυρισμα,” &c.

Sweet sings the rustling of your pine to-day
Over the fountain-heads; and no less sweet
Upon the pipe play you.

The Greek word for rustling, or rather whispering,—*psithurisma*,—is much admired. “Whispering” is hardly strong enough, and not so long drawn out. There is the continuous whisper in *psithurisma*.

The goatherd returns the compliment, by telling the shepherd that *his* singing during such hot weather (for we must always keep in mind the accessories implied by good poets) is sweeter than the flowing abundance of the waterfall out of the rock. The two verses in which this is expressed are a favourite quotation, on account of the imitative beauty of the second sentence. We know not whether they would equally please every critical ear; for “doctors,” even of music, “differ.” Much of the divine writing of Beethoven seems to have been as appalling at first to the orchestral world, as olives are to most palates; and there is a passage in Mozart, which to this day is a choke-pear to the scientific, albeit they acknowledge that he intended it to be written as it stands. For our parts, we have great faith in the ultra-delights perceptible in the enormities of Beethoven, Mozart, and olives; and suspect there is more music in the very hissing and clatter of the sentence in Theocritus, to say nothing of its obvious rush and leaping, than has been quite perceived by every scholar who has praised it. It is a pity that all musical people do not read Greek; for they deserve to do so; which is what cannot be said of all scholars. Perhaps some of them would be glad to see the passage, even in English characters. We remember, before we knew any others, the delight we used to take in the Greek quotations, thus printed, in the novels of Smollett and Fielding; and shall make no further apology for a like bit of typography. We shall first give the measure of the original verse in corresponding English hexameters. The English language does not take kindly to the measure. The hexameter is too salient and cantering for it. But once and away the anomaly may be tolerated, especially for illustration’s sake. The passage in English words may run thus:

“Sweetest, O shepherd, thy singing is, than the sonorous
Gush from above of the waterfall out of the rock-stone.”

There is no imitative attempt of any sort in this version. It is given simply to shew a general likeness to the measure. The sound of the original, as everybody will discern, is much more to the purpose, though judges will differ perhaps as to whether it is more effective in softness or in strength, in leap or in volume. We are obliged to adapt

the spelling, in one or two instances, to the necessities of the pronunciation. The literal Greek order of the words would, in English, be—

“Sweeter, O shepherd, the thy song, than the sonorous
That (or yon) from the rock-stone much-flows from-above water.”

“Hādion, o poiman, to teōn melos, è to katàches
Teēn appo tas pētras kataleibetai heūpsōthen heūdor.”

Kataleibetai, (much, or strongly, or abundantly flows,) with the accent on the diphthong *ei*, is certainly a fine strenuous word, at once strong and liquid, and appreciable by any ear. And *heūpsōthen heūdor* (from-above water), with its two successive *u*'s, will be equally discerned, we think, to express the constant *yearning* rush of the water from inside the well.—What say you, Messieurs of the Royal Academy of Music?

The goatherd promises the shepherd, if he will sing to him, the gift of a huge wine-cup, adorned with figures. The following exquisite picture is among them. We give it in the version of Mr. M. J. Chapman, a living writer not unworthy his venerable namesake, and by far the best translator of Theocritus that has appeared:—

“Εντροσθεν δε γυναι,” &c.

“With flowing robe, and Lydian head-dress on,
Within, a woman to the life is done—
An exquisite design!—On either side
Two men with flowing locks each other chide,
By turns contending for the woman's love,
But not a whit her mind their pleadings move.
One while she gives to this a glance and smile,
And turns and smiles on that another while.”

To the apparently formidable objection made by some critics, that no artist could make a woman look on two people one after the other, Mr. Chapman happily answers, “Theocritus described an image that was before his mind's eye, and for so doing he needs no defence; but the matter-of-fact critic may be able, perhaps, to obtain an approximation to the idea, by considering attentively the print of ‘Garrick divided between Tragedy and Comedy.’”*

This picture is followed by one of an old able-bodied fisherman at his labours, with the muscles of his neck swelling like those of a strong young man; and to this succeeds a third, as good as that of the coquette—some will think better. It is a boy so intent upon making a trap, that he is not aware of the presence of two foxes, one of whom is meditating to abduct his breakfast—

“A little boy sits by the thorn-edge trim,
To watch the grapes—two foxes watching him:

(The version of this line is original in the turn of it, and very happy.)

One through the ranges of the vines proceeds,
And on the hanging vintage slily feeds;
The other plots and vows his scrip to search,
And for his breakfast leave him—in the lurch.
Meanwhile he twines, and to a rush fits well
A locust-trap with stalks of asphodel;
And twines away with such absorbing glee,
Of scrip or vines he never thinks—not he!”—CHAPMAN, p. 8.

* The Greek Pastoral Poets, Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, Done into English by M. J. Chapman, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge, pp. 7, 331.—We like the good old faith of Mr. Chapman's “*Done into English*.”

In the pastorals of Bion we know nothing of prominent interest; but in those of Moschus there is a passage which has found an echo in all bosoms, like the sigh that answers a wind over a churchyard. It is in the elegy on Bion's death:—

Αἰ, αἰ, ται μαλαχαι μὲν ἐπ' ἀν κατὰ καπὸν ὀλωνται,
 Ἡ τὰ χλωρὰ σελίνα, τὸ τ' εὐθαλὲς οὐλὸν ἀνηθόν,
 Ὑστερον αὖ ζῶντι, καὶ εἰς ἐτὸς ἄλλο φροντί·
 Ἀμμες δ' οἱ μεγάλοι, καὶ καρτεροὶ, ἢ σοφοὶ ἀνδρες,
 Ὅποτε πρῶτα θανώμεν, ἀνακοοὶ ἐν χθονὶ κοῖλα
 Εὐδομεν ἐν μαλὰ μακρὸν, ἀτερμονα, νηγρετον ὕπνον.

Idyll. iii., v. 104.

Alas! when mallows in the garden die,
 Green parsley, or the crisp luxuriant dill,
 They live again, and flower another year;
 But we, how great soe'er, or strong, or wise,
 When once *we* die, sleep, in the senseless earth,
 A long, an endless, unawakable sleep.

The beautiful original of these verses,—every word so natural, and sincere, and in its proper place, and the whole so affecting,—may stand by the side of any poetry, even that of the passage in the book of Job too well known to most of us; but we confess that after such Greek verses as these, and the fresh flowers of Theocritus, we never have the heart to quote the artificial ones of Virgil, critically accomplished as they are. They are the pattern of too many others, which brought the word Pastoral into disrepute; and it is not pleasant to be forced to object to a great name. Other great poets, however, besides Virgil, have comparatively failed in this species of writing, Spenser for one, who in trying to eschew the artificial, only went to the opposite extreme of it, in hoping to engraft the sweet fruit of the South on the rudest crab-apple stock of English rusticity. In Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar" there are some touching lines in the story of the "Fox and Kid," and a beautiful paraphrase of that of "Cupid and the Fowler" out of Bion; but, curiously enough, the passage we always call to mind as the one most indicative of pastoral genius, either in him or Virgil, is a description of a herd of goats, translated by the great English poet from a mutilated production attributed to his Latin brother, and called the Gnat (*Culex*). We here give some of it, as a true picture, combining the general elegance of Claude with the animal detail of the Flemings:—

"The fiery Sun was mounted now on hight
 Up to the heavenly towers, and shot each where
 Out of his golden chariot glistering light;
 And fayre Aurora, with her rosie haire,
 The hatefull darkness now had put to flight;
 When as the shepheard, seeing day appeare,
 His little goats gan drive out of their stalls,
 To feede abroad, where pasture best befalls.

"To an high mountaine's top he with them went,
 Where thickest grasse did cloath the open hills:
 They now amongst the woods and thickets ment,
 Now in the valleies wandring at their wills,
 Spread themselves farre abroad through each descent;
 Some on the soft green grasse feeding their fills;
 Some clambring through the hollow cliffes on hy,
 Nibble the bushie shrubs which growe thereby.

“Others, the utmost boughs of trees doe crop,
 And brouze the woodbine twigges that freshly bud;
 This with full bit doth catch the utmost top
 Of some soft willow, or new growen stud;
 This with sharpe teeth the bramble leaves doth lop,
 And chaw the tender prickles in her cud;
 The whiles another high doth overlooke
 Her own like image in a cristall brooke.”

But before we proceed with the English pastoral poets, we must look at Spenser's other masters, the Italians. The best pastoral is often written, when the author least intends it. A completer feeling of the country and a shepherd's life is given us in the “Jerusalem Delivered,” where Erminia suddenly finds herself among a set of peaceful villagers, than in the whole “Aminta”—beautiful, too, as the latter is in many respects, and containing the divine ode on the Golden Age, the crown of all pastoral aspiration. That, indeed, carries everything, even truth itself, before it; saving the truth of man's longing after a state of happiness compatible with his desires. The first line of it, the most beautiful of sighs, is familiar as a proverb in the lips of Italy, and of the lovers of Italy:—

“O bella età de l'oro,
 Non già perchè di latte
 Sen corse il fiume, e stillò mele il bosco;
 Non perchè i frutti loro
 Dier da l' aratro intatte
 Le terre, e i serpi errar senz' ira o toscò;
 Non perchè nuvol fosco
 Non spiegò allor suo velo,
 Ma in primavera eterna
 Ch' ora s' accende, e verna,
 Rise di luce e di sereno il cielo,
 Nè portò peregrino
 O guerra o merce a gli altrui lidi il pino:

“Ma soi perchè quel vano
 Nome senza soggetto,
 Quell' idolo d'errori, idol d'inganno;
 Quel che dal volgo insano
 Onor poscia fu detto,
 Che di nostra natura il feo tiranno,
 Non mischiava il suo affanno
 Fra le liete dolcezze
 De l' amoroso gregge;
 Nè fu sua dura legge
 Nota a quell' alme in libertate avezze;
 Ma legge aurea e felice,
 Che Natura scolpi,—s' ei piace, ei lice.”

“O lovely age of gold!
 Not that the rivers roll'd
 With milk, or that the woods wept honey-dew;
 Not that the ready ground
 Produced without a wound,
 Or the mild serpent had no tooth that slew;
 Not that a cloudless blue
 For ever was in sight,
 Or that the heaven which burns,
 And now is cold by turns,
 Look'd out in glad and everlasting light;
 No, nor that even the insolent ships from far
 Brought war to no new lands, nor riches worse than war:

“But solely that that vain
 And breath-invented pain,
 That idol of mistake, that worshipp'd cheat,
 That Honour,—since so call'd
 By vulgar minds appall'd,
 Play'd not the tyrant with our nature yet.
 It had not come to fret
 The sweet and happy fold
 Of gentle human-kind;
 Nor did its hard law bind
 Souls nursed in freedom; but that law of gold,
 That glad and golden law, all free, all fitted,
 Which nature's own hand wrote—What pleases, is permitted.”

Guarini, who wrote his “Pastor Fido” in emulation of the *Aminta*, undertook to shew that these regrets were immoral; and, agreeably to an Italian fashion, made at once a grave rebuke and a literal rhyming parody of the original, in an ode beginning with the same words, and repeating most of them! His version of “What pleases, is permitted,” is “Take pleasure, if permitted.”—As if Tasso did not know all about that side of the question, and was not prepared to be quite as considerate in his moral conduct and his discountenance of rascally seducers as Guarini; whose poem, after all, incurred charges of licence and temptation, from which that of his prototype was free;—an old conventional story! All which Tasso did, was to put into the mouths of his shepherds, themselves an ideal people, a wish which is felt by the whole world—namely, that duty and inclination could be more reconciled to innocence than they are; and the world has shewn that it agreed with his honest sighs, and not with the pick-thank common-places of his reprover, by treasuring his beautiful ode in their memories, and forgetting its insulting echo.

Nevertheless, there are fine things in Guarini, and such as the world has consented to remember, though not of this all-commanding sort. One of these is the address to the woods, beginning—

“Care selve beate,
 E voi, solinghe e taciturni orrori,
 Di riposo e di pace alberghi veri,”—

an exordium, which somebody (was it Mrs. Katharine Phillips, the “matchless Orinda?”) has well translated—

“Dear happy groves, and you, the dark retreat
 Of silent horror, rest's eternal seat—”

We are sorry we cannot recollect any more. It expresses the wish, which so many have felt, to live in retirement and be devoted to the beauties of nature. Another passage, more generally known, also turns upon a very general feeling of regret,—that of seeing spring-time re-appear, unaccompanied with the joys we have lost. Guarini was safer in following his original into these sincere corners of the heart, than when he attempted to refute him with a boy's copy-book. The passage is very beautiful, and no less popular:—

“O Primavera, gioventù de l' anno
 Bella madre de' fiori,
 D'erbe novelle e di novelli amori,
 Tu torni ben; ma teco
 Non tornano i sereni
 E fortunati dì de le mie gioje.

Tu torni ben, tu torni,
 Ma teco altro non torna
 Che del perduto mio caro tesoro
 La rimembranza misera e dolente.
 Tu quella sei, tu quella,
 Ch' eri pur dianzi sì vezzosa e bella ;
 Ma non son io già quel ch' un tempo fui,
 Sì caro a gli occhi altrui."

PASTOR FIDO, Atto iii., Sc. 1.

"O Spring, the youthful beauty of the year,
 Mother of flowers, bringer of warbling quires,
 Of all sweet new green things and new desires,
 Thou, Spring, returnest ; but alas ! with thee
 No more return to me
 The calm and happy days these eyes were used to see.
 Thou, thou returnest, thou,
 But with thee returns now
 Nought else but dread remembrance of the pleasure
 I took in my lost treasure.
 Thou still, thou still art the same blithe, sweet thing
 Thou ever wast, O Spring ;
 But I, in whose weak orbs these tears arise,
 Am what I was no more, dear to another's eyes."

The repetitions in this beautiful lament—

"Tu torni ben, tu torni," &c.

are particularly affecting. Perhaps the tone of them was caught from Ariosto:—

"Non son, non sono io quel che paio in viso ;
 Quel ch' era Orlando, è morto ed è sotterra."

FURIOSO, Canto xxiii. st. 128.

No more, no more am I what I appear :
 He that Oriando was, is dead and gone.

[We must postpone the remainder of this part of our subject till next month.]

THE CITY OF THE VIRTUES.

VIEW THE SECOND.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

THERE was something in the spectacle of Virtue rewarded by law that proved quite intoxicating, but in so exemplary a community, sobriety was not long absent; and then I began to be sensible of a few concomitant circumstances which considerably qualified my raptures. I admired beyond measure the anxiety which every one evinced to do some good deed, but when it proved to be such a good morning's work, the admiration lessened, and the wonder grew more intelligible and familiar. When a good citizen, to shelter a large family burnt out over the way, admitted them all into his house, and went, with his wife, into lodgings, I was lost in delight to see people loving their neighbours better than themselves; but the sentence of the court, decreeing a handsome reward for this virtue, naturally diminished my

enthusiasm. The kind soul (but perhaps he had never thought of this) had let his house for the season at a high rent.

A poor object, so reduced as to be in danger of perishing for want of seven and threepence, was accosted by a stranger, who, with tears in his eyes, instantly paid the money, and then gloriously added half a crown, making the mourner quite happy. It was a pleasant deed to do, and not expensive; for a lucky piece of charity of that kind entitled the performer to a guinea from government.

When there was some great act of virtue to be accomplished, something unusually handsome to be done, it made the soul swell with joyful pride to behold hundreds eager to do the deed at an enormous sacrifice; and what exultation was in the heart of the successful competitor, when he had all but ruined himself by his goodness! Yet the splendid recompence and the high public honour awarded when the case came to be heard in court, made the disinterestedness less dazzling, and threw a disagreeable light upon the emulation.

The people were generally very virtuous, but then—my own virtue is candour—there was little temptation to be otherwise. The vicious people, decidedly the minority, were the uneducated, the unenlightened! they went blundering about in crime, could never get on, and barely made a living. The cleverer folks followed Virtue, who scattered “largess” liberally, and they, of course, made pretty pickings.

The system was at least open to this objection—that it could not always appear whether the well-doer was influenced more by the certainty of gain or the love of good, since the one always attended upon the other. Zeal for excellence—or for its reward, some would say—was, moreover, carried occasionally into extremes; and in the City of the Virtues, Master Bliffl would certainly have been rewarded for letting Sophy’s bird fly, on the principle that “everything had a right to liberty;” and the squire, if he had possessed an estate there, would have needed to look still more closely after those partridges to whose emancipation he was unvirtuously opposed.

Besides, the *quid-pro-quo* principle was more than carried out. A man never scrupled to lend five pounds very good-naturedly; but then he never hesitated to borrow, in the handsomest manner, ten. A gentleman declined to drag the destroyer of his domestic peace—the stainer of that honour which was dear to him as his own—into a court of law to wring vile lucre from him; but then there was another court, in which a large reward was decreed to brotherly forgiveness and Christian forbearance, under all such circumstances.

I was confirmed in the impression that many amongst the virtuous community were not perfect Howards, by the disappointment and vexation they plainly evinced when, in the course of a morning’s rounds, they had met with no case of peculiar misery and distress. Not to find a fellow-creature pining in the last stage of suffering, reduced to utter anguish and despair, was to be quite out of luck, and discontent was visible upon the countenance when such a dearth of calamities was mentioned.

Their feeling seemed to be exactly that of the apothecary in a remarkably healthy season, or of an attorney when litigation has taken leave of his part of the country for a term. But they became as merry as larks when they again met with a misery or two that they could relieve; and were as watchful for cases of real affliction as undertakers

for future favours. Fire-engines are not more rapid on the road to a conflagration, than they were on the rush to a scene of calamity and devastation; but a suspicion certainly would steal in, that the scale of rewards had something to do with the zeal to outstrip and be foremost.

When troubles were scarce, and wrongs admitting of redress by the exercise of a noble generosity were not to be found, the exclamation of the virtuous Roman, "I have lost a day" was heard in a hundred places; but I could not help thinking, that it was uttered in a tone implying that everything was going out and nothing coming in. Virtue received no wages that day, having nothing on earth to do.

In very hard times, the performance of simple duties, such as sheltering a destitute parent, or taking a sick grandmother to the sea-side, was obliged to be furbished up into a virtue, and made as rewardable as possible. But in the higher ranks of the virtuous, this was held to be rather shabby and undignified, and was only resorted to by persons in straitened circumstances of morality.

As I looked on and mingled in free intercourse with the citizens, I grew less and less in love with the virtue that has always before it, not the prospect merely, but the certainty of reward; and secretly felt assured that the old system, under which virtue was rarely rewarded but frequently punished, was after all more favourable to its growth and prosperity, its strength, its beauty, and its permanence.

It would be pleasant, I felt, to see some man of pre-eminent virtue disappointed of his reward; to see it withheld by law, stopped by a quibble. How would he act under the consciousness of having done good gratuitously! The wish was no sooner formed, than, entering the Court of Reward, I became a witness of the very event.

It appeared that a man of virtue, thrice-tried and purified beyond all suspicion of alloy, had become accidentally cognizant of the desperate attempt of a burglar to break from prison. The felon was wedged between iron bars, jammed, choked, and almost cut in two, unable either to go back or get out. The good man could thrust him in, or drag him forth. He halted between justice and generosity; between a mere common duty, and an act of exalted virtue. The felon at that critical moment prayed for liberty—liberty to go in penitence, and receive, before he died, the blessing of an aged, heart-broken father. The good man hastily weighed both sides of the case; the capture of the felon was the proper operation of the law, but the aiding in his escape, thus far advanced, was a heroism beyond the law—a justice more than legal. With a soft heart and a hard hand he dragged into freedom the repentant burglar:—who broke that very night into the house of the judge who was to have tried him. But the virtuous deed was not therefore tarnished, although the brightness of the judge's tea-service and the beauty of his wife's jewel-case, were gone. Justice, however, never large-minded, like Generosity, confounded the two things, and peremptorily refused to concede to the good man the reward of virtue.

This being the posture of affairs, the court adjourned, and the cause was carried up, amidst great excitement, to the Legislature, (where the Virtues were sitting in general assembly,) to be decided by a committee of the whole house.

Justice was in the Chair, (there was of course no Vice,) and the case, with all the evidence on both sides, having been read at length,

several of the Virtues rose at the same instant to speak to the question. From that moment, which was the beginning of the debate, the scene was one of such confusion, turbulence, and disorder, that to report the proceedings accurately is impossible. Better be in the House of—but no matter.

Meekness was the first to fall into a rage, and to swear loudly, on being called to order: this had nearly caused an adjournment. Charity began by fiercely impeaching the motives of the judge as grossly corrupt; and Amity, who had quarrelled with the judge's wife, laid to her the sole blame: the lady, she said, was influenced by Vanity, to whom the stolen trinkets really belonged. Honesty thought that an equitable adjustment might be come to, by selling the property stolen by the felon, and giving the money to his liberator. Economy could not see the absolute necessity for the reward at all, and suggested a large discount if it were given. Disinterestedness was convinced that the delay of the payment would be the ruin of their city, for who would ever think of practising the virtues if they were to get nothing by them! Temperance tried to articulate a few words, but being out of condition, by reason of some mistake on the previous evening, failed; and then Sympathy rose to declare, that all the parties in this suit were rightly served, and for her part she was glad of it. Peace suggested a motion for a new trial, and Conciliation trusted there would be no disposition to compromise the affair manifested on either side. Hope was quite *au desespoir* with respect to the whole business, and Faith could not see her way in the matter, for she could trust nobody. Mercy thought the felon ought to be hanged without trial. Pity protested that his deliverer deserved to be roasted at a slow fire; and Gratitude, though admitting that the judge had conferred lasting obligations on the State, abhorred the retrospective doctrine of taking past service into account, and voted that he should be cashiered.

To this effect—only the speakers were for the greater portion of the time all talking together—the proceedings were carried on; and the assembly broke up at last without settling anything, Hospitality having invited them all to luncheon—toast-and-water, with egg-sandwiches.

Though I could not boast of the honour of a very intimate acquaintance with many of these Virtues, yet some I knew well enough to avoid them. From such an ill-mannered and mercenary set, it was a relief to escape into the air; where, long before the shades of evening fell, I had seen and heard enough to convince me that the Disciples were worthy of the Divinities, and that if the Virtues had been Devils they would have had an equal number of devotees for the same money. Whatever was "rewarded," the good amiable citizens would have zealously practised, from petty larceny up to high treason.

Oh! for a mail-train back to the old vicious city, where virtue is its own reward! Its fine, gay, bold-faced villany does not always sicken, though it shocks one; above all, it never makes one despair:—but the neighbourhood of these mercenaries and hypocrites, whose virtue is rewarded by law, is insufferably pernicious, and the caitiffs are as odious to taste as to morality!

And these thoughts had no sooner rushed through my brain, than the railings of Bedlam came again into view, and I found myself standing by the gate, staring rather wildly, no doubt, like one who wanted a keeper.

JOHN MANESTY,

The Liverpool Merchant.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D

CHAPTER XX.

IN WHICH A NEW CHARACTER APPEARS ON THE SCENE.

It has been seen that Mary Stanley fainted, and was consigned to the care of her servant, on witnessing her cousin's insulting conduct to Hugh, and the anger it excited in the young merchant. She soon, however, recovered her consciousness, and with it returned also the energy of her character. Though her knowledge of the world, like that of most other young women, was but limited, she knew enough to be convinced that such a quarrel as that which had taken place between Colonel Stanley and young Manesty, could have only one termination; the bare apprehension of which filled her with intolerable dread, strengthened by a knowledge that Hugh had abruptly left the place in great excitement. But to this terror, she would not yield. Nothing could be gained by inaction. If it were possible to avert the danger, not a moment was to be lost—no effort to be neglected.

But to whom should she apply? Her father had been present during the outrage perpetrated by Colonel Stanley, and must still be in the house. She would send for him, and engage his offices in preventing any fatal catastrophe; for though she was aware of his punctilious disposition in what the world agrees to call "affairs of honour," she doubted not that her tears would move him to an effectual interposition.

Thinking thus, she sent to beg Sir Hildebrand to come to her immediately. On the servant's return, she learned that the baronet had left the house a quarter of an hour previously.

This, at first, seemed like a confirmation of her worst fear; and a sad tremor of the heart came over her. She laboured under a sickening and agonizing idea of the sudden transition from life and youth and strength, and the warm gush of the blood, and the vigorous bounding of the pulse, to violent extinction. Bitterly would she have deplored such an awful termination to her cousin's career; but at this moment she thought not of him. Her mind was full of "strange images of death," all of which were connected with Hugh Manesty, and with him alone. She beheld him stretched on the sward, with glazed eyes and blood-stained garments, or writhing in intolerable pangs, which nothing but the termination of life could calm;—he, with whom that very morning she had held pleasant discourse, brightened by anticipations of coming years of happiness.

After the first access of these tortures, she grew a little more calm, especially when the blessed thought crossed her, that perhaps Sir Hildebrand had gone to Liverpool to lay an information before the magistrates, with a view of placing both parties under arrest. Such an act, she thought, would be worthy of his age, and of his duty as uncle of

Colonel Stanley, to say nothing of the regard he had always manifested for Hugh.

"Is Colonel Stanley still in the house?" she inquired of a servant.

"Yes, madam; he is writing in the library."

"God be praised!" ejaculated Mary. "Then all may yet be well. My father is gone to Liverpool, you say. Did he see the colonel previously? I mean, had they any conversation together?"

"I should imagine so, madam," was the reply; "they had been some time shut up in the library."

On hearing this, Mary Stanley's agony returned upon her tenfold. She perceived at once that it was not likely her cousin would remain in his house, if he did not feel certain that Sir Hildebrand had not departed on an errand of prevention. What was to be done? Whom could she consult? She knew not where, on the instant, to find her friend and relative, the old earl; and she had no acquaintance in so mercantile a place as Liverpool. What was to be done? To remain passively in Colonel Stanley's house, she felt was impossible. Yet where could she go with any hope of averting the evil she dreaded?

So great was her bewilderment, and so torturing her state of suspense, that Miss Stanley had not perceived the entrance of a third person. At length, looking around, her eyes met those of an elderly lady, who gazed at her attentively.

"Dear Mrs. Yarrington!" exclaimed Mary. "How strange it is that I should not have thought of sending for you! You, who came here this morning with us! Of course, you have been apprised of all that has happened an hour or two ago between young Mr. Manesty and Colonel Stanley. I am terrified at the thought of the probable consequences. For Heaven's sake, dear Mrs. Yarrington, tell me what steps I can take to prevent them."

Mrs. Yarrington was a widow, rather past the middle age. On the death of Lady Stanley, she had been recommended to Sir Hildebrand as a gentlewoman capable of superintending his household, and acting in the place of mother to his daughter. For these duties, indeed, no one could have been better calculated than Mrs. Yarrington, who was evidently a person of perfect refinement, education, and knowledge of society. But her disposition being reserved, with a slight tincture of haughtiness, she rarely appeared when visitors were at Eaglemont, and was more than usually secluded whenever Hugh came to the house. This may account for her not having, till now, figured in this veritable history.

"I have heard, my dear," said Mrs. Yarrington, "of the *fracas* between your cousin and the young merchant; and I participate in your fears as to the result."

"What, then, can we do to prevent it?" asked Mary, looking anxiously into the face of her companion.

"Nothing," coldly replied Mrs. Yarrington. "The time for interference has passed, if, indeed, interference with such hot-brained young men would ever have been practicable. From what I overheard your father say, when he passed out of Colonel Stanley's library, I am convinced his errand was to find what duelists call 'a friend,' meaning 'a second' for the encounter. I am truly grieved, dear Miss Stanley, that I can give you no better comfort."

"And is it possible," ejaculated the poor girl, "that my father can have so hard a heart as to encourage this savage affair?"

"Heart!" echoed Mrs. Yarrington. "Heart! Men of *honour* have no hearts. With them, pride tramples down humanity. Father, mother, sisters, wife, and children, are all sacrificed to the nonsense of a supposed necessity; or, in other words, to the idol, self."

"Heaven forgive them for the miseries they inflict!" exclaimed Mary.

"So I pray," returned the widow. "That these two young men will meet, I have not the slightest doubt. The colonel is rash and vindictive; and as to Hugh," she continued, drawing herself up proudly, "the blood in his veins is as good as Stanley's; and nothing on earth will tempt him to brook an insult, except he should deem himself to be in the wrong. I know the cause of the quarrel. Poor Hugh, perhaps, *may* be in an error; but of this, I see not how he is to be convinced."

These words were even as a riddle to Miss Stanley. Her father, indeed, was not altogether ignorant of the genealogy of young Manesty; but it did not suit him to communicate what he knew to his daughter.

Mary was surprised at what had fallen from Mrs. Yarrington. She looked inquiringly into her face, saying, "Your words perplex me. What do you know of Hugh, whom you have scarcely ever seen until this morning, though now you hint at some mystery connected with his life? Tell me, I beseech you!"

"Not now—not now," hurriedly replied Mrs. Yarrington. "A time may come when what I have to say may more fitly be heard. Meanwhile, restrain your impatience."

"I will try to do so," cried Miss Stanley; "but I cannot control my fear. Let us endeavour, dearest Mrs. Yarrington, to prevent this dreadful encounter. Come with me to Liverpool. Something may yet be done."

"Our efforts would be unavailing," returned the widow. "Colonel Stanley is no longer in this house. He rode out at the gate just as I came to you. Young Manesty will be punctual in such an affair. The colonel, I doubt not, will find him already in the field."

"But," gasped Mary, "could we not go at once to the merchant himself? He has great influence with the authorities in Liverpool; and if parties of constables were sent in different directions, the thing may yet be stopped. Let us go to the merchant."

"What!" exclaimed Mrs. Yarrington, with a shudder. "To John Manesty? Not for worlds would I stand one instant in the presence of that man! Come, Miss Stanley, this is no house for us. It is fit that we return to Eaglemont."

With these words she conducted the despairing and bewildered girl to her carriage. To one less heart-stricken than Miss Stanley, the beauty of the day was capable of inspiring thoughts of happiness. "The all-beholding sun" cast broad beams of light against the carriage-windows; and, as the branches of those trees which here and there studded the road, moved in a soft western wind, their dancing leaves reflected merrily, like diminutive mirrors of green glass, the glow that fell upon them. Alas, all this radiance was as a mockery to Miss Stanley! In the morning, seated by Hugh's side, she had revelled in the sunny glory: *now* it came as an impertinent contrast to the dark wretchedness of her thoughts. She closed her eyes, not being able to endure "the insolent light." Mrs. Yarrington did not offer to the poor girl a single syllable of consolation; but, in

perfect silence and abstraction, leaned back in the carriage as if she were its only occupant. In this way, the companions returned to Sir Hildebrand Stanley's mansion.

CHAPTER XXI.

HUGH MANESTY'S SUBMISSION, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

THE hour appointed for the meeting between Colonel Stanley and Hugh had now arrived; and the former, attended by one of the officers of his regiment, Captain Brooksbank, was already on the ground near Wavertree.

"It is five minutes past the stated hour," said Stanley, looking at his watch; "and yet this counting-house cur does not appear. By Jove! if he makes a fool of me, I'll horsewhip him on 'Change before his brother-merchants, even if I should have a dozen creditors among the bystanders."

"We'll give him a quarter of an hour," said Brooksbank; "and then should he not come, you'll be justified in visiting him with any degradation you think fit."

"Curse the fellow!" ejaculated the colonel. "I thought he had some pluck in him. At any rate, it looked like it, Brooksbank, when he ventured to challenge *me*."

"He may yet come up to the scratch," returned the captain. "And see, somebody is advancing this way. He can't be our man, though, for he is alone."

"A shuffling hound!" cried Stanley.

By this time, the features of the new-comer could be seen. He was a stranger, and looked like a porter or messenger. On approaching the two friends, the man touched his hat, and inquired if either of them was Colonel Stanley.

"We do not choose to answer that question," replied Brooksbank. "Why do you ask it?"

"Because," replied the man, unhesitatingly, "I have a letter for that gentleman, which I am to deliver into his own hands. I was told that I should find him and another gentleman waiting hereabouts."

"And from whom is the letter,—eh, my man?" demanded the captain.

"From Mr. Hugh Manesty," was the reply.

Brooksbank, whom long experience in these matters had rendered suspicious, at first imagined this to be a feint to identify the colonel and himself, in order that they might be taken into custody for conspiring to break the peace. He cast his eyes around him in every direction, and, seeing no other person lurking about, he said to Stanley, "I think we may trust this fellow. It's no trap. Take the letter, and let's see what the sneaking rascal has to say for himself."

"Give me the letter, my man," said Colonel Stanley. "I am the gentleman to whom it is directed."

The messenger delivered his missive, and returned quietly towards the town. When he was out of sight, Stanley broke the seal, and read as follows to Brooksbank:—

"Liverpool Arms, Wednesday noon.

"SIR,—I write to you under circumstances of deep humiliation. Though the challenger, I am not in a position to meet you on the

matter as it stands. Circumstances have occurred which convince me that the grounds of our quarrel, as far as it has hitherto proceeded, do not warrant me in exposing my own life, or in placing yours in peril. Without justice on one's side, or what one believes to be justice, the going out to fight a duel is little better than an attempt to murder, and this I cannot—will not—do. This explanation is not likely to satisfy you; but I can offer no other. For having given you the lie, an apology on my part would be superfluous, as you neutralized the indignity by a blow.

"Any further communication you may desire to make to me, must be addressed *here*. It may be long before I am again found at the house of Mr. Manesty. An affair of some moment will keep me away till the evening; but this is of less consequence, as the moon is at present at the full. I pledge myself to attend to any meeting you may appoint, and remain

"Your obedient servant,

"To Colonel Stanley."

"HUGH MANESTY."

"A queer letter, Brooksbank," said the colonel—"a strange mixture of submission and defiance. What does the fellow mean by the quarrel, *as far as it has hitherto proceeded*? The coolness of his insolence provokes me. Then, don't you observe, he tempts me to further hostilities; and hints at the convenience of moonlight. What do you think, Brooksbank?"

"Think!" retorted the other. "Why, the thing is as plain as this pistol-case; you must call him out; he provokes it."

"And I *will* do so, by ——!" returned the colonel, as a thought of his cousin Mary crossed his mind and inflamed his resentment.

With this view, Stanley and Brooksbank returned to Toxteth Park, there to prepare a message to young Manesty.

Poor Hugh! the toils are closing fast about thee. Deadly defiance on one hand, and black disgrace to thy relative on the other.

CHAPTER XXII.

HUGH AND MARY.—THE EARL OF SILVERSTICK IS EXHIBITED IN A NEW LIGHT.

IN his last interview with Manesty, Hugh was so bewildered, so shocked, so humiliated, and so indignant at the revelations then made as to the identity of the merchant with Dick Hoskins, the pirate, and the positive declaration that this blood-stained man was his own father, that, heedless of the manuscript offered him, he had rushed in a frantic state from the presence of his parent, leaving the papers untouched on the table. He was too much engrossed by the astounding disclosure to think of anything but an eternal separation from him to whom, since early youth, he had looked up as his guide and protector, as well as the founder of his fortune. All was now over. Hugh could no longer participate in wealth amassed by such means as piracy and the infamous capture and traffic in human beings. He was now a beggar—a stray weed on the surface of society. He must begin the world again. Liverpool was closed against him; he could no more shew his face there. London was the only place which offered any chance of success, and thither he would repair as quickly as possible.

But this step he could not take till he had settled two important

and pressing affairs,—namely, his quarrel with Colonel Stanley, and his engagement with Mary, from each of which he felt it was incumbent on him to retreat; and he made up his mind manfully to avoid both; *manfully*, because to go into the field against Stanley on the existing dispute would be to assume false colours, which he abhorred; and to prolong his intercourse with Miss Stanley would be equally unjustifiable under his new circumstances.

Determining never again to enter Manesty's house, Hugh took up a brief residence at a tavern called the Liverpool Arms, where he wrote to Colonel Stanley, as before related. If this letter breathed in some of its expressions a haughty and defying spirit, some allowance should be made for the tortured feelings of a young man, whose expectations of wealth and honour and dreams of love had that very morning been destroyed. In a high-minded person, poverty, more than opulence, is the parent of pride.

Having despatched his letter to Stanley, Hugh prepared for an explanation far more harrowing than any event which could by possibility ensue between him and the colonel. The time in his own power was but brief, for he had bound himself to Stanley to be at the Liverpool Arms in the evening. Without delay, therefore, he repaired to Eaglemont. Luckily, Sir Hildebrand was from home when he arrived, so that Hugh was at once ushered into the presence of Miss Stanley, who was alone.

"Dear Hugh!" exclaimed the poor girl, starting up as he entered the room, and holding out to him both her hands—"dear Hugh, what a weight of misery has your appearance lifted from my heart! Thank Heaven, you are safe!—and George," continued she, with a shudder, "George, I fervently hope, is not hurt."

"Colonel Stanley and I have not met," replied Hugh. "I withdrew my challenge, because, although your cousin might have been rash and unfeeling in uttering what he did in your presence, I have since undergone the bitter mortification of learning that his words were not altogether erroneous."

"You have acted nobly, Hugh."

"I know not," he returned. "At any rate, I am conscious that I have acted justly. And now, Mary," he continued, in a trembling and mournful voice, and looking earnestly upon her, "do not be offended—but, above all, do not be grieved—if I say I am come here to bid you farewell for ever!"

Mary turned as pale as death, and could only just articulate—"What mean you, Hugh?"

"This," returned young Manesty. "You see before you a ruined, a despairing, a broken-hearted man—one who must never more enter your house—one to whom the consolation even of this last adieu would, in all probability, have been denied, had not your father been absent!"

"What has happened?" gasped Miss Stanley. "O tell me what has happened!—tell me at once! I can bear anything but this torturing suspense. I will not believe that disgrace can attach itself to Hugh Manesty!"

"Thank you, Mary—thank you, from the depths of my heart. I am not, in myself, disgraced; but, in the disgrace of one's near relative the world forces one to participate."

"Is that all?" she ejaculated. "Then there is no need for any estrangement between you and me."

"It must be so, Mary. I can never again be known to you! Listen. Mr. John Manesty, my near relative, the proud and wealthy merchant of Liverpool—the most prominent man on 'Change—the seemingly pious puritan—has confessed the truth of those accusations which the colonel repeated in your presence! O misery! The man by whom I have been brought up—from whom I have received unremitting kindness—whose lips never uttered to me any other than sage and godly counsels—this man, Mary, is a pirate, and—O God! how shall I utter it—a murderer!"

Hugh covered his face with his hands, and a dead silence ensued. Mary was stricken dumb. At length, Hugh was able again to speak.

"Nay, more, Mary," he ejaculated, in tones which demonstrated the terrible heart-throes that tormented him—"this guilty being, who is even now a trembling fugitive from justice, is—the dreadful truth must out—MY FATHER!"

Mary sank on her chair. The words she had heard seemed to have scared away her senses. Hugh rang the bell violently, and on the entrance of a servant, followed by Mrs. Yarrington, rushed from the room.

In crossing the park, on his return to Liverpool, young Manesty met Lord Silverstick going towards the house.

"Why, Hugh, my young friend," said the earl, "you stride along as if you were walking for a wager! This will never do. You must give up these precipitate habits—they savour too strongly of the market and the exchange. Haste is vulgar. Pray recollect, that though you have the misfortune to be a merchant, gentle blood is in your veins; so, at least, my friend, Sir Hildebrand, intimates."

Gentle blood, indeed! Hugh shuddered.

"And therefore," pursued the earl, "you are entitled to remember the invaluable maxims of my Lord Chesterfield, who prescribes composure in all things." Then, observing the distracted visage of the young man, he added, in a tone of natural sympathy which sounded very little in accordance with the selfish precepts of his great authority—"Is anything the matter, Hugh?"

"Much—much of dreadful import!" replied young Manesty. "I will not, at present, trouble your lordship with a painful recital; but there is a minor point in my distress on which, if you will permit me, I would solicit the favour of your advice. Will you grant it?"

"Willingly, and to the best of my ability," replied the good-natured nobleman, who, as already has been intimated, entertained a strong friendship for the young merchant. "Speak, Hugh."

"Your lordship has doubtless perceived that I am hated by Colonel Stanley; and that——"

"Stop, Hugh," interrupted the earl. "Hate is a violent term, and, to the best of my knowledge, has no place in the vocabulary of my Lord Chesterfield. I have, indeed, perceived that Colonel Stanley regards you inimically. Proceed."

"I have long endeavoured, my lord, to turn a deaf ear to his galling insinuations; but happening (very incautiously, I admit) to accompany Sir Hildebrand and Miss Stanley to the colonel's house this morning, he broke out into the most ferocious abuse of my relative, Mr. Manesty, in return for which I gave him the lie direct, and then blows were exchanged between us."

"Excessively preposterous and underbred!" interposed the earl. "Well."

"I challenged him."

"You ought to have begun with that. A duel should be managed as politely as an exchange of compliments. Blows are current only among boors. If you get well out of this affair, *I'll* take you in hand, and furnish you with a code of regulations, by myself, founded on my Lord Chesterfield's principles, by observance of which you may acquit yourself like a gentleman in any other matter coming within the same category. When do you and Colonel Stanley meet?"

"I have withdrawn my challenge."

"Ha!" exclaimed the earl, with a slight start. "How so?"

"Why, my lord, I felt from what I had subsequently the mortification to learn, that my cause was not a just one; and rather than put a man's life in jeopardy on a false ground of dispute, I resolved to submit to the imputation even of cowardice."

"My Lord Chesterfield would scarcely understand your magnanimity," observed the earl, coughing drily.

"Perhaps not," responded Hugh. "But in declining the meeting on the primary cause of dispute, I still, in my letter, left it open to the colonel to adopt any other pretence for hostilities."

"Come, that's better," said the earl; "and conceived in a gentlemanlike spirit. I never imagined your ledgers could teach anything so refined."

"Pardon my abruptness, my lord," exclaimed the young man; but —

"No, I never pardon abruptness," said the earl; "anything rather than that."

"The long and the short of the matter is this," pursued Hugh, "I believe that from jealousy, connected with Miss Stanley, Colonel Stanley thirsts for my life. I have little doubt that my letter declining to meet him on the original nature of the quarrel, will produce a hostile message from him. I am now going to ascertain if this expectation is well-founded. Should it be so, I have reason to think he will require a meeting to-night, which will be quite practicable, as there will be a full moon."

"Well."

"You know, my lord, that my pursuits in life have not thrown me much into the society of persons, any one of whom would be likely to act as a friend in such an emergency. What I wish to ask you is, that should Colonel Stanley do me the honour to call me out——"

"Expressed with perfect propriety," interrupted Lord Silverstick. "Suppose he does you the honour?—ha!"

"In that case, will your lordship be so kind as to introduce me to some gentleman who will accompany me."

"My son, Lord Randy, is the very man!" cried the earl. "No, stop!—now I recollect, it would be rather difficult to find him. And, on second thoughts, he is not exactly the person I could wish. He knows little of the regulations prescribed on such occasions. Make yourself easy, Hugh. If Colonel Stanley desires an appeal to arms, I, myself, will accompany you."

"You, my lord! How shall I express my thanks for your kindness—your condescension?"

"Say nothing about it, Hugh. Very possibly you'll hear no more of the affair. To ascertain which, instead of going to Sir Hildebrand's,

as I intended, I will return to Liverpool. I cannot, however, much as I esteem you, my dear boy, enter the residence of Mr. Manesty, the merchant."

"Nor is it necessary, my lord; I am not now in his house, but have taken up my quarters at the Liverpool Arms."

"That is well, then," pursued the earl. "My carriage is at the gate, and will soon deposit us at your hotel."

Having arrived at Castle Street, in which stood the inn in question, Hugh inquired if any letter had been left for him during his absence. "None, sir," replied the waiter; "but a gentleman is waiting in the coffee-room to see you. He told me to give you this card." Hugh glanced at the name.

"Shew the gentleman to my room," he said. "Here is a card, my lord," he added, to the earl, "from a Captain Brooksbank."

"Humph!" exclaimed the earl. "A messenger from Colonel Stanley, doubtless. Quite *en règle*. We *shall* have the duel. Make up your mind to that. See him, and then refer him to me."

UNCLE SAM.*

"Uncle Sam," whose brisk, broad, whimsical sketches contributed to this magazine are included in the contents of the volumes before us, reminds the uninitiated that the name is genuine American for U. S. or United States; and he justifies his own adoption of the title by intimating that the "Peculiarities" he records are chiefly developed in dialogue—that Uncle Sam, therefore, is in a manner his own portrait-painter in these descriptions. The writer became well-acquainted, at least with the externals of American character, in the course of a twelve-months sojourn in the United States, where mercantile enterprises carried him; and he pronounces his pictures to be unexaggerated, except where he has combined the oddities of two or three queer subjects in one to make a marvellous whole. This important admission borne in mind, it is easy to avoid all mistakes on the score of allowable caricature and exact representation. There is enough of the one to convey as much useful knowledge as is needful, and enough of the other to kindle throughout a long evening successive fits of harmless, honest mirth—more legitimate and inoffensive by far, than the kind of fun enjoyed by the Americans when they describe Britain and the Britishers!

The chapters familiar to our own readers are so closely and faithfully representative of all the rest, that criticism is entirely superseded by the bare mention of the fact, and whoever remembers the free, bright sketch of the aristocratic dinner-party in New York, the characteristic loquacity of the Kentuckian, the "going it" of the Auctioneer, and several other whimsical and richly-coloured "peculiarities," will have a better idea of the amusing quality of the new sketches here associated with them than a page of description could convey. A strong sense of the humorous, and evident powers not only of observation, but of retention and memory—courage to report facts pleasant or unpleasant, and a freedom from all narrow prejudice or sarcastic illiberality of spirit, are discoverable in most of these chapters, amongst which there is scarcely a subject on which the writer does not bring some of these qualities into play.

We quote a remark or two from a chapter on the condition of American niggers—a subject to which a fearful and sickening interest has been given by the recent sentence of death passed on a young man for assisting a female slave to escape! That sentence, however, has been commuted. The law still remains as it was, but the punishment decreed by it has been mitigated; and the rope, which was to have been a halter, is *only* to be converted into a lash!

* Uncle Sam's Peculiarities. By Uncle Sam. 2 vols.

AMERICAN NIGGERS.

"There is not the least exchange of feeling between the white and black population of America. In some of the slave States, to teach a slave to read and write is an offence punishable with death, and a *free* black sailor arriving in port, is consigned to a prison until his ship is again ready for sea."

"I never met an Englishman, who, after being six months in the States, did not agree that the plan of treating the blacks as natural inferiors was unavoidable, and that the amalgamation doctrine is an abomination too hideous ever to be entertained except by the blacks themselves, and the most degenerate and frantic white men."

"The laws of New York State disqualify the blacks from serving in the militia, or voting as citizens, unless they have freehold property of the value of two hundred and fifty dollars. No doubt there are many thus qualified, but no American mob would permit a nigger to take part with it in an election. A coloured man is not allowed to enter any part of the theatre but the gallery, and there he is carefully excluded by wooden palings from the whites. *Black men are not permitted to work a fire-engine at a conflagration*, although they *may* take up the water-plugs, and busy themselves with the hose. No nigger must enter the public grounds, called the Park and the Battery, in New York, on "celebration days." I saw a drunken nigger who had offended in this respect, when a balloon was about to ascend from the Battery, chased by the mob, and nearly murdered."

As charity covers a multitude of sins, so slavery maintained by a great nation may be said to hide many virtues. It is necessary to notice every noble sight that can present itself in America, to escape even for a moment the painful intrusion of the spectacles presented in her slave-states. And amongst the happy noticeable points is the absence of

BEGGARS IN AMERICA.

"'I beg your pardon, stranj-er, but I dreamt you'd not obe-ject to loan me six and a quarter cents. We call 'em fips in the diggings war I was raised, and you call 'em sixpenny bits here, though they're actilly six and a quarter cents. Could you fix me sich a loan, stranj-er?'"

"Who would object to *lend* six and a quarter cents after meeting with only three beggars in twelve months? Such was *my* position. The first beggar I met in the States was an Irish widow in New York, who was endeavouring to raise twenty-five dollars to take her home to the green isle. The second was a comfortably-clad, blind man, in Philadelphia, who stood against a wall, and had alms served up to him on a clean tin plate, within a few feet of the grave of Benjamin Franklin. And the shabby gentleman, in the small hat, was the third—a dreaming beggar.

"'I'll tell you what a fix I'm in,' said he. 'I don't dream *now*, but I'm as sartin as if I did. I'm—hard up; round a corner; out o' sight o' the hard Jackson; down at a low figure—a long O and never an arm to it. *In short*, I'm conscriptuously sartin that even my bacca is all used up! *There* stranj-er, if you ever try *that* on, yourself, you'll see what a bad fit it is.'

"'Perhaps,' said I, 'you would like to borrow another sixpenny bit. You can return them both at the same time.'

"'And so I can, stranj-er. I'll give you a call the first time as I know your house, and you needn't tell me where it is.'

"'You seem a very ingenious character, except in one particular. Why don't you ask me to *give* instead of to *lend*?'"

"'Why that would be begging, stranj-er.'

"'Certainly.'

"'That wouldn't convene. I'm not a missionary, stranj-er: no, I'm *not*. I'm not given to go round with two ladies, and beg for dollars to pay for broken church windows and pew refinements; and for half dollars to buy the minister a spick and span new gown and silver tea-pot, and then put half of 'em in my own pocket, and give part of the other half to buy ostrichious feathers for the two ladies. No! Whatever I do is done right on the nail: it is. And now, stranj-er, as I calckylate you're quite as ingenewis as I am, and your foot seems to toe a mark like the one I make in my Sunday go-to-meetings boots, when I'm to home, I dreamt you have a pair of Wellington's to loan me—jest to walk in.'"

Almost any page of these volumes would equally supply an amusing quotation.

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A PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

Engraved by E. FINDEN, from a Painting by DANIEL MACLISE, R.A.

